The State-Weathercocks:

Or, A New

SECRET HISTORY of the most Distinguished Favourites, both of the Late and Present Reign.

INTERMIXT

With *Strange Discoveries in the Royal Palace.—A Detection of the Pride, Avarice and Ingratitude of some Pretended Whigs, now in the Ministry.—The Pulpit-Bite: or, the Cant of the Church being in Danger, under a Protestant King, Prov'd a meer Trick (or Jacobite Plot) to Restore the Pretender, by the Confession of a Jesuit that lately Preached in* Whitechappel Church, *in a Canonical Habit—The Secret Loyalty of the Dissenting Ministers, or a Discovery in what manner they Pray for the King, and the Royal Family, in their Private Houses.—A Discovery of the Masqueradings at Court.—The Names, Lewd Conversation, and Characters of some of the Kept-Misses.—The Parable of the late Marquis of* Wh—ton's *Puppies.—The Earl of* S—'s *Revenge: Or, A Specimen of the Satyr Intitled,* Neck for Nothing. With other Discoveries both in Church and State.

Writ by that PERSON OF HONOUR, that sent to Mr. *John Dunton* all those Jacobite Secrets that composed *Neck or Nothing*, and is now published as a KEY to that Narrative.

To these New Discoveries is added,

The Twentieth Edition of *Neck or Nothing*, (being grown so scarce as not to be Purchas'd in *London*) with such *large Additions* as Compleat *the Secret (or Janus) Reign of Queen Robin*, and of his Two Fellow Traitors Lord *Bolingbroke*, and Lady *Abigail*.

ALSO

Mordecai Kneeling at the King's Gate: or, Mr. *John Dunton's* Humble Petition to his Majesty's *Royal Honour, Justice, Gratitude*, and the rest of his *Princely Virtues*, that he might not be left *to Starve in a Jail*, for want of that *Very Money* which he freely Spent out of his own Pocket in detecting the Enemies to his Sacred *Person and Family*, in the worst of Times.

The whole Discoveries, Containing Bold but True *English*: Or, *A Compleat Secret History* of all Mr. *John Dunton's Neck Adventures*, in the Glorious Cause of *Religion* and *Liberty*; Humbly Submitted to the Consideration of the Right Honourable *JAMES CRAGGS, Esq*; one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

——*All may have*
If the Adventure, a Glorious Life, or Grave.——HERB.

London: Printed for *the Author*, and are to be Sold by *S. Poping*.

THE Earl of S——s REVENGE: OR,

The Secret Reaſons, why the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, has gone *Five Years* unrewarded, for his *Diſtinguiſht Services* to his King and Country.

BEING

A Specimen of the Satyr Intitled *Neck for Nothing*, (which will be Publiſh'd in few Days, except Authority commands the contrary.)

Humbly Addreſs'd to the Right Honourable

JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq;

One of his Majeſties Principal Secretaries of State.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I do *Humbly acknowledge* that it is too Great a Happineſs for me to have the Honour and Advantage of Sheltering my ſelf in theſe *Neck-Adventures*, under your Honour's Protection, yet I hope I may Preſume upon another Favour from you by this Addreſs; and that is, that your Honour would pleaſe to *Interpret* and *Accept* it, as an Inſtance both of *mine*, and the *Kingdom's* Grateful Acknowledgment of your *Signal, and Great Services*, to your Prince and Country, for which you are moſt deſervedly made *a Principal Secretary of State*, and may you (Worthy Sir) be as eaſy under any *New Honours*, (as none can exceed your Merit) as you are to all the World in your Temper; and as your *Noble Mind* has Secur'd you from Mean and Narrow Prejudices; may your

your *Integrity* Protect you from unjuſt Malice; may your Endeavours for Settling the *Peace* and *Happineſs* of your Country, be as Succeſsful as your Love to it is *Sincere*, (I repeat it again *Sincere*) for I Humbly conceive, I can't deſcribe your great Affection and Loyalty to the Preſent Conſtitution in Church and State, by a fitter Epithet; for *Sir*, 'tis moſt Apparent you have a Fine and Juſt Taſte of Soul, and Depth of Judgment, which diſtinguiſhes you from the Vulgar, in every thing you Speak and Act: And conſequently you may Juſtly Challenge a Glorious Character, from the very Mouth of Envy. And therefore hoping to find condeſcending Protection and Goodneſs, in *a Patriot* of your Illuſtrious Character, I am encouraged to give your *Honour* a Faithful Account of my Caſe and Sufferings, for the Good of my Country; and that not only as you are a Miniſter of State of diſtinguiſhed Senſe and Loyalty; but as your *Honour* has ever been a common Bleſſing to all his Majeſties Subjects, and ſo *truly Generous*, that you have always Acted (ſince you have been in the Miniſtry) as if you thought the chief thing valuable in Greatneſs and Riches, is the Power they give to Succour and Relieve ſuch *Honeſt Men*, as you find Diſtreſſed, for daring to call *a Spade*, *a Spade*. (*i. e.* That ventured both Life and Fortune in detecting his Majeſties Enemies, in the worſt of Times, and in the *Plaineſt Engliſh*) which I have often done, and will continue to do to my laſt Breath: For I am no *Party-Man*, (alias *Knave*) but love an Honeſt *Hannoverian* under any denomination, and for that reaſon I have now Publiſhed an Appeal to all the Proteſtants of *Great-Britain*, as to the Merits of my Publick Services, that I might prove to my Fellow-Subjects, but more eſpecially to the Pretended Whigs now in the Miniſtry, that if *Avarice and Ingratitude be bad in a* Tory, *'tis ſo in a* Whig.

And this leads me to inform your *Honour* that the following Sheets contain *Bold*, but *True Engliſh*. (*i. e.* A compleat Secret Hiſtory of my *Neck-Adventures* in the Glorious Cauſe of *Religion* and *Liberty*.) Yet 'tis not without the Greateſt Reluctancy, that I reſolve to Publiſh 'em, or rather ſhould have ſaid, I am obliged to it, by the utmoſt Neceſſity. It may happen to many, as it

has done to the Reverend Mr. *William Biſſet*, Colonel *Areskine*, and Mr. *George Ridpath*, to have their diſtinguiſhed Services not Rewarded, (unleſs by a *Patent*, which ſtill keeps Honeſt *Ridpath*, as Poor as it found him, except in his *Merit* and *Loyalty*, which no *Diſappointment*, or *Malice*, can either leſſen or hide.) But my *Caſe* is particular, who am Reduced to the unhappy Neceſſity of defending them; and for no other Reaſon, but my being ſo Faithful to my King and Country, as to ſet the Scandalous Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude of the *Pretended Whigs* now in the Miniſtry, in a True Light, (as is ſhewn at large in the *Letter* Intitled, *Mordecai's Ramble to Court*, and in my *Humble Petition to his Majeſty*) And is further proved in my *Satyr*, (call'd *Neck for Nothing*) now ready for the Preſs, and ſhall be Publiſhed in few Days, except your *Honour* (out of Reſpect to his Majeſties Gracious Promiſe, " *Of Rewarding thoſe that diſtin-* " *guiſh themſelves in his Service*, " or the *Reputation* of the Preſent Miniſtry) command me to *Burn the whole Impreſſion*, and then I am ſure all my Grievances will be Redreſt, by ſuch *a Royal Bounty*, as will make all my Creditors eaſy, and my ſelf too. But except the Government prove thus *Juſt* and *Grateful* to my *Neck-Adventures*, to ſerve the Publick, I reſolve to Publiſh my *Neck for Nothing*, in which I will preſent the World with a diſtinct Account of the Names, Secret Vices, and Characters, of every one of thoſe Whig Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Baronets, that (like *M*——, *S*——, and *W*——) have Treated the *Britiſh Mordecai*, in this unjuſt and Barbarous manner.

Here with Poetick Vengeance I'le Purſue,
M——, S——, *and* Bob W—p—l—e *too,*
And all the reſt of the ungrateful Crew.
For—Neck or Nothing—*ſav'd 'em in a Fright,*
But—Neck for Nothing—*is a perfect Bite,*
Which all Deteſt, *but the* Whig Favourite.
Then without Fear, *I'le ſhake the wholeſome Rod,*
And Tread the Paths that Tatling Richard *Trod.*

How

How did he Rail Apologize (a) *and Kneel,*
Until Plain Dick, *aroſe Sir* Richard S——
He ventur'd Wit, *but neither Life nor Limb,*
(For 'twas the Loyal Criſis *Knighted him.)*
I Risk'd my All, *to ſerve* Great-Britain's *King,*
(For no Reward, but Jails, *or Hempen String,)*
And now Court-Whigs *ſhall find I have a Sting.*
Avarice, and Pride, I'le laſh in ev'ey Shape,
Ingratitude, I'le prove a ſort of Rape,
No Whig-Lord *(without Merit) ſhall eſcape.*
Secure of Truth; I'le ſcorn each Threatning Word,
Proud S——'s *Slanders, and the* Bully's *Sword.*
I'le Swell *with Spleen, and Burſt with Furious Spight,*
For that will more than Double *my Delight.*
Then moſt I'le Triumph, when I'm Rail'd at moſt,
For Satyr *is, without Reſentment loſt.* (b)

I could inlarge in theſe Juſt Complaints againſt the Pride Avarice, and Ingratitude of *M*——, *S*——, *W*——, and other Pretended Whigs now in the Miniſtry, but it ſhall ſuffice at preſent that I inform your *Honour*, that the Keeneſt Reflection in this *Addreſs*, (or in the following Sheets Intitled, *Bold but True Engliſh*, or the Secret Hiſtory of my Neck-Adventures) are but a ſort of Panegyrick, if compared with that *Cutting Satyr* the V—rious *M*— and his Proud S—n in-L—w may expect in my *Neck for Nothing* (or *Dying Groans from the Fleet Priſon.*) If (to revenge my Expoſing their Scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude) they either miſrepreſent my Caſe to the King, or conceal from him my ſeveral Deſperate and Succeſsful Attempts in detecting his Jacobite Enemies. And *(Sir,)* can I expect any better Treatment from the Covetous *M*—— and Proud S—, when the firſt has called me a *Mad Man*, (as I am informed by a Captain of great Honour) and the other *an Impudent Fellow*, and for no other reaſon but my being ſo *Truly Honeſt*, as to call *a Spade, a Spade*, (or in Plainer *Engliſh*, for my daring to Speak the Truth of that Avarice and Ingratitude, I have found in 'em, to my Great Diſappointment, if not to

(a) *Alluding to the Satyr Intitled, Mr.* Steel's Apology for himſelf, and his Writings. (b) *See* The Oxford Toaſts, a Satyr. *p.* 23.

my utter Ruin) but as a Juſt Vindication need never fear the worſt that Revenge, or Malice, can do againſt it, I here declare to the V—rious *M*——— and all his Adherents, (from the Proud Earl of *S*——— down to the meaneſt Porter that Plyes at his *Graces* Palace) that I know not how to Flatter, or Fear any Man when my Cauſe is Juſt and Honourable; for when I firſt ventur'd *Neck, or Nothing*, in his Majeſties Service, I voluntarily liſted my ſelf under the Banner of *Plain Engliſh*; (or *Naked Truth*) and as I reſolve Conſcientiouſly to ſtick to it, I ſhall Fear no Colours, in the Diſcharge of my Duty under ſuch a Bright and Victorious Commander,; for if my *Satyrizing* the Avarice and Ingratitude of *Great Men*, ſhould be call'd *Railing*, or *Impudence*, (if Speaking nothing but *the Naked Truth*, can deſerve that *Billingsgate* Name) it ought in *Honour* and *Juſtice* to be forgiven. For if my daring to Speak the Truth of the Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude of a Rich *Duke*, and a *Proud* Earl, be to abuſe the Greateſt Men in the Nation, (as the Earl of *S*——— ſays it is) or a Miniſter of State, ſhall have ſo little manners, or Goodneſs, as to call him an *Impudent Fellow*, that is thus *Honeſt*; 'tis ſuch *Impudence* as I ſhall always Glory in, and (ſeeing the *Greateſt* Men in the Nation make themſelves the *Leaſt* in it, when they are either Proud, Covetous, or ungrateful) ſhall be proved to be Matter of Fact in his Majeſties Royal Preſence, if I find it neceſſary to clear my *Modeſt Character* of *S*—— Falſe Charge of *Impudence*. For to uſe the Words of Sir *Richard Steel*, (occaſioned by his Expulſion from the *Houſe of Commons*) 'A Good Name is as Dear to me, as it can 'be to the Duke of *M*—— or to the Earl of *S*———, 'or to the Greateſt Men in the Kingdom. And whoe-'ver (like thoſe Two Great Favourites) employs all his 'Artifices to make *Dunton* appear *Mad*, or *Impudent*, 'cannot be Angry with him, if he lays hold on what 'he thinks defective in their own Character and Beha-'viour, to expoſe it in the ſame manner." But of all Men in the Kingdom, one would think this *Covetous* Duke, and *Proud* Earl, ſhould have been the moſt Charitable and Generous, to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, as they have themſelves been as *Falſly* accuſed of *Bread Stealing*,

Stealing, and *Sodomy*, as *Dunton* have been of *Lunacy* and *Impudence*: But 'tho *M*——— and *S*——— are both wholly Innocent, as to this Black and Infamous Charge, yet I am ready to prove, in your *Honour*'s Preſence, (or before King and Council, if commanded) that they are Two *Great* Men of a *Little Soul*. And if I don't Prove 'em ſo, (by ſeveral Little, Mean, Narrow-Soul'd Actions, if they'l ſtand the Teſt) I'le conſent to be Hanged at *M*——'s or *S*——'s Door, for a *Fool*, *Knave* and *Madman* (or *Impudent Fellow*, which is all Three in fewer Words.) Neither ſhall I omit to Preſent the World (in my *Neck for Nothing*) with the True Character of that Gaming and Scraping Dutcheſs, that has ſo *Greatly* diſtinguiſhed her ſelf, (at *Tunbridge*, *Dullidge*, and other Places) by her Notorious *Pride*, and *Avarice*: I confeſs this Charge looks *Bold*, and *Daring*, but I can prove by as many Thouſand Perſons, as are *Impudent*, (I mean Honeſt) enough to Speak the Truth, and Defend it, that *M*———'s Avarice, and *S*———'s Pride, have *Tarniſhed* their Illuſtrious Character, (I mean their Truly Honeſt, and Spotleſs Conduct, both in War, and at the Council-Board) and made them a National Jeſt.

And therefore as I ventured *Neck or Nothing* to detect the Treaſon, and Villany of *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, in the late Reign, ſo (if I muſt be Starved to Death in the *Fleet Priſon*, to Gratifie the Revenge of a Covetous *Duke*, and a Proud *Earl*) I am reſolved to run as many Deſperate Hazards, to expoſe the *Pride*, *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude*, of a *M*———, a *S*———, and a *W*———, in this; for *Honeſty's the beſt Policy*, and for that reaſon, I will never call *Black White*, (for the ſake of a Place, or Penſion) a *Spade* with me is a *Spade*, whether I find it in the Hand of a *Duke*, an *Earl*, or a *Beggar*. And as I dare Appeal to your *Honour*, as to the Truth of this Aſſertion, no *Honeſt Man* will blame me for ſaying that Avarice and Ingratitude, are Blacker Crimes in a Whig then they are in a Tory, as the *Whigs* make Greater Pretenſions to Piety, Honour, and Juſtice, then the *Tory*'s do; (as is ſeen by their Steddy Adherence to the Proteſtant Succeſſion in his Majeſties Illuſtrious Houſe) or if I muſt be called a *Mad*, or *Impudent* Fellow, (by the Earl of *S*———)

S——) for this Bold, though Neceſſary Attempt to Reform the Rich, or Proud Muck-worms, now in the Miniſtry. Our *Tory Enemies* will begin to think all Religion and Morals a Jeſt, and that he is the Greateſt and beſt States man amongſt the Whigs, that is moſt *Proud*, moſt *Covetous*, and moſt *Ungrateful*; and therefore as the Earl of S—— will find himſelf moſt Juſtly Gaul'd by this Reflection, no doubt but he will exert all that he knows of *Greatneſs*, in Inſolence and Haughtineſs, that the Author of this *Satyr*, may be for ever excluded from any ſhare in his Majeſties Royal Favour; for how far will not that *Courtiers Revenge* carry him, that calls my daring to Speak the Truth, an abuſe to him. However as his Majeſty has ever been a common Father to all his People, I ſhall Preſume to Hope that *Storm* which is now falling upon me, meerly for doing my Duty to my King and Country, will be averted by his Majeſties Royal Juſtice, and Honour, who is the only Perſon that can Interpoſe in this Caſe, between an Innocent Man, and an offended Miniſter.

I confeſs to your *Honour* this is *Plain Engliſh*, but is ſuch *Naked Truth*, as I muſt now Publiſh, or Starve, as I can prove by as many Witneſſes, as there are Grateful Subjects in *Great Britain*, and reſolve to do ſo, if *Proud S——* (by growing ſtill more *Revengeful*) ſhould force me to expoſe his *Pride* and *Ingratitude*, in a Bolder manner than I have yet done, for I will not be called an *Impudent Fellow*, (for only doing my Duty) without demanding full Satisfaction, though I Dye with a Sword, or Pen in my Hand. For though I am now in my Sixtieth Year, I will not turn my Back to the Greateſt *Duke*, or *Earl* in the Kingdom, that Affronts, or Abuſes me with the falſe Charge of *Lunacy*, or *Impudence*; for it only lyes on his ſide, that would conceal thoſe Three Scandalous Vices of *Pride*, *Ingratitude*, and *Avarice*, (by wronging an Innocent Perſon, that has ventured his Life, and Spent allmoſt his All in his Majeſties Service) If he will give him but *Fair Play*, and if he do not, he is both *K——* and *C——rd*, or ſomething worſe: And though perhaps that Juſt Reflection may coſt me my Life, as a *Victorious D—* and a *Revenging Earl* are concerned in it if they Attack me

me at Second Hand, which is the only Danger my daring to Speak the Truth of their Scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude has expoſed me to, for if they Treat me with that *Generoſity* that Men of *True Courage* have always done, they may (*perhaps*) Purſue their Revenge till they are out of Breath; for I have as much Right to wear a Sword, as the Greateſt Man in the Kingdom, (and never walk abroad without it) and for that reaſon (as a Juſt Cauſe is its own Protection) I fear no Man that Attacks me like a Gentleman, or Man of Honour, and I had much rather Dye (like a *Neck-Adventurer*) all at once, then be (*meanly*) Starving to Death ſeveral Years in the *Fleet-Priſon*, by the Avarice and Ingratitude of the *Duke* of *M*——— and *Earl* of *S*———, or any other *Great Little Man*, that will See and Reward Merit in none but their own Creatures. Which Partial, and Ungrateful Treatment of the *Pretended Whigs* now in the Miniſtry, has not only forced me to Print a Compleat Secret Hiſtory of my *Neck Adventures*, to remind the *Real Whigs* of my former Services to the Houſe of *Hannover*; but has made me Reſolve to clear my ſelf of *S*——'s undeſerved Charge of *Impudence*, tho' it were at the Hazard of my Life, for 'tis a *Maxim* I have always Practiced. [Never to be the Firſt Aggreſſor in any Quarrel] But as I never do any Wrong, ſo (like my Younger Brother Captain *Lake Dunton* who was Kill'd in a *Duel in Flanders*) I'le never receive any, without demanding full Satisfaction, or at leaſt ſhewing my Juſt Reſentment of the Injury I have received. For as in the late Reign, ſo in this, it was always *Neck or Nothing* with me in a *Juſt Cauſe*, and therefore if I muſt Fall a Sacrifice (to the Pride, and Avarice of the Duke of *M*—— and Earl of *S*———) it ſhall be like *Sampſon*. For

He either Fears his Fate too much,
Or his Deſert's but ſmall;
That Dares not put it to the Touch,
To gain, or loſe it all.

And 'twas for that Reaſon I engaged in Writing *a Satyr upon the Pretended Court Whigs*, and Intitled it, *Neck*

for Nothing. And to uſe an Expreſſion of Sir *Richard Steel* (in his *Apology for himſelf and his Writings*) 'Let 'every Loyal Subject lay his Hand upon his Heart and 'ask himſelf, whether 'tis poſſible for a Man of *any Spi-* 'rit, to be ſo Barbarouſly Treated as to be call'd an *Im-* 'pudent Fellow, for only ſaying his *Publick Services* have 'gone *Five Years* unrewarded, through the Avarice, and 'Ingratitude of ſome *Whigs* at Court, without giving 'ſome Looſe to his Reſentments;" for Tread on a Worm and he'l turn again; and for my own ſhare, whoever ſhall Blame me for this *Juſt Satyr* upon that *Baſe* and *ungenerous* Treatment I have had from the Duke of *M*—— and Earl of *S*———, (and other Pretended Whigs now in the Miniſtry) I ſhall always call ſuch a *Narrow Soul'd Critick*, both *Knave* and *Coward*: For ſure I am, there is never a Man in the whole Kingdom (from the Prince on the Throne, to the *Meaneſt Subject* in all his Dominions) but if he were as ungratefully Pinched as I am, but would cry out as *Loud* as either my ſelf, or the Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memorial* has done for me; of which we have a Notorious Inſtance in Sir *Richard Steel*, who was no ſooner Ill Treated by the Tory Miniſtry, but he *Tatled* (a) much Louder againſt that *Impudent* uſage he had from them (in that Satyr he calls *an Apology himſelf and his Writings*) than I have have yet done againſt the Avarice and Ingratitude of the Court Whigs. But Sir *Richard Steel* is not the only *Patriot* that Heinouſly Reſents the not Rewarding National Services; for I ſhall Preſume to ask your *Honour*, how long did the Lord *Haver—m* Speech it in the Houſe of Peers, with an Eye to that Royal Reward that his Lordſhip thought he had deſerv'd for his Diſtinguiſhed Services to King *William*, and of late how did *Bob Huſh* Recant all thoſe Whiggiſh Principles which had Juſtly Rais'd him to be *Firſt L—d of the T——y*. He Turn'd his Coat, even in the Parliament Houſe, and did as 'twere *Wrangle* there with all thoſe Excellent Speeches that were made in the Houſe of Commons,

(a) *Alluding to a Weekly Paper Written by Sir* Richard Steel, *Intitled* The TATLER.

Commons; (by your *Honour*, and other Faithful Patriots now in the Miniſtry) and for no other Reaſon but his having his Wings clipt (by the beſt of Kings) in his *Ambitious and Covetous Flight*, to *Honour* and *Riches*. (for 'tis certain Reverſion *W—l—p—l—e* never Rewarded the Greateſt Merit, that had not *Money* to Purchaſe his Favour.) Whereas ſhould my *Diſtinguiſh'd Services to my King and Country*, be never Rewarded, it ſhall never *Cool* my Affection to either, or prevent the utmoſt Service I can do for both, (of which my *Maniſeſto* againſt the Pretender, and *Saterical* Anſwer to all the Treaſonable Poems, which are *Privately* diſperſt, to Prove him our *Rightful Monarch*, Intitled, *Neck or Nothing in Verſe*, (a) is a New, and undeniable Proof.) So that 'tis plain I have Ruin'd my ſelf, to ſave my Country, and for no other Reward, as yet, but the Satisfaction of having done my Duty to (King *GEORGE*) my Rightful, and ever Glorious Soveraign; and therefore (*Sir*,) 'tis the Opinion of ſome of his Majeſties beſt Friends, that did your *Honour* (or any of thoſe Generous and Faithful Patriots, that now Surround the Throne) but know what ſeveral Eminent *Clergymen*, as well as my Fellow *Citizens*, ſay of my venturing *Neck for Nothing* to Serve the Publick, they would not Sleep 'till they inform his Majeſty, that I have been ſeveral Weeks confin'd to my Lodging for Fear of being Arreſted for Debts contracted in the Service of my King and Country, tho' the *Small* Sum of *Fifteen Hundred Pounds* (I call it *Small* if compared with my Deſperate, Expenſive, and Succeſsful Hazards in detecting his Majeſties Enemies) would Pay all my Debts, and clear my whole Eſtate from Incumbrance; which I have juſt Reaſon to expect from *the Preſent Miniſtry*; for if this *Fifteen Hundred Pounds* was Paid out of the *Treaſury*, it would not be a Farthing a Man, to thoſe many Thouſand Loyal Subjects, that would rather give Ten *Guineas* a Piece, than either the *King*, or a *Whig-Miniſtry*,

(a) *Note theſe Two Eſſays Intitled*,—Dunton's Maniſeſto againſt the Pretender.—*And*—Neck or Nothing in Verſe—*will be Publiſhed about a Week hence, by S.* Poping *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

ſhould be any longer call'd *Ungrateful* on my Account. And therefore as Half-Payments would not keep me out of a *Jail*, 'twas Judged neceſſary that your *Honour* ſhould be Inform'd, that the *Small* Sum of Fifteen Hundred Pounds would compleat this Deliverance; and I greatly fear your *Honour* will find that to delay any longer the Rewarding my *Neck-Adventures* to Secure the Proteſtant Succeſſion (as 'tis univerſally known that my Spending almoſt my *All* in that Glorious Cauſe, has kept me in a Starving Condition for Five Years) will not only be a Manifeſt Breach of his Majeſties Royal Promiſe of Rewarding all ſuch as Diſtinguiſh themſelves in his Service, but will be a *Future Diſcouragement* to other Loyal Subjects to venture their Lives and Fortunes againſt the Pretender, and that too at a Time when the *King* will have Occaſion for more *Neck-Adventurers*, (than *John Dunton*) if that *Popiſh* Impoſtor ſhould Succeed in his intended Rebellion.

Sir,—If there be one *Duke*, or *Earl*, now in *England*, that has Treated the Author of *Neck or Nothing* in this *Proud*, *Covetous*, or *Ungrateful* Manner, he will be apt to ſay, *I am not Named*, yet I know *I am the Man*. But if he be not *Touch'd upon a Sore Place*, (ſince he is not named) *He will not kick*, and I believe your *Honour* will be of the ſame Opinion; for *Touch a Gaul'd Horſe on the Back, and he will preſently Wince*; which Bold Attempt (of Daring to Speak the *Truth* of that *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude*, which I have found my ſelf, in ſome Pretended Whigs now in the Miniſtry, whoſe Spotleſs Honour and Juſtice I defended in the worſt of Times, in *ſeveral Pages* of my *Neck or Nothing*) is all the *Impudence* the Duke of *M*— or Earl of *S*———, or all the Dukes and Earls in the Kingdom, can Charge me with, if they'l do me but common Juſtice. But whether they will or not, 'tis my Happineſs I live in a Reign in which I can Act with the ſame Safety in Vindicating, as the Earl of *S*——— does in Attacking the Reputation of an Innocent Perſon, who is unblemiſh'd every where but in his Mouth. For I am told (by a *French* Miniſter) 'tis only this *Proud Earl*, that Stabs my Reputation with *Impudent* (for ſuch are all undeſerv'd) *Reflections*, which he gives me for no other

Reaſon,

Reaſon, but to *Revenge* my Daring to expoſe *M———'s Avarice*, and his own *Pride*, with that Contempt and Abhorrence, that ſuch Beggerly Vices deſerves. 'Twas ſaid of Arch-biſhop *Cranmer*, "*Do my Lord of* Canter-"bury *an Ill turn, and he'l be ſure to be your Friend ever* "*after.*" So *Generous* was he, and Ready to forgive an Injury; then how *very Gratefull* would this *Good Biſhop* have been for Bold Truths (ſuch as your *Honour* will find in the following Sheets) that corrected a Miſtake, or Error either in his *Life* or *Practice*; but inſtead of my meeting with ſuch Generous Treatment as this, from the Earl of *S———*, or any of thoſe *Court-Whigs*, who formerly call'd me, *The Patriot of Great-Britain*, whilſt I was venturing my *Neck* to Secure to them their *Religion, Lives and Eſtates*, they now Attempt to Ruin me for ſaving my Country from it, (and for no other Reaſon but to excuſe their Scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*) as is fully Prov'd in *the Ten following Eſſays* Inſcrib'd to your *Honour*, but more eſpecially in that Intitled, *National Thanks, or the Grateful Senſe of the whole Kingdom, upon Mr.* John Dunton's *Neck-Adventures to ſerve the Publick.* But tho' by theſe Deſperate, and Expenſive Hazards, to Secure the Proteſtant Succeſſion, I am ſtript ſo *Stark Naked*, as to have nothing left me that I can call my own, but the Naked Truth, and the Goodneſs of my Cauſe: (having *Mortgaged* my whole Eſtate for the Money I Spent in the Service of my King and Country) Yet *Magna eſt Veritas & Prevalebit*, and if I muſt fall (through the Avarice and Ingratitude of thoſe *Court-Whigs*, that owe their Lives and Fortunes to my Neck-Adventures to Serve the Publick) I reſolve to fall like *Sampſon*, of whom 'tis ſaid in *Sacred Writ*, That *the Dead which he Slew at his Death, were more then they which he Slew in his Life.* (a) But I ſhall ſay the leſs to your *Honour* upon this Occaſion, for if the Matters of Fact, as they are diſcovered in the following Sheets, do not carry Conviction with them, I have little to expect, and I only venture to Publiſh them becauſe

(a) Judges 16. 30.

Notorious Truths muſt Prevail at this Time in my Favour, or I muſt for ever *Deſpair*; and no worſe can be procured me by thoſe I may diſpleaſe, than *Starving*, which is almoſt my preſent Condition.

Whether I deſerve the ungrateful uſage I have met with from the Pretended Whigs now in the Miniſtry, and whether ſuch kind of Services as mine, were ever neglected in any other Age, I muſt leave to your *Honour*'s Judgment, upon Reading thoſe Eſſays Intitled —— *Neck or Nothing.* ——— *Queen Robin.* ——— *Mordecai's Memorial.* ——— And ——— *The State Weathercocks*, &c. Writ by that *Perſon of Honour*, that ſent me all thoſe Jacobite-Secrets that compos'd *Neck or Nothing*, and is now Publiſhed both as a *Key* to that Narrative, and to ſet my Succeſsful Attempts to Secure the Proteſtant Succeſſion in a better *Light* than they have been yet Publiſhed, either by my Friends or Enemies, and for that Reaſon are moſt Humbly Inſcrib'd to *a Principal Secretary of State*, as the beſt Judge what Diſcoveries (either in Church or State) have been of Real Service to the Crown; and if your *Honour* think mine to be ſuch (as the whole Nation declares they are) I don't fear meeting with ſuch *a Royal Reward* as will Pay all my Debts, and make my Future Life a little Eaſy and Comfortable. If a ſincere Affection, and Loyalty to the Houſe of *Hannover*, (without any Reſpect to Worldly Intereſt) can Merit a Diſtinguiſhing Mark of his Majeſties Favour, for I can with Truth affirm, I had no Rewards in View when I ventur'd my Life, and Incumbred my Fortune to ſerve my King and Country, by making thoſe Bold Diſcoveries, I Intitle *Neck or Nothing*, tho' now I will not be ſo Falſe to ſay, I do not think I have deſerved 'em, for I ſhall Preſume to ask your *Honour*, *whether* Mordecai *did not deſerve the Noble Reward* Ahaſuerus *gave him*? And the Reverend and Diſintereſted Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*, has largely Prov'd that the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, is a Parallel Inſtance to the *Perſian Mordecai*, for his Diſtinguiſhed (tho' as yet unrewarded) Services in detecting the Jacobite-Plots againſt his Majeſty's Royal Perſon, and Family, both in the Late and Preſent Reign.

I ſhan't need to Trouble your Honour with any more Inſtances of Royal Favour to ſuch that (like the *Britiſh*, and *Perſian Mordecai*) have ventur'd their *All* to ſerve the Publick, for the *Real Services* I have done my King and Country, is become ſuch a *Vox Populi*, and are ſo Generally and Publickly acknowledg'd to be Expenſive, Hazardous, and Succeſsfull, that 'twas not doubted whenever his Majeſty came to the Crown, (by whom all Good Men expected the Revival of a Golden Age) but the Early Diſcovery I made (a) of *Oxford*'s and *Bolingbroke*'s *Scheme* to Reſtore the Pretender, would be *Nobly* Rewarded; which ſufficiently ſhews, what *Good Opinion* the Subjects of *Great-Britain* had of my Publick Services, and of the Hazards I run of my Life and Fortune, to ſerve his Majeſty, which I did in ſo Zealous, and Faithful a manner, that when my Lord *Bolingbroke* was in Search for me, tho' I was adviſed to fly to *Hannover*, to Secure my Perſon, and to ſeek Rewards for the Love I had ſhewn to that Illuſtrious Houſe, by venturing *Neck or Nothing* to Serve it, and could have had Recommendatory Letters from my Lord *Wharton*, and the Biſhop of *Salisbury*, for that purpoſe; yet I ſo much Scorn'd to diſgrace, or betray a Juſt Cauſe by Flight, that I was ſeen every Day at *Sumpner*'s Coffee-Houſe in the *Minories*, in the very Heigth of my Danger from the late Miniſtry. And at that very Time (as a farther Proof of my Great Love to my Native Country) I Publiſhed *a Private Letter to Queen* Anne (Incerted in the following Sheets) which I Intitled, *Whig-Loyalty, or an Humble Addreſs to her Majeſty; in which I offer'd to appear and Prove all my Diſcoveries, and ſeveral others of great Moment to the Queen and Kingdom, if her Majeſty would be pleas'd to grant her Royal Protection to my ſelf and Witneſſes.*

Which *Addreſs* to the Queen, and not flying to *Hannover*, when I was *threatned with Death if I ſtaid in England*, ſome have complemented me, ſo far as to ſay, *Crown'd all the the reſt of my Publick Services.*

And

(a) *In my Eſſay Intitled,* Neck or Nothing.

And therefore my Humble Requeſt to your *Honour* is, that you would be Pleas'd to conſider whether my Services deſerve Reward and Countenance, or Starving and Diſgrace: Which I willingly Submit to your *Honour*'s Determination for as the Lord G ——*phin* ſaid of an Honeſt Gentleman, (that had Diſcovered ſuch Bold Truths, as ſome *Court-Miſers* could not digeſt) *That he ought to be either Hang'd or Rewarded for his Plain Dealing.* If this *Neck-Adventurer* deſerv'd to be *Rewarded*, for that *Bold Engliſh* with which he Satariz'd ſome *Great Men* then in the Miniſtry, he could not deſerve to be *Hang'd* for it; which *Caſe* of this complaining Gentleman being the ſame with mine, I hope your *Honour* will Pronounce *a Sentence of Life or Death* upon the Author of *Neck or Nothing*; for I have heard ſo much of your *Truly Generous, and Faithful Character*, that I do not doubt but your *Honour* will do me Juſtice when their is Occaſion, ſince Truth (the Pronouncing of which is neither *Treaſon* nor *Scan—Mag—*) is all I ask, and if Honour and Truth be found in a Humane Breaſt, I'm ſure 'tis in thoſe Noble Patriots, *Stanhope, Parker, King, Letchmere, Hampden*, and *Craggs*; and therefore 'tis with the Profoundeſt Reſpect, I beg leave to lay my *Neck-Adventures* at your *Honour*'s Feet, as they come from a Heart entirely Devoted to the moſt Glorious Prince, whoſe *Miniſter* you are, and do ſo Faithfully Serve, and for whoſe Intereſt my Bold, but True Engliſh appears, at the Hazard of all that's Dear to Mankind (viz. *Liberty*) and therefore I am not Inſenſible of the Fate I muſt expect, if it is not ſufficiently manifeſt, (by the following Diſcoveries) that I deſerve your *Honour*'s Favour and Protection.

But (*Sir*,) I fear I ſhall tyre you with my Juſt Complaints againſt the *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude*, of the Pretended Whigs now in the Miniſtry, but as your *Generous Temper* ſets you above all Little, Mean, Ungrateful Actions, I ſhall Preſume on your *Honour*'s Pardon, both for the Tediouſneſs of this Addreſs, and for the Severeſt Reflection that is to be found in it; for this *Appeal to my Fellow Subjects* (as to the Merit of my Publick Services) is my *Laſt Shift*, to prevent my being Bury'd alive, (that's Starv'd to Death) in the *Fleet-Priſon*, by the Earl of

of *S*———'s *Revenge*, for that's the Secret Reaſon why my *Neck-Adventures* to Serve the Publick, have gone *Five Years* unrewarded, and is here Publiſhed as *a Specimen of my Satyr Intitled*, Neck for Nothing, which I Inſcribe to thoſe *Grateful Subjects* that Heinouſly Reſent my being left to Starve in a *Jail*, through the *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude* of thoſe *Whig-Stateſmen*, whoſe Lives and Fortunes I ſav'd at my own Expence; and therefore the *Proud S*———, and other Court-Whigs, (who would neither call me *Mad*, or *Impudent*, did they conſider how often their own Innocence has been Slander'd by *Sodomites, Tory-Prieſts, and Perjur'd Scoundrels*) will do well to Remember, that a *Whiggiſh* (or True *Engliſh*) *Parliament* is now Aſſembled; for tho' *M*———, *S*———, *W*——— are above my Satyr, yet they are not above having their Scandalous Avarice expos'd, and Prov'd by *Reverend Clergymen, Eminent Citizens, and other Credible Witneſſes*; if I am forc'd to complain (to our *Faithful Repreſentatives* now ſitting at *Weſtminſter*) of their Ingratitude to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*; ſo that I have nothing to fear either from the Greatneſs or Power of my Court Enemies, or from their High Titles (as Dukes, Earls, Lords, or Baronets) — For,

The Nobleman, *why he's a Thing,*
That's next in Honour *to a King,*
But if his Lordſhip's Knave, *or* Fool,
(Or Miſer *that does Scrape by Rule)*
At beſt he's but a Noble Tool.
Either to work with, or be wrought on,
As Odd *a Thing as can be Thought on*;
What ſignifies an Empty Word?
His Grace, *his* Highneſs, *or my* Lord,
Saving your Preſence not a T———
'Tis Vertue *Stamps his Character,*
And adds a Luſtre to his Star;
The Lord *is he*; *that has a* Soul,
That's Great in Bounty, gives in Gold,
But he that Hoards *is Knave, or Fool*;
And if he's Proud *(tho'* Lord *before)*
It makes him Belzeebub *all o're,*

Pride *leſſens ev'n* Majeſty,
'Tis being Humble *makes us* High.
For Great Deſcent is all a Cheat,
'Tis only Vertue *makes us Great.*
The Miſer's Poor, tho' Rich in Oar,
Contented *Men are never Poor,*
Then he's the Lord, *that does deſire no more.*

Thus your *Honour* ſees I Write *Neck or Nothing*, either for or againſt the *Tory*, or *Whig-Lords*, as I find either ſide Guilty, or Innocent; for (as I ſaid before) I am neither a Party Man, nor Govern'd by Self-Intereſt, but Write to defend Truth, and expoſe Vice (but more eſpecially Avarice, and Ingratitude, both which I equally deſpiſe and abhor from my very *Soul*) wherever I find it, tho' it be in the Greateſt *Duke* or *Earl* in the Kingdom.

And therefore *Honour* and *Riches* are ſo little valued by me, when they are not *Innobled* with True Piety and Learning, I ſhould think it a Scandal to be call'd the Friend of a Duke, or Lord, were he a Fool or Miſer, 'till he was Humble enough to confeſs, that his Ignorance and Avarice had made him more my Inferiour, than his Riches and High Titles had ſet him above me; neither can any Man think me Proud or Conceited for Speaking thus; for it muſt be own'd, (*to the Honour of Learning*) every Fool can put the Sweat of his Tenants in his Pocket, but he's the Darling of Fortune that carrys his Eſtate in his Brains; and therefore for a Man to Spend his Life in Purſuit of a *Title* (or Great Eſtate) that ſerves only when he dyes to furniſh out an Epitah, is below a Man as a *Scholar*, and much more as a *Chriſtian*: 'Tis not Honour or Riches, but Piety and Learning that *Innobles* the Mind, and makes a Man *Truly Great*. The Soul when the Body dyes carries nothing with it but Vertue and Learning, Biſhop *Bancroft* Maſter of *Univerſity College*, and Lord Biſhop of *Oxford* died ſuddenly, and a little before his Death wou'd ſay, "Oh how Infinitely Greater is the Comfort of being "Good, than of being Great! What I gave away I have, and what I "have I ſhall loſe: Mark the Perfect Man, and behold the Upright, for "the End of that Man is Peace.

I.

Sure there's ſome wondrous Joy in doing Good!
Immortal Joy! that ſuffers no Allay from Fears,
Nor dreads the Tyranny of Years:
By none but its Poſſeſſors to be underſtood;
Elſe where's the *Gain* in being Great,
Kings would indeed be Victims of the State;
What can the Poets humble Praiſe,
What can the Poets humble Bays,
(We Poets oft our Bays allow,
Tranſplanted to the *Hero*'s Brow)
Add to the Victor's Happineſs?
What do the *Scepter*, *Crown* and *Ball*,

Rattles

Rattles for Infant Royalty to play withal,
But ſerve to adorn the Baby-Dreſs
Of one poor Coronation-Day,
To make the Pageant Gay:
A Three Hours Scene of Empty Pride,
And then the Toys are thrown aſide.

II.

But the Delight of doing Good
Is fix'd like Fate among the Stars,
And Deify'd in Verſe:
'Tis the beſt Gem in Royalty;
The great Diſtinguiſher of Blood;
Parent of Valour, and of Fame;
Which makes a Godhead of a Name,
And is Co-temporary to Eternity;
This made the Antient *Romans* to afford
To *Valour* and to *Vertue* the ſame Word;
To ſhew the Paths of both muſt be together trod,
Before the *Hero* can commence a *God*.

III.

For *Crowns* and *Scepters* ſcarce deſerve a Name,
Vain Breath is all Imperial Fame;
Vertue alone's the faireſt Gem,
Vertue crowns the Diadem;
That Vertue which in *George* has took her Seat;
Immoderately bright, immoderately Great:
'Tis from the Pious Life of ſuch a King,
The *Golden Age* muſt ſpring.
For can we think the Pamper'd Prieſts of *Baal*
Should ſave Religion that have none at all:
No! 'Tis from Heaven and Royal *George*, that all our Bleſſings fall.

For my own Part tho' I ought to cry out with the *Publican*, *Lord be Merciful to me a Sinner!* (and have nothing to Boaſt of, above the Groſs and common Works of Nature) yet I hope I may without Vanity ſay, I deſire a Good Eſtate for no other Reaſon but—To Pay all my Debts—To Requite thoſe Winter Friends that never Deſerted me in any Difficulty—To compleat my Phœnix Library (a)—To Purchaſe the common Neceſſaries of Life—And—To be very kind to the Poor, and all Men in Diſtreſs, be they of what Party they will—For as I had the Honour to be the Eldeſt Son of a very Pious, Learned, and Moderate Divine of the Church of *England*, (*viz.* Mr. *John Dunton* late Rector of *Aſton Clinton* in *Bucks*) and to be Son in-Law to that Famous Diſſenting

(a) *Or Collection of Scarce and Valuable Books to be found only in the Cloſets of the Curious.*

ing Minister Dr. *Samuel Annesley* (formerly Minister of *Cripplegate*, and most deservedly valued for his great Piety, Learning and Charity) I shall ever have a most Sincere Love and Compassion for all True Protestants of any denomination, provided they are Hearty Lovers of King *George*, and their Native Country. That truly Charitable and Immortal Prelate Arch-Bishop *Tillotson* declared in the *Royal Chappel*, "*That we agree in every* "*Thing, and Quarrel about Nothing*." And that Eminent Dissenting Minister Dr. *Williams* would often say, *He Judg'd of all Mens Religion by their Charity*; and for that Reason I shall think my Tender Respect for Protestants of all Denominations, is the best Proof in the World of my being a *Real Whig*, and true *Churchman*, for all such are not only avow'd Enemies to *Popery*, *Jacobitism*, and *Persecution*, but as cordially Love all such that only differ from 'em in *Indifferent Things*, as they do those of their own Church, which King *William* (of ever Glorious Memory) did in that Distinguish'd Manner, that he declared on his Death-bed, *He Dyed a Christian of a Comprehensive Charity.* (†)

So that I have fairly Prov'd to your *Honour*, he only is the Greatest Man in the Kingdom (were he never so Poor in the World) that is most *Pious*, most *Learned*, and most *Charitable*, and not he (which *S*—— calls the Greatest Man) that is only Dignified with the Highest Titles, and Greatest Riches; if he has nothing to recommend him (besides his Honour and Wealth) but a Little, Poor, Stingy, Covetous, Ungrateful Spirit; and for that Reason the conversing with Pious and Learned Men, (or their *Works*) is a sort of Heaven upon Earth to me, I had rather Peruse the *Writings* of a Poor *Cowley*, a Starving *Herbert*, or the Imprison'd *Tate*, ([a] Author of that Pious Project Intitled, *The Monitor*) than be caress'd by the Greatest Duke or Earl in the Kingdom (if he be but a Vain Empty Bubble of Quality) for by the *Men of Sense*, I can Improve my Better Part, and shall always find something *New*, and Instructive, but what is to be Learnt by conversing with a Half-witted Lord, or Gay Lady, but a little Pride, and Vanity: For my own share I Perfectly despise the *Fop* or *Beau* (be it a *He*, or *She*,) that has nothing to recommend 'em but the Honour of being—a Duke, an Earl, or a Countess—And for the Proud City Madam, (with but One Coach, and scarce a Lacquey) She is not worth my Notice, nor indeed the others, when they have no other Greatness to adorn their Character, but *High Titles* or a Splendid out-side; and therefore if Rich Men would be thought (what *S*—— calls 'em) *The Greatest Men of the Nation*, they must be more Pious, more Learned, and more *Generous* then Poorer Persons, or else the Men in a low Condition, will have just Reason to say,

I.

'Tho little Trees do in a Valley grow,
Shadow'd by others of a Greater Height
Whose Spreading Branches cover all below,
Hiding those Little Cyons out of Sight,
Yet Plant those Cyons in a Soyl more Free
Each Little Shrub, will Grow a Lofty Tree.

All

See this Mark (†) *at the End of this Book, for several Lines omitted, which should come in after the Word* Charity.

[a] *Mr.* Tate *late Poet-Laureat, is here meant.*

2.

All Men one Mother have, and that's the Earth,
Nature to all Mankind this Priviledge gave,
She makes no Man Superiour in his Birth,
Nor does *Death* make a Difference in the Grave,
But Fortunes Darlings Smaller Shrubs do Sway
Which *Bodies* have, and *Souls* as Good as they.

Neither do the High Titles or Riches of the Greateſt Men in the Nation (the King, and Royal Family only excepted) ſet 'em above the Reſentments of a *Houſe of Commons*, (the moſt Loyal, Generous and Impartial, that ever ſat in the Britiſh Dominions) who as they Repreſent all the Subjects of *Great-Britain*, could not be Faithful to that Great Truſt that the whole Nation has Repos'd in 'em, did they either diſcourage a *Neck-Adventurer* in his Majeſtys Service, or Suffer any *Court* (or Pretended) *Whig* to continue in any Place of Profit, or Truſt, but ſuch that are *True* (*i. e.* Generous) *Patriots*, and would not Riſe to Honour or Riches, but only to ſerve the Publick, as was lately ſeen in the *Glorious Iriſh Parliament*, who Greatly diſtinguiſh'd (by *Noble Rewards*) all thoſe that Diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in his Majeſtys Service in that Country; and I have Reaſon to Hope that 'tho I had not Happineſs to be Born in the Grateful Country of *Ireland*, yet that the Parliament of that Kingdom will (in a proper Seaſon) *Remember* the ſeaſonable Diſcoveries which I made to it in the late Reign. I being aſſur'd by that Perſon of Honour from whom I receiv'd all thoſe *Secret Memoirs* that furniſh'd out *Neck or Nothing*, that the Early Diſcoveries that *Narrative* made of the Inliſting Men in *Ireland* for the Pretenders Service, was that which firſt put the *Iriſh Parliament* upon Inſpecting that *Jacobite Plot*, and wholly defeated it. But whilſt *the Graſs Grows the Steed Starves*, for as yet I have Received no other Reward for this Diſtinguiſhed Service to the Houſe of *Hannover*, but the *Bare Satisfaction* of having done my Duty to my King and Country.

Sir,—It is with Extreme Reluctance that I force my ſelf to give your *Honour* this Satirical Account of my Caſe and Sufferings, "But (to "uſe the Words of the Biſhop of *Bangor* (*a*) to the Biſhop of *Exeter*) "the Love of Truth, which ought to be above all Humane Conſiderati-"ons, will I hope Plead my Excuſe for the Great Preſumption of this "Addreſs; for the Boldeſt Reflection that is to be found in it, upon *M*——'s Avarice, or *S*———'s Revenge can be no wonder to thoſe who know (what the Pious *Bangor* further affirms to the Biſhop of *Exeter*) "That Truth fears not the Light, ((*i. e.*) that the Darkneſs of e-"very Falſhood will Preſently vaniſh when the Light of Truth is brought "near it;) and I Solemnly declare to your *Honour* this Specimen of *Neck for Nothing*, creeps into the World with no other Intention than to do its Author *Juſtice*, for as the ingenious Dr. *Browne* well obſerves, (*b*) *Juſtice is a Duty all Men are allowed to Pay to themſelves in the firſt Place, neither is it any Breach of Modeſty for a Man to commend himſelf, when his Honeſt Character is Miſrepreſented*, or he is call'd an Impudent Fellow for Scorning to Flatter Great Men in their Vices. And therefore as I have kept ſtrictly to Truth in this *Addreſs* to your *Honour*, (and in the whole

(*a*) *In his Famous Treatiſe Intitled*, Some Conſiderations, *&c.*
(*b*) *In his Letter to the Lord* H——ly.

Secret History of my *Neck-Adventures*) I leave the World to Judge as Candidly of the Earl of *S*———'s *Revenge*, (and of my Just Resentments of his Proud and Ungrateful Treatment) as the *Notorious Wrong* he has done to my Plain Dealing will give leave; for (as Dr. *Browne* further says of himself) *I ought to value my self upon such Honest Plainness and Freedom as this; for no Just Person will understand Words in a Harsher Meaning than the Natural Sense of them will bear, or if a Good Intention will not Plead for me, I must hide my Fault under the Dulness of my Apprehension:* But I hope it is not in the Power of the Duke of *M*———, or Earl of *S*——— to wrest Words to what Sense will best fit their purpose, seeing all Impartial Readers will take 'em in their Litteral Sense and Meaning, for else the Laws of *England* are made to little purpose, and we shall never know when we Transgress, or when we Act consonant to them; nay at this Rate we shall Boast of *English Liberty* so long, 'till some People turn the Words Irronically upon us, and tell us, their is nothing meant by it, but *Whiggish Avarice*, or *Despotick Power*. However I Appeal to all Mankind that know me, whether the Liberty of my Pen, (either in this *Address* to your *Honour*, or in the following Sheets) has exceeded that of my *Mind*, which the Power of a Secretrary of State cannot confine, 'tho he unjustly does that of my Body, if he makes me a Prisoner only for Speaking of *True English*, but I fear no such Illegal Treatment as this, from a *Patriot* of your *Honour*'s Generous, and Faithful Character seeing what I here say of the Avarice, and Ingratitude of the Duke of *M*——— and Earl of *S*——— before their Face, is what all the Honest and Grateful Subjects of *Great-Britain* say behind their Back, or if their be any Transgression in that *Bold* English, in which I have discover'd to your *Honour* my Case and Sufferings, I must confess I cannot yet see it, for is their any Covetous or Ungrateful Whigs now in the Ministry Scandaliz'd or Reproach'd in this *Address*? He that thinks they are, makes the Reproach for me, for I see no Reflection given them either in this Specimen of my *Neck for Nothing*, or in the whole Secret History of my *Neck-Adventures*, but what (if your *Honour* command me to wait upon you) I'le Prove they deserve for Concealing or Misrepresenting my Publick Services, by saying the Person that does 'em is a *Madman*, or *Impudent Fellow*.

Well *Lord have Mercy upon us all*! for *Astrea* is fled to Heaven, and whoever hears of this Great Ingratitude of the Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry, to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, who (*Freely*) ventur'd his *All* to serve the Publick, and compares it with his Early, Bold and Successful Discovery of *Oxford*'s and *Bolingbroke*'s Plot to defeat the Protestant Succession, (which has Secur'd to 'em their Religion, Lives, and Estates) will be apt to say that no such thing was ever yet shewn to an Honest Man in Distress as Honour, Justice, Gratitude, or True Friendship.

But tho' *Pretended Whigs* (or State-Weathercocks) that have done little or nothing to set the Crown on his Majestys Head (by having Friends at Court, or Money to Purchase 'em) have been advanc'd to considerable Places, or Pensions, whilst *John Dunton*, that was Purlu'd by *Six Warrants* for detecting the Scheme of the late Ministry to Restore the Pretender,

and

(a) *In his Letter to Mr. Secretary* Harley, *occasioned by his sending him to* Newgate *for Writing a Paper Intitled*, The Country Parsons Advice.

and has (almoſt) Spent his *All* in his Majeſty's Service, is left to Starve in a Jail, Yet as the *King* knows nothing of this Ingratitude in his *Whig-Favourites*, I hope this Diſtinguiſhed *Merit*, (for detecting his Majeſty's Enemies) will not be always Treated as a *Popiſh Doctrine* in a *Proteſtant Court*; for as my venture of *Neck or Nothing* in *Proſe*, made ſuch Early and Bold Diſcoveries of *Oxford*'s and *Bolingbroke*'s Treaſon, as no Man, ſave my ſelf, was Intruſted with, or had Courage enough to Publiſh, whilſt the Traytors Accus'd Govern'd the Nation, (and Defeated ſeveral Jacobite Plots in *Great-Britain*, and *Ireland*, that were juſt taking Effect) ſo I hope that venture of *Neck or Nothing* in *Verſe*, which I am now preparing for the Preſs (as it contains Satirical Anſwers to all the Treaſonable Poems that have been Privately Diſpers'd throughout the *Britiſh* Dominions in favour of the Pretender) will not be leſs Succeſsful and Meritorious in opening the Eyes of thoſe Blind, and Deluded Wretches we call *Jacobites*) then my former Diſtinguiſh'd Services to the Houſe of *Hannover*, which have gone Five Years unrewarded, through the Avarice and Ingratitude of the Pretended Whigs now in the Miniſtry, but more eſpecially to Gratifie the Earl of *S*——'s Revenge.

Sir,—What hard Treatment is this to be *Starv'd* by the Whigs, and *Hang'd* by the Tories! eſpecially conſidering the *laſt* have Promis'd me the Honour of *Knighthood* and Great Riches, to ſupport the Title (as my Worthy Friend Mr. *Funter* of Wapping, is able to Teſtifie) if I'le Recant of proving the Pretender a *Popiſh* Impoſtor, and all his Adherents Fools and Knaves, (in my Eſſay Intitled, *The Hereditary Baſtard, or Royal Intrigue of the Warming Pan*) but I Deſpiſe turning my Coat for Intereſt; and therefore not being able to Govern Events, *I* endeavour to Govern my ſelf, and had much rather Starve in the *Fleet-Priſon*, with theſe Words writ on my Forehead,——*Pray Remember the Britiſh Mordecai, (a Poor but Real Whig) that has Ruin'd himſelf to ſave his Country*——— Then to have it ſaid,——*There goes a Rich Tory Knight*, (alias *Knave*) *that to make himſelf Rich and Great, has ventur'd* Neck or Nothing *to Reſtore a Popiſh Pretender, and with him the Devil and all his Works*; which proves (to your *Honour*) that the Height of my Ambition, is only to be out of Debt, and to enjoy ſuch an Annual Penſion, as may deliver me from thoſe Pinching Difficulties under which I am now Groaning, and which were ſo Afflicting to Dr. *Oates*, that upon his complaining to King *Charles* the Second of the Ingratitude he met with from his Tory-Miniſters, that *Generous Prince*, not only gave him Two Thouſand Guineas to Pay his Debts, but a Penſion of Five Hundred Pounds a Year for Life.

But (*Sir*) whatever my Fate be, (whether a Royal Bounty to pay my Debts, or to be Starv'd in the *Fleet-Priſon*, for my Faithful Service to my King and Country,) it ſhall be my conſtant Prayer to my laſt Breath, that your *Honour* may Daily encreaſe in Merit and Riches, 'till you are as Happy as a Grateful Prince can make you, or at leaſt, 'till your Eſtate is as Great as your Inclination to make it a common Bleſſing to Mankind.

Sir,—'Tis this Diſtinguiſh'd Goodneſs, that proves you a *Real Whig*, (*i. e.* a Truly Generous and Faithful Patriot) and renders your other *Vertues* the more Illuſtrious, amongſt which (*Sir*) 'tis not the leaſt that you have the Glory to be Truly Loyal, as well as adorn'd with thoſe Excellent Principles, which render *Quality* ſo Abſolutely worth that Veneration which is Paid to it, 'tis that *Merit*, and not the *Title*, that makes it truly

truly Great; *Grandeur* in any others serves but to Point 'em out more particularly to the World, and shew their *Faults* with the greater Magnitude; or at least it renders 'em more liable to that *Contempt* and *Shame*, which Justly Pursues Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude, (Three Vices to which your *Honour* is wholly a Stranger) for 'tis Universally acknowledg'd by all your Friends, as well as by your very Enemies, (if you have any) that there is found such a Noble Honesty in your Nature, and *Generosity* in your Soul, as was never exceeded (or perhaps equalled) by any *Statesman* in your High and Honourable Post.

Then go on (Worthy *Sir*) and Prosper in all your Noble undertakings, 'till full of Age and Honour, you Receive Immortal Rewards for your Immortal Services to your King and Country; and when you leave this World for a better, may your Name and Memory be as Dear to all *British Protestants*, as 'twill ever be to *John Dunton*, for I doubt not but your Great Generosity, Justice and Goodness to me (under my present Sufferings for the Good of my Country) will convince the World I have not ventur'd my *Neck for Nothing*, but will for ever engage me to be

Honour'd Sir, Your most obliged, most

Obedient, and most Devoted Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

The *Titles* to the several Discoveries (or *Neck-Adventures*) in this Book, *viz.*

1. NEck or Nothing, *or a Supplement to the Short History of the Parliament. The Twentieth Edition* p. 1.
2. Queen Robin, *or an Appendix to Neck or Nothing, compleating that Narrative* p. 41.
3. The State Weathercocks, *or a New Secret History of the late and present Ministry, being a Key to Neck or Nothing* p. 54.
4. The Court Spy, *or a Detection of several Jacobite Plots in Great Britain and Ireland* p. 66.
5. The Pulpit Bite, *or the Cant of the Church being in Danger, Prov'd a meer Trick to Restore the Pretender* p. 79.
6. Whig-Loyalty, *or Mr.* John Dunton's *Private Letter to Queen* Ann, *in which he offers to Appear and Prove all his Discoveries* p. 89.
7. Mordecai's Ramble to Court, *or a Detection of the Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude of the Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry* p. 90.
8. Mordecai Kneeling at the King's Gate, *or Mr.* John Dunton's *Humble Petition to his Majesty, that he might not be left to Starve in a Jail for his Publick Services.* p. 103.
9. Mordecai's Memorial, *Writ by a Clergyman, in which Mr.* Dunton *is Prov'd a Parallel Instance to the Persian Mordecai, for his Successful Hazards in detecting his Majesty's Enemies* p. 1. *at the Conclusion of the Book.*
10. National Thanks, *or the Grateful Sense of the whole Kingdom, upon the British Mordecai's Neck-Adventures to serve the Publick* p. 16.
11. The Earl of S——'s Revenge, *or a Specimen of the Satyr Intitled, Neck for Nothing, being a Necessary Introduction to this New Edition of Mr.* Dunton's *Neck-Adventures.*

Neck or Nothing:

IN A

LETTER

TO THE

Earl of *OX—RD.*

Being a SUPPLEMENT to the *Short Hiſtory of the PARLIAMENT.*

ALSO

The NEW SCHEME (mention'd in the aforeſaid Hiſtory) which the *Engliſh* and *Scotch Jacobites* have *concerted* for bringing in the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery. With the *True Character* (or *Secret Hiſtory*) of the PRESENT MINISTRY.

Written by his Grace JOHN Duke of ——.

Auro pulſa fides, auro venalia jura——Prop.

The Twentieth EDITION Corrected by the Author.

My LORD,

I Am ſo heartily deſirous of an Union amongſt all that go under the name of *Proteſtant*, againſt the common Enemy, the *Papiſts*, that I would never have ſingled out any of 'em under ſo black a Character as the Title to this *Supplement* gives 'em, if their Deſigns had not been ſo palpable, and to unite with them, were not to endeavour to alter the Conſtitution of the Government, and to give the Proteſtant Religion its fatal

Blow: For, My LORD, does not Mr. *Walpole* in his *Short History of the Parliment*, say expresly, that the last Parliament. "For the Character of *Loyal* and *Dutiful*, have sacrific'd their "Country to the Power of *France*, which can end in nothing "but bringing in the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery." 'Tis "true, Mr, *Walpole* tells us, "He has too much Charity to "belive that all who have been consenting to these pernicious "Measures, equally design'd the Mischiefs that have come upon "us:" And therefore I am far from laying this Charge upon all the Subscribers of our late PEACEFUL ADDRESSES. for as there are many of 'em such, as no good Subject would refuse to subscribe, (especially that of the *Upper House of Convocation*, and that from *Glascow*) if he did not think them unseasonable: so I have that Charity for many, that were induc'd to subscribe the most ungrateful, (and such I count those that asperse the Duke of *Marlborough*, the Lord *Townshend*, and that Illustrious Patriot Mr. *Walpole*) that they did it rather in Complaisance to the Importunity of the Promoters, (by which I mean all *Jacobite* Protestants) than to serve any bad Design: But I cannot so acquit your LORDSHIP, (who, if you have any Regard to your Pious Education, must needs be a *Whig* in your Heart, tho' you are a *Tory* in Practice) or any of the rest of the Contrivers of a Peace with *France*, at the very Time when the Victorious *Marlborough* was almost got to the Gates of *Paris*, where even *Lewis Le Grand* himself was just falling on his Knees for Quarter? and therefore, my LORD, I may venture to say 'There is not one Subject in the Queen's Dominions (provided he be one that loves the *English* Laws and the *Protestante* Religion more than the raising his private Fortune) but belives you to be what you are call'd by the *COURT-SPY**, "The greatest Enemy to your Na- "tive Country on this side Hell and the Gallows. "There are some (*very few I hope*) who deny your LORDSHIP this Character; and *fewer yet* who will be unwilling you should meet with your just Fate: But all Men will own, (except such as are wilfully blind) that the late separate and *Pernicous* Peace that your LORDSHIP and LEUD DRUNKEN HARRY have parch'd up (I can't say *made*) with *France* has almost brought the Protestant Religion to its last Gasp. Whether the Addressers for this Peace, or whether the Presenters of *them*, were chosen by your LORDSHIP out of the Contrivers of *it*, or whether the Addressers and Presenters were but made the *Cat's Foot*, (that the Odium, and it may be, Punishment, may one Day rest upon 'em) I shan't pretend to determine: But if one may make an Estimate of the Promoters of this Peace by the *Frenchify'd Contrivers of it*, none but a Madman will ever

* *Published by* J. Baker, *in* Pater-noster-Row.

ever think the Peace can be Safe and Lasting, or, in plainer Words, that God will ever give a Bleſſing to that Peace, that is made by ſuch corrupt Miniſters of State, that have ſacrific'd their Country to enrich themſelves, and to *ſave, their Necks.* My LORD, Theſe are Great Truths; and as they ought to be underſtood by all the Subjects of *Great Britain*, I have ventur'd to ſpeak 'em in *plain Engliſh*; for if your LORDSHIP has *ventur'd your Neck* to ruin your Country, (as I prove you have in the following Leaves) I humbly conceive I may with as good Reaſon *venture my Neck* to ſave it; and I don't queſtion but all the Proteſtant Nobility and Gentry in the Queen's Dominions will ſtand by and ſupport me, in thus *venturing* my Life and Fortune, in crying *Fire, Fire, Fire*, to a *Frenchify'd* Nation, that's faſt aſleep in the midſt of Flames. But whether they do or no, *Vertue is its own Reward*; and as I give the Alarm, neither for Honour nor Profit, but purely to ſerve my Country. I don't fear ſhou'd I die in the Attempt, but I ſhall meet with a Glorious Reward in the other World, tho' I ſhou'd meet with nothing but Death or *Diſgrace* in this; if ſuffering to defend Her Majeſty's juſt Title to the *Britiſh* Crown, or the Rights of the Illuſtrious Houſe, of *Hanover*, can be call'd *Diſgrace* which is the greateſt Honour a Loyal Peer is capable of receiving on this ſide Heaven; for (ſays a Learned and Great Divine) " If there is any Glory in Heaven " greater than other, if there be any Degrees in Happineſs, and " if there be a Proportion of Rewards, as to be ſure there is, they " who have the Honour to ſeal the true Religon [and I ſhall add " their Love and Service to their Country] with their Blood " and Sacrifice all other Conſiderations to it, ſhall have a diſtinguiſh'd Bleſſedneſs. " Then what a dazling, weighty, and *Exceeding* Crown of Glory ſhall that truly Loyal and Ingenious Gentleman, Mr. *George Ridpath*, wear in Heaven, whoſe Great Piety, Steddineſs of Principles and Undaunted Courage in ſuffering for his firm Loyalty, (but more eſpecially for his telling your LORDSHIP every Week * " That *Dunkirk* is not yet de- " moliſh'd nor the Pretender Remov'd.") has ſet him above all Fear of Death or the Pillory; which, if compar'd with the Glory and Recompence that attends ſuffering in a juſt Cauſe, makes even the Pillory it ſelf a Preferment much ſuperior to the being a *Lord Treaſurer* or *Secretary of State* when thoſe who arrive to thoſe great Poſts; (like your LORDSHIP and *Bollingbrook*) have *ventur'd their Necks*, (that is, have betrayed their Queen and ruin'd their Country) to obtain 'em. And therefore as *Chriſtian Courage is a force of Spirit conſiſting in two Principal Points, to undertake and ſuffer Great Things for the ſake of Religion and Loyalty*; I reſolve like the Anvil to reſiſt all the ſtrokes of the Hammer, that

* *In his* Flying-Poſt.

is, to ſuffer patiently whatever your LORDSHIP or your Brother *Bollingbroke* dare inflict upon me, for the Diſcharge of my Duty, in ſetting your *Neck-Adventures* (or ſecret Treaſon) in a true Light, And if Poor *Hurt* has found the Pillory a greater Honour to him than he cou'd expect, (as the *Am---dreſs's Sp---ch* was a Reflection on the BEST of QUEENS) I ſhan't doubt obraining even Her Majeſty's Favour, as well as the Thanks of her Loyal Subjects, for daring to *venture my Neck* in Defence of Her Juſt Title, and for detecting ſuch *Guilty Miniſters of State* as are plotting her Death. (or it leaſt the wounding her *Proteſtant Fame*) by attempting to bring in a *Popiſh* Pretender to ſit on the Throne of Her Royal Anceſtors. And tho' I Publiſh this *Supplement* with as little regard to Reward from your LORDSHIP as Mr. *Walpole* expected for the *Dedication* to his *Short Hiſtory*, yet I aſſure my ſelf that all Loyal Subjects to the Queen, and true Friends to the Houſe of *Hanover* will ever thank me for thoſe Diſcoveries I here publiſh to ſerve both; not is the Age yet ſo degenerate that I need doubt it; for tho' *Cowardice* and *Covetouſneſs* has been too much the Sin of the *Whigs*, and are thoſe two ſneaking and beggarly Vices by which they have almoſt ruin'd the beſt Cauſe in the World, yet 'tis never too late to reform: And therefore I cannot think that the Loyal *Whigs* will deſert ſo *juſt* a Cauſe (for 'tis the Cauſe, and not the Suffering makes a Martyr) in which I am willing to lay down my Life to *ſerve 'em*, which will to me, be a much greater Reward, than the *Venture* I have here made of my *Neck* can merit. And I think I have good Reaſon to ſpeak thus; for (my Lord) the SHORT HISTORY tells us plainly, that "*The Meaſures taken by the* "*late Miniſtry* (a Miniſtry that made Her Majeſty's Glory ſhine "as bright, and as far, as the Sun) *moſt viſibly tended to nothing* "*but confirming a noble Alliance, form'd to reduce the Exorbitant* "*Power of* France, *to reſcue* Spain, *and the* Indies, *from the* "*Houſe of* Bourbon, to ſecure the Proteſtant Succeſſion to the "Crown of *Great-Britain*, and to ſettle a true Ballance of Power "in *Europe*. Theſe great Ends (ſays our *Short Hiſtorian*) were the chief View of thoſe that ſerv'd the Queen for the *Eight firſt Years of her Reign*; and with what ſucceſs they ſerv'd Her, *the great Union amongſt Her Majeſty's Subjects at Home, and the many great and glorious Victories obtain'd by the Duke of* Marlborough abroad will ſhew the World many *Hundred Years* after their deſpis'd Names are rotten, who have moſt infamouſly (as well as ungratefully) attempted to blemiſh their Illuſtrious Characters. But tho' this was *the Bright and Glorious Character of the late Miniſtry*, yet when your Lordſhip came (or rather REVIV'D) into Favour by the bold and aſtoniſhing Conduct of Mrs. *Abigail*, then a New SCHEME was concerted (of which more anon) and now the contrary Meaſures being immediately enter'd upon

"*The*

" *The War muſt be ended, the Grand Alliance diſſolv'd, and to perfect all* (for your Lordſhip was reſolv'd to venture NECK or NOTHING in the purſuit of Honour and Riches) *Peace and a ſtrict Friendſhip with* France *muſt be concluded.*

Poor unfortunate Gregg (*for thy Maſter's Treaſon in betraying his Queen and Country by a* LUIDORE-PEACE, *puts me in mind of thy hanging Fate*) *thou may'ſt well ſay with* Coleman, *there is no Faith in Man, that thy ſelf (a little Traytor) art hang'd, whilſt thy Great Maſter, that has almoſt ruin'd a whole Nation, goes yet unpuniſh'd!*

My Lord; ---- What will the New PARLIAMENT ſay to this! that little Traitors looſe their NECKS, by that very Treaſon that Great ones ſecure theirs, which is a *Paradox* eaſily prov'd; for 'tis now apparent, that the undeſerv'd Reflections that were caſt upon *the Duke of Marlborough, the Lord Townſhend, and Mr. Walpole*, were given by the LOYAL PARLIAMENT, for no other End " *but to ſully the Illuſtrious Characters* " *of thoſe that are out of Power, and to ſcreen the Inquitys of thoſe that* " *are in*, even that *Lew'd and Infamous Tool Dr. Sacheverel*, (tho' he has curſt the *Hannover* Family, and often drank the Pretender's Health by the Name of King) is a great Saint and Loyaliſt, in the Judgment of HIGH CHURCH, and one that has ſav'd the Nation from Ruin. 'Tis true the REVOLUTION PARLIAMENT fairly prov'd him a Traytor to his Queen and Country, and *Silenc'd him for Three Years*; and had it been for ever (for the Doctor too was at -- *Neck or Nothing* --- in the purſuit of a Biſhoprick) it had been but a ſmall Puniſhment for a *Jacobite Prieſt*, that in King *William*'s Reign wiſh'd he might live to ſee him *pull'd Limb from Limb*, and has often prayed for the *Confuſion of her preſent Majeſty*; yet in your Lordſhip's DOVE HOUSE, where the Loyal and Dutiful PIGEONS call *Black, White*, and a *Frenchifi'd* Miniſtry is Screen'd from the Axe and Gibbet, this FALSE BROTHER, who had ſo often ventur'd his Tongue and NECK in the Cauſe of *Perkin*, can have PUBLICK THANKS, for a *Libel* that ought to have been burnt by the common Hangman: For, my Lord, the Sermon that *Sacheverel* preach'd before your *Loyal and Obedient Commons*, was little better than a Libel or ſpightful Satyr on the Proceedings of the *beſt and moſt Glorious Parliament* that *England* was ever bleſt with; but when Her Majeſty ſhall ſay to theſe dry Bones, LIVE, they will be fitteſt to declare their Reſentment of ſuch *prophane trampling upon their Aſhes*, by that *Infamous Tool of a Party* (as Dr. *Sacheverel* was call'd at his Tryal.) Neither can your Lordſhip wonder that I call Dr. *Satheverel* INFAMOUS, and the Head of the *Jacobite-Faction*, after that *Bold Britain* (or true *Engliſhman*) Mr. *John Dunton* has in

his *late Diſcoveries* which he intitles the *Court-Spy*: * unanſwerably prov'd theſe Three Things.

1ſt. *That there is a* Jacobite *Plot now carrying on, both in* England *and* Scotland, *to bring in the Pretender, Popery and Slavery*; *and that Dr.* Sacheverel *has given great Encouragement to this Plot, by his often curſing the* Hannover *Succeſſion, and drinking the Pretender's Health on his bare Knees, by the Name of King* James *the Third.*

2dly, *That it would be a great Service to the Proteſtant Intereſt in* Great-Britain, (*as Mr.* Dunton *proves in an humble Addreſs to her Majeſty*) *if Dr.* Sacheverel *were brought to a ſpeedy and publick Tryal to anſwer to that black Accuſation of* Jacobitiſm, *and other notorious Crimes that are charg'd upon him by M.* Biſſett, *Dr.* Boyſe, *Mr.* Ebcrall, *and other credible Perſons.*

3dly, *That the ſecret Hiſtory of the Life and Actions of Dr.* Sacheverel (*which is inſerted in this* Court-Spy) *is a full Refutation of his late Sermon before the Honourable Houſe of Commons, and proves him in the preſent* Jacobite *Plot to introduce the Pretender.* My Lord, all theſe ſurprizing Diſcoveries concerning the preſent Deſign of the *Sacheverel Faction* to introduce Popery and Slavery, are fairly prov'd by Mr. *John Dunton*, and other Perſons of great Integrity, in the Book intituled, *The Court Spy*; or if any one yet doubt of the Truth of the *Jacobite Plot* that is now hatching in *Paris, Dunkirk, Lorain, Scotland, York Buildings*, and the *Secatary's Office* at *Whitehall* let 'em read the *Seaſonable Warning of the General Aſſembly of the Church of* Scotland, who tell the World, "*That the Adverſaries to their preſent Conſtitution both in Church and State, do* "*openly in their Cities, and thoughout the whole Country of* Scotland, "*promote the Intereſt of a Pretender to the Crown, who has been educated in all the Maxims of Popiſh Bigotry and* French *Tyranny*; "*and that their Zeal for the Pretender is ſuch, that they generally* "*omit the Prayers in the Liturgy, for our Sovereign Queen* Anne, *and* "*the Illuſtrious Princeſs* Sophia, *upon whom the Succeſſion to the Crown* "*is ſettled.*--My Lord, if *Scotland* be in ſuch great Danger from the *Pretender*, as 'tis plain by this *Seaſonable Warning*, it is, I'm ſure, 'tis high time that *England* ſhou'd be fully inform'd who 'tis that in "*The Three laſt Winter Campaigns in Parliament* have been alſo ſacrificing their Country to *the Pretender, Popery and Slavery*, by contriving, or which is as bad, approving a PEACE, which (conſidering our *Lives and* Liberties lye now at the Mercy of the *French* King) will coſt *England* ten times more than a War with *France* wou'd have done, had it laſted for *Twenty Years*; tho had it continu'd but a Year longer, (as our Army was then in the Career of Victory) in all Probability, by this time we had been *Sole Maſters of* France, by which we had reſcu'd what is now in

* *Or a Detection of ſuch ſecret, odd, and uncommon Tranſactions in Church and State, as are wholly omitted by other News Writers.*

in ſuch great Danger, *the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the illuſtrous Houſe of* Hannover, which all true Proteſtants, (be they *Whig or Tory*) will own an invaluable Bleſſing, *when they come to broil upon* French *Gridirons.*

My Lord,--- what I here ſay of your *Conduct and Generalſhip*, as Mr. *Walpole* calls it, with reſpect to the *Pernicious Treaty of Peace, and your late disbanded Troops*, is not ſpoke out of Malice to any Man's Perſon; for I think according to my *Poor Capacity*, the heavieſt Puniſhment that can be inflicted upon *State Offenders*, is, that they may out-live their Honour and Eſtates, the firſt of which your Lordſhip has done already; and as to the laſt, (except the *Pretender* comes before you can purchaſe another *Dutifnl and Loyal Parliament*) when you have diſgorg'd all the *Luidores*, or ſecret Conviction that the Peace coſt, *your Pockets won't be leſs empty than your Brains* were, at the time when you adviſ'd to a PEACE that is very likely to *touch your Neck*; I ſay *likely* for 'tis now plain to every Loyal Subject, that your Lordſhip in creeping to a ſtarving and vanquiſh'd Enemy, (perhaps as much to ſave your Neck as to fill your Purſe) have ventur'd *Neck or Nothing*. But, my Lord, whatever your *private Venture* has been to inrich your Family, at the Expence of your Countrys Ruin, yet 'tis certain that neither the *Peaceful Biſhop*, that was pick'd out to Preach the *Thanksgiving Sermon*, nor your *Hir'd Troops*, tho' "*So* "*ready to go upon any Attack, cou'd have perform'd ſo many remarka-*"*ble Services, either in the Parliament Houſe or St.* Pauls, *had they* "*not* (as Mr. *Walpole* obſerves) *firmly adher'd to your Lordſhip, and* "*their Monoſyllables.* But, my Lord, ſhou'd your *Intreagueing Peace* prove good and laſting, (as no Man in his Senſes can think it will) yet 'tis very Strange to all thinking Men, that a Biſhop that was to Harangue on the *Excellencies of a Glorious Peace*, ſhou'd at ſuch an unſeaſonable time deſcribe the *Miſeries of a Civil War*, if he did not ſuſpect it from your Lordſhip's Traitrous Conduct towards the Queen and the whole Nation, by your contriving *a Peace with* France, that muſt be better patch'd up againſt next Seſſion of Parliament, or, even *your Loyal and Dutiful Commons*, will not think you above their *Impeachment*, tho' you ſhou'd climb from Title to Title till you *Climb ſo high as to break your Neck in that great and unpitied Fall*, which (if the Nation is bleſt with a good Parliament) cannot be far off; For, my Lord, all you POLITICKS, ſince your *Pride and Ambition* has diſplac'd the late Miniſtry, has ſpoke no other Language but this--*Neck or Nothing*-- i. e. a Duke you are, or reſolve to be; but pray, my Lord, take this humbling Conſideration along with your *High Titles*:

What

What ſignifies an empty Word,
His Grace, *his* Highneſs, *or, my* Lord?
Saving your Preſence, not a T---
'Tis Vertue Stamps the Character,
And adds a Luſtre to his Star.

My Lord, 'tis a plain Caſe whatever your venture has been in climbing the *Two Pinacles of Honour and Riches*, yet as you han't aſcended one ſtep in *Vertue*, or to *ſecure the Hannover Succeſſion* ſince your Advancement, your Riſe has been the higher only to make your Fall the greater. Worldly *Honour* is like a Circle in the Water which never ceaſeth to enlarge it ſelf, till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought. We might have ſome Opinion that thoſe great Titles of *Earl or Duke*, had much Eminency above all that is here below, were it not that they daily fall into *Fantaſms and Shadows of nothing*; and therefore, My Lord, as you have *ventur'd your Neck* for Honour and Riches, (which I have here prov'd is *nought, a Fantaſm*, or *Shadow of Nothing*, and when attain'd by *ſelling of* Britiſh *Liberties for* Luidores, is worſe than *Nothing*.) 'Tis but juſt that your ſelf and your *Brother Traitor* ſhou'd have your Necks gall'd with that *French* (or *Jacobite*) Nooſe that you have been *Secretly* weaving for the whole Kingdom. And therefore, my Lord, 'tis believ'd, that to ſave both your ſelf and a *Guilty Miniſtry* from *Hamon*'s Fate that the Biſhop of *Bath and Wells* had *Secret Inſtructions from your Lordſhip*, to threaten the Whigs with a *Civil War*, if they wou'd not grow tame enough to take the Loſs of the *Hannover Succeſſion* in good part. [*There's the Secret diſcover'd of* Dunkirk's *not being yet demoliſh'd, nor the Pretender remov'd*;] for why elſe does the Military *Biſhop* at the ſame time when he is applauding *your Glorious Peace* (moſt impertinently, as well as unſeaſonably), talk of the *Calamities of a Civil War*, if it wern't to ſecure your Lordſhip's Neck, and the *Pretentions* of *ſome Body* as far as *Lorain*. I think, my Lord, the Truth of this Diſcovery is fairly prov'd by our *Thanks-giving Biſhop*'s not once naming the *Houſe of Hannover* throughout his whole Sermon, tho' twas ſo neceſſary to be done on a Day when he was enumerating the Bleſſings of Peace. No, alas! the Politick Biſhop, inſtead of giving us freſh Aſſurance, that the next Parliament will confirm *the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Houſe of* Hannover, he tells his Hearers a Secret, I Suppoſe, he had from your Lordſhip, "*That if we are again to have any Civil War in* England, *'tis* "*like to be attended and aſſiſted with Foreign Arms, an aſſiſtance call'd* "*naturally in by both Sides, and as readily lent.* LENT! by whom? Why, doubtleſs the Biſhop means by the *French King*; which ſufficiently ſhews that our *Glorious Peace* has not only ſacrific'd the *Laws*, but the *Religion* of England, to the Power of *France*: And as a Proof of this, han't the *French* King receiv'd

ſuch

ſuch *New Life* from the *Wiſe Conduct* of our New Miniſtry that he has taken *Landau*, threatn'd *Fribourgh*, and inſulted the *whole Empire*. " The Duke of MARLBOROUGH, (as the " *Short Hiſtorian* obſerves) had beaten *France* too often ever to be " forgiven, it was neceſſary he ſhou'd be diſgrac'd, or *the Scheme* " *cou'd not go on*; he was too conſiderable to be drop'd quietly, " but becauſe his Publick Services to his Country could not be " call'd in queſtion, the *known and uſual, Perquiſites* of the Gene- " ral are voted *Publick Money, and are to be accounted for*. But how much this Diſgracing the Duke of *Marlborough* has contributed to the ruine of *England* and the Proteſtant Intereſt, is ſufficiently ſeen by all the *Freeholders* of *Great-Britain*, and is lately acknowledg'd by *Forty Lords*, and by *Sixty New Members of Parliament*, of which the truly Ingenious *John Ladd*, Eſq; is one, who having their Eyes open'd by the *Treaty of Comerce*, and the *Diſcoveries they make at* Dunkirk, can no longer approve of your *Lordſhips Meaſures*; but reſolve now, *if it be not too late*, to ſave themſelves and their Native Country from utter Ruine. But our Chief dependance is upon Men of *Conſtant and Revolution Principles*; and, God be prais'd, we have ſtill ſome amongſt us, many *Godolphin's*, *Montague's*, *Sunderland's* *Cowper's*, *Devonſhire's*, *Woarton's*, *Sommers's*, *Hallifax's* *Parkers's*, *Aſhurſt's*, *Heathcot's*, *Abney's*, *Ward's*, *Onſlow's*, *Denton's*, *Hampden's*, *Stanhope's*, *Letchmere's*, *Prat's*, *Churchill's*, *Walpole's*, *Burnett's*, and *Fleetwood's*, who in their PREFACES and *Loyal Speeches* do aſſert the juſt Prerogative, of *Reaſon*, and maintain its ample ſubſerviency to Religion, both to make void the Neceſſity of an INFALLIBLE CHAIR, and to curb the Extravagancies of all *Athetſts*, *Jacobites*, and *Free-Thinkers*; my Lord, ſuch Glorious and Immortal Patriots as theſe, may ſafely be depended on; their bare Looks, I had almoſt ſaid their bare Thoughts, (were it poſſible to know them) are better Security than the moſt ſolemn Proteſtations of *State-Weather-cocks*; for as they have always been the *very ſame Men* under all Events and Changes of Government, ſo they have always preferr'd the *Proteſtant Religion*, *Loyalty to the Crown*, and *Engliſh Liberties*, to *High Titles*, *Diamonds* *, and *Luidores*, and all other Conſiderations whatſoever. But, my Lord, tho' we may ſafely depend on ſuch *Engliſh* Patriots that won't change their *Religion* or *Politicks*, for *Honour* or *Worldly Intereſt*; yet, I muſt confeſs, I have no extraordinary Opinion of *Convert-Lords*, or any other of that ſort; and therefore I wou'd have all *Honeſt Whigs* deal with *Converts in Politicks*, as we do with thoſe in *Religion*, that is truſt not their Profeſſions, but wait the End of their Life before they paſs a *Definitive Sentence*, leſt a too eaſy Faith expoſe

* *No true Proteſtant King can ever forget that* Rich Diamond *that my Lord Bollingbrook had preſented to him by the* French *King.*

them to the Dangers that uſually attend a Deluſion of that kind. And, my Lord, if I am too uncharitable here, I hope, my *Incredulity* may be excus'd, as I owe it to my long *Obſervation of Mankind*, *Experience of the World*, and the *Intimate Acquaintance* I have had with ſome *Preaching and State Weather-cocks*. But, as 'tis reported, that there is come over to the Whigs, at leaſt, Forty *Convert Lords*, and Sixty Tory Members of Parliament, they ought to be receiv'd with great Reſpect; for as the *not Demoliſhing* Dunkirk, nor *Removing the Pretender*, has open'd Gentlemens Eyes, 'tis not *Impoſſible* but they may be ſincere; and if they are ſo, we muſt ſay, by the miraculous Providence of God,---*Good is come out of Evil*; for thoſe very Men, that 'twas once fear'd wou'd deliver us up as a Prey to *France*, by ſeeing YOUR LORDSHIP and LEUD HARRY, ſo boldly *venturing your Two Necks to introduce the Pretender*, ſeem now ſo heartily concern'd at their treading ſo long in your *Jacobite* Steps, that they are like to be the *Chief Inſtruments* in ſnatching us out of the Jaws of that Popiſh Tyrant the *French* King, where your Lordſhip and daring *Bollingbroke* has ventur'd to thruſt us; for what won't Two Miniſters of State venture, that will venture their *Necks* to gratifie their Ambition, and to inrich themſelves, tho' it be at the Expence of their Country's Ruine: So that if *England* ſhou'd ever recover the *Bright* Figure it made during the *Late Miniſtry*, it wou'd be ſtrange indeed! For ſo much has your Lordſhip's GLORIOUS PEACE *retriev'd the Affairs of the* French *King*, that his *Maſquerading Ambaſſador* has had the Impudence to tell the Queen at his *Publick Audience*: "*That the Peace had put into her* "*Majeſty's, and his Maſter's Hands, the Ballance of all the Powers of* "Europe. 'Tis ſtrange, my Lord, that the *French* King, that t'other Day durſt not look an *Engliſh* Army in the Face, when headed by the *Ever Victorious* Marlborough, and wou'd gladly have *accepted of Peace upon any Terms*, had the War continu'd a Year longer, ſhou'd in a few Months *dare* to tell the *greateſt Queen in the World, that he was her Equal in Power and Fame.* Nay, which was yet more Audacious, that "*He was Sharer with her in the Balance ſhe* (alone) *holds of all the Powers of* Europe. Or, my Lord if the *French* Tyrant does ſhare with our *Rightful and Glorious Queen*, in holding the *Balance* to all the Powers of *Europe*; To whom does he owe this Balance? *it is to the Old Miniſtry, or the New?* My Lord this Queſtion is ſoon reſolv'd; for 'tis now univerſally thought that the making the *French* King more formidable than ever he was, is wholly owing to your Lordſhip's notable Conduct in making the Peace, and to that Diamond-Trip into *France* to forward the Peace, and to concert Meaſures with the Pretender, that was made by the Lord *Bollingbroke* which *Jacobite* Project for Excluding the Houſe of *Hannover*, was to have been finiſh'd by that *known* and *great Friend* to the *Pretender* the late Duke

Duke of *H*----had not God in Judgment to him, and in great Mercy to this Nation, taken him off by a *Violent Death*. But to do the Duke of *Shrewsbery* Juſtice tho' he was ſent *Ambaſſador Extraordinary* to *France*, he was above the Temptation of *Luidores*, and had too great a ſhare in the *Glorious Revolution* by King *William*, ever to have a Hand in bringing in a *Sham Prince*, that has no other Pretence to the Crown, but by calling our *Glorious Deliverer from Popery and Slavery* a meer USURPER; but whoever it was that firſt contriv'd that *France* ſhou'd ſhare the Balance of Power with *England*, 'tis certain the *French* Tyrant makes ſuch great haſte to over-run *Germany*, if the New Parliament don't put a ſtop to his Victorious Progreſs *Lewis Le Grand*, by means of that Glorious Peace your Lordſhip has made with him, is like to be ſole Maſter of *Europe*, And then there is the Balance of Power? or, Who will be Monarch of *Great-Britain*? Our rightful and glorious Queen; or that Spurious Brat---That the *Jacobites call James the Third*---That Rehearſing *Leſly* is now actually Tutoring at *Bar-le-Duc*, how he ſhould act the Bigotted Papiſt in *England* under a Proteſtant Mask. --That Dr. *Sacheverell* (who drinks his Health on his bare Knees by the Name of *King*) is gone to preſent with a Catalogue of *Falſe Brethren*, (of which Biſhop *Burnet*, Biſhop *Fleetwood*, Dr. *Williams*, Dr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Hoadly*, Mr. *Biſſet*, Mr. *Henry*, Mr. *Bardbury*, Mr. *Clark*, Mr. *Walpole*, Mr. *Ridpath*, and Mr. *Dunton* are Twelve) that muſt turn Papiſts, or prepare for Martyrdom.---That the Peaceful Addreſſers have been long inviting him to *England* with their inconſiſtent Doctrine of *Indefeſible Hereditary Right*---From whence, my Lord, it is moſt apparent that the firſt Projector of our celebrated Peace, had only an Eye to the *Luidores*, the *Pretender*'s *Intereſt*, and the *ſaving their own Necks*. But whatever hopes the *Pretender* may have of being invited to *England* by the *Jacobite Faction*, 'tis certain our New Miniſtry (by which I only mean your Lordſhip, LEUDHARRY, and that She-politician Mrs. *Abigail*) are ſo confounded in all their Meaſures, that they know not how to go either backward or forward with Safety: Forward they cannot go; for tho' your Lordſhip perſwaded a few *Jacobite* Quakers to thank the Queen for the Peace that you had firſt hatch'd in *France*, and afterwards confeſs'd at *Utrecht*; yet the Lords in their PROTESTATION ſay expreſly, "That there is ſo very little, and inconſiderable a diffe-
"rence between the former Offers of *France*, and thoſe made at
"*Utrecht*, and ſign'd *Huxelles*, that both of them ſeem to be the
"Effect of a *Secret and Particular Negotiation* with *France*, which
"we can never approve of, nor can we think (ſay theſe *proteſting*
"*Lords*) ſeparate Terms to be either Honourable or ſafe for the
"*Engliſh* Nation." And 'twas for this Reaſon that the New Miniſtry cou'd not Decoy one *Low-Church-man*, *Presbyterian*, *Independant*, *Anabaptiſt*, or *Proteſtant Quaker*, to return thanks for a Peace,

which they all ſaw was deſign'd by the New Miniſtry, but not by the Queen, who is a moſt ſincere Proteſtant, and a prefect Friend to the Princeſs *Sophia*) to introduce the *Pretender*, and to exclude the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Houſe of *Hannover* which all the *Whigs* in the Queen's Dominion have unanimouſly reſolv'd to maintain with their Lives and Fortunes; ſo that, my Lord, as neither your ſelf nor Brother *Traitor* cou'd go forward with your ſeparate and Treacherous Peace, but with great oppoſition from the *Whigg-Party*, ſo to do you Juſtice, you cou'd not go backward without having your Secret Treaty Detected by the *French* Court; ſo that our Preſent, Wiſe, and Loyal Miniſtry is now ſo hamper'd in their *Jacobite* Peace, that they can neither ſecure their own *Necks* from the Axe, by a private Retreat, nor (without Heaven works a Miracle for our Deliverance) prevent the Ruine of a Proteſtant Kidgdom by their publick Repentance; And ſure I am, when Miniſters of State have brought Things to ſuch a Diſmal Extremity, that they can neither go backward or forward with ſafety, their Caſe then in a literal Senſe muſt be, *Neck or Nothing*; which we find confirm'd by the Reverend and moſt Ingenious Author of a late Book intituled, *A Word to the Wiſe, or a Hint on the Times**, who ſays expreſly, "When Rulers or Governors are under a Divine Infatuation, or "are given up to the Blindneſs of Mind, (that is can neither go "forward in their Duty, nor backward with Innocence) it is a "ſad Omen. Thus *Rehoboam* by a Divine Infatuation treats his "People roughly to the loſs almoſt of his whole Kingdom. Indeed his firſt ſteps were very regular; for *Rehoboam*, upon his "Acceſſion to the Throne conſults a *Grave* and *Wiſe Miniſtry*, "who ſtood before *Solomon* his Father, 1 *Kings* xii. 6. Theſe "(who well underſtood the Times from their Great Advantages, "and long Experience under the wiſeſt of Princes) gave him "wholeſome Advice, the which had he obſerv'd, he had been as "happy as a Prince as was in the World; but *Rehoboam* as one "ſtruck with Blindneſs, *Changes his Miniſtry* to conſult Men of "Towering Principles, whoſe Advice prov'd Fatal to the Kingdom; for Ten Tribes revolted from his Government at once, "and now *Rehoboam* has time to repent his *New Miniſtry*, but to "little purſoſe; for the Breach was too wide to be made up, and "that from the over-ruling Hand of God; for when *Rehoboam* "goes about to *Reduce* the Ten Tribes by force of Arms, thus "ſaith the Lord, *Return every Man to his Houſe for this thing is from "me*, 1 Kings xii. 24. It was from the Lord that *Rehoboam* ſhou'd "refuſe the Advice of a *Wiſe* and *ſteady Miniſtry*. It was from "the Lord, that he ſhou'd hearken to the pernicious Council of a "*Giddy Miniſtry*. And it was from the Lord, that he ſhou'd deal "ſo

* *Sold by* J. Baker *in* Pater-noſter-Row.

" ſo roughly with his People that he might not only loſe their " Affections, but their Obedience too. Conſonant to this was " the Reign of the late, but Unhappy Prince *James* II. And " indeed who but a Man *infatuated* wou'd, as he did proceed " with that Precipitancy in his Deſigns meerly repugnant to the " *Rules of Politicks*? For no ſooner did he come to the Throne *but Maſs-Houſes are ſet up, and in all haſt Proteſtants muſt be converted to his Faith*; FATHER PETERS made Privy-Councellor; CROWDS OF IRISH PAPISH CALL'D IN " UPON US; Proteſtants put from all Imployments, both " Civil and Military. *A ſtanding Army* is headed with Popiſh " Officers; *Prieſts and Jeſuits* appear publickly in their Religious " Habits, under promiſe of Protection; the Biſhops ſent to the " *Tower*, and the Birth of the PRETENDER, (who now " with his *Engliſh* and *Scotch Jacobite* Plot, to dethrone our *Rightful and Ever Glorious Queen*) was moſt neatly contriv'd. Theſe " Things manifeſted a Celeſtial Blindneſs and Madneſs, Even to " the loſs of his Three Kingdoms, maugure all his LIVES " AND FORTUNE MEN; [For where was *Paſſive Obedience* then;] the which agrees well with that Obſervation " of the Heathens, [*Quem perdere vult Jupiter prius Dementat*,] " whom God intends to deſtroy he firſt infatuates.

Thus far the Ingenious and Loyal Author of that late Book intituled, *A Word to the Wiſe, or a Hint on the Times.* How far your Lordſhip and LEUD HARRY have been under the *Divine Infatuation* as the *Pernicious* and *Giddy Miniſters* of *Rehoboam* were, I ſhan't pretend to determine (tho' the Plain Contradictions to all Common Senſe, and the *Recantations* * relating to the *Treaty of Comerce*, that you brib'd your Loyal Commons to take in their Addreſs to Her Majeſty is ſuch a Mockery as is a little New in Parliament.) However, my Lord this is certain that *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke* have gone forward and backward in the ſame Treaſon, that is, have been hamper'd with their own *Pernicious Peace*; and if your Lordſhip, or any other of the *Jacobite* Faction deny this, I ſhall prove it beyond all Contradiction, when I come to detect that New Scheme mention'd in the *Shrort Hiſtory*, which the *Engliſh* and *Scotch Jacobites* have concerted to bring in the *Pretender Popery* and *Slavery* and this *Black Charge*, is now ſo generally believ'd throughout the whole Nation (eſpecially by the Men of Quality) that this very Morning my Lord *Stanhope* ſent his Footman to me with this Letter.

My

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* *As* The Short Hiſtory *call's em.*

† *Addreſs*, June 23, 1713.

My LORD DUKE,

'BEing inform'd by the Earl of ---, That you are writing 'A SUPPLEMENT, to Mr. *Walpole's Short Hiſtory of* 'the laſt *Parliament*, I ſhall preſume to acquaint your Grace 'That the beſt way to ſet *the Proceedings of that Memorable Par-* 'liament in a clear light, will be to detect the true Character of 'the *Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford* of the *Lord Bollingbroke* 'and of our *New Speaker* (who is Advanc'd to that great Poſt as 'the *Wages due* for his *laſt Years Service* *) as 'Twas to their Dex- 'terity, Munificence, and Eloquence, that we owe the many 'Loyal and Dutiful Things that were done in the laſt Parliament. 'And therefore, my Lord, as theſe *Three enterpriſing Stateſmen* 'have diſtinguiſht themſelves from all the Lord Treaſurers, Secre- 'taries and Speakers that ever went before them: 'Tis neceſſary 'their true Character (or SECRET HISTORY,) ſhou'd 'be detected. And, my Lord, conſidering the undeſerv'd Diſ- 'grace and Affronts that your Grace has met with from the *pre-* 'ſent *Miniſtry* as well as from the *Loyal Commons*; no Peer in the 'Realm is ſo proper to make theſe Diſcoveries as your Grace; 'not only as you have been to great an Enemy to the *French* 'King ever to be forgiven; but as every Turn of your Head, 'Glance of your Eye, Motion of your Hand, Step of your Foot, 'is a vexation and Plague to your Enemies, the *Engliſh* and 'Scotch *Jacobites*, who believe your Shadow ſo fatal to all their 'Contrivances and Aims, that whilſt you live (either at *London* 'or *Antwerp*) they ſhrivel and wither your Breath, and Victorious 'Character ſtrikes Confuſion to all their Plots both at *Lorrain* and 'Dunkirk; and therefore 'twas neceſſary as you made ſuch an 'illuſtrious Figure at Home and Abroad, that you ſhou'd be diſ- 'grac'd, or their NEWS CHEME to bring in the *Pretender*, 'Popery and *Slavery*, cou'd not go on. Then, my Lord, 'twill be 'doing Juſtice to your ſelf as well as great Service to your Native 'Country, to expoſe *Oxford*, *Bollingbroke*, and our *New Speaker*, in 'their true Colours, as 'tis to there Management of the Loyal and 'Dutiful Parliament, that your Grace owes all the Diſhonours 'that have been done to your *Glorious Conduct*, as well as the 'Danger we are now in from a *Popiſh Pretender*.

'My Lord, I have made many Diſcoveries of late concerning 'theſe *Three Favourites* which I now ſend to your Grace, that 'your SUPPLEMENT might contain what ſeems to be 'wanting in that MATCHLESS PIECE intituled, *A Short* 'Hiſtory of the Parliament.

1. 'As to my Lord *Treaſurer* your Grace knows him better 'than I, and therefore all I ſhall ſay of him (by way of Character)

'is

* *To uſe the Words in* The Short Hiſtory.

is only this: *He is like a little Miſt before the Riſing-ſun, which the more it grows, the leſs good it doth* —— *He is the Danger of the State, and the Kingdom's Curſe, and therefore fit to be prefer'd aloft as* Hamon *was* —— He is the Cloud of Darkneſs that threatneth Foul Weather, and if it grow to a Storm (as we are very near it) 'twill be diſmal where it falls, for tho' the Perſecution will be ſhort, 'twill be very ſharp*. But that which moſt blackens *Oxford*'s Character is: 'Tis generally affirm'd (ſince his laſt advancement) that he has been Privately given to thoſe Sins of the Fleſh which the little (or vulgar) People call Whoring. I mean, my Lord, that *Conjugal Perjury* has not been too bitter a Pill for *Oxford*'s corrupt ſwallow: I won't affirm this to be Truth; tho' 'tis *national Chat*, and there's rarely *much Smoke but there's ſome Fire*; and therefore 'tis, that his *keeping a Miſs at the Nations Expence* (for thoſe great Sums that are ſpent on Whores, that ſhou'd have gone to feed the Poor, may properly be call'd PUBLICK MONEY, and are to be accounted for, to God, if not to Man) is one of thoſe Sixty Articles of which his IMPEACHMENT conſiſts, and of which 'tis fear'd (as Politick as he has been to undermine your Grace, and to blemiſh your Illuſtrious Character) he won't be able to clear himſelf: but what tho' his Lordſhip's great Sallary and high Station may have made him a little wanton, yet your Grace, knows that we *Men of Quality* have a great deal to ſay for *keeping a Miſs* (or any other Extravagance) as, *That it is not neceſſary for us to be ſo preciſely Religious, ſo ſtrictly Juſt, ſo nicely Temperate, or ſo very much an honeſt Man as they ought to be who have nothing elſe to live on; That 'tis ſufficient for us Noblemen, if we are not ſcandalouſly wicked; That Wine and Women were deſign'd to ſweeten the Toils of great Places, and the* FAIR *created on purpoſe for the Diverſion of the Great.*

'My LORD, no Man can doubt but theſe are the LEUD PRINCIPLES of all STATESMEN that *keep Whores* (for I love to call every Thing by its right Name) or they wou'd not dare to live in Adultery, and call it only a *Trick of Youth*, or a *Venial Sin*; for as ſuch 'tis defended by the KEEPING CULLIES There's the Lord L——declares he cou'd love his Wife above all Women in the World, if ſhe were not his Wife. The Duke of ——is of the ſame Mind, St. JOHN follows, his Leud Example, and moſt Men of Quality have a Tang of this Rambling Fancy. But tho' Conjugal Perjury, (or Miſs-keeping) is grown thus common and barefac'd, ſince LEUD HAR-

'RY

* See *Bp.* Uſher's *Prophecy.*

'RY (our Masquerading Secatary has brought Whoring again into Fashion at Court; yet if my Lord Treasurer be guilty of it (which is a Secret better known to your Grace than me) I must say 'tis a more aggravative Sin in him than it can be in any other Miss-keeper whatsoever, not only as he descends from Sir *E*——*H*——*ly*, A Patriot of the most ILLUSTRIOUS PIETY that this Age has known but as his Brother *E*—— and most of his near Relations, till of late, have been strict Dissenters, and himself not only a Moderate Churchman, but a great Respecter of all serious Persons, that from a Principle of Conscience went to separate Meetings, of which, I am told, Dr. *Williams* is one, to whom he pays a very great Veneration. And therefore after such great Professions of Sanctity to keep a Whore, is so Atheistical, that I can't but think my Lord Treasurer Innocent as to this Charge: But let me correct my Charity! for what can't that Man's Conscience digest that can sacrifice his Country to the Power of *France*, or that will venture his Neck to bring into *England* a Popish Pretender; and therefore I fear *Common Fame* has been no Lyar, but that the Lord *Treasurer* is as great a Whore-master as he is a Traitor; but, my Lord Duke, what ever his *Guilt or Innocence* may be as to this matter 'tis certain, *Hypocrisy is the cover of his counterfeit Religion*, and Traitrous Invention, is the Agent of his Ambition, if he did not both need and love Men of Lyes and corrupt Principles but more especially such as are known Enemies to the House of *Hannover*, neither *Sacheverel*, *The Examiner*, nor *Postboy* wou'd be so much in his good Graces. My Lord, if any Man assure your Grace otherwise, believe it an Imposition on your Understanding; and therefore let not your SUPPLEMENT accuse him of one good Quality, for that wou'd be to do him the greatest wrong Imaginable, and to Impose on your self as much as he endeavours to do on the Nation: I might enlarge in the Lord Treasurers Character; but his Person as well as his Actions are so well known to your Grace, I think it needless; but I shall presume to be a little more particular in the Lord *Bollingbrook*'s Character, as believing you do not know him so well as my self.

'*Bollingbrok*'s Religion, if he has any, is High-Church —— his Morality nothing —— his Delights Levity and Madness, (witness the Antick and Ridiculous Figure he lately made in the Masquerade,) —— his Pleasures are Drunkenness and Whoredom VERTUE loves him not, and HONOUR fits him not —— *Jacobitism* and Arbitrary Power, are the Notes of his Inclination, and Division and Treason are the fruits of his Invention --- In short he is so little a Saint he is the Shame of his Name, the Disgrace of his Place, the Blot of Loyalty, and a Scandal to the Church; and if he compass his Ends (with Re-

'the

'ſpect to bringing in the *Pretender*) will prove the Ruine of the 'whole Nation: for he is not only beyond diſpute what the 'GUARDIAN calls a *Political Lyon*; but the worſt of that 'bad Species as well as the worſt of Men, (his Superior the Lord 'Treaſurer always Excepted) —— His mighty Pretenſions of 'LOYALTY to the QUEEN, and Zeal for the Church (to 'which he goes but for Faſhion ſake, his debauch'd Life being the 'perfect Reverſe of all Religion and Loyalty) is only intended to 'the pretender, and to ſubvert the proteſtant Succeſſion in the 'Houſe of *Hannover*; Why elſe did he not Examine into thoſe 'ſurprizing Diſcoveries concerning the Pretender's Deſign upon Eng-'land, which were lately made by the Reverend Mr. WIL-'LIAM CLARK, in his Book intituled *A Hint on the Times*, 'and by Mr. JOHN DUNTON in his COURT-SPY. 'My Lord, were not thoſe Diſcoveries *dedicated* to the *Princeſs* 'Sophia, *and to the Elector of* Hannover? which ſufficiently ſhews 'they were worth the Cogniſance of a Secretary of State; but, 'as Mr. CLARK obſerves *, *No Inſpection has been made into 'theſe Diſcoveries, tho himſelf and Mr.* Dunton *were Two Ear-Wit-'neſſes of what has been aſſerted concerning the Treaſonable Words 'and Practices of the* Jacobite Faction, *and that by a Perſon that is 'ready to atteſt upon Oath to the Truth thereof, upon the Aſſurance of 'ſuch Encouragement and Protection as is abſolutely neceſſary in ſuch a 'Caſe.* Then, my LORD DUKE, can any Man think that 'the little or no Encouragemet that is given to the Diſcoveries 'that are made of the Pretender's Plots by the *Diſſenting Party 'and Low Church-men*, en't a fair Proof that my Lord *Bollingbroke* 'is in the Pretender's Intereſt, or, wan't it ſo, why en't *Dunkirk* 'demoliſh'd? and the Pretender Remov'd from *Lorain*? Whither 'our *Engliſh* Jacobites (*daily*) flock, as 'tis ſuppos'd, to advance 'their Fortunes upon a *New Revolution*, and to concert ſuch 'Meaſures with their TUTOR *Leſley*, as may beſt introduce 'the *Pretender*; and yet the Lord *Treaſurer* and Lord *Bollingbroke* 'I'll warrant ye, (till their *Jacobite Projection* is a little riper) 'muſt paſs for Two *Hannoverian Proteſtants and Mighty Church-'men*; but I would adviſe your GRACE always to be on your 'Guard when ſuch Maſquerading Stateſmen court your Friend-'ſhip, imitate the Royal Prophet *who kept Silence even from good 'Words, whilſt the Ungodly were in ſight, tho' it was Pain and Grief 'to him ſo to do*: I cou'd add more Diſcoveries concerning the 'Jacobite Character of LEUD HARRY, but I preſume theſe 'ſhort Hints will convince your Grace that my Lord *Bollingbroke* is 'more than Suſpected to be in the Pretenders Intereſt. And en't it 'plain by TOOK and BARBER, (the Two *Gazette Printers*) 'publiſhing the *Mercator*, that my Lord *Bollingbroke* is an Encou-

* *In his Dedication to the Elector of* Hannover.

'rager of the MERCATOR, the very worſt and moſt Knaviſh Paper *Britain* ever produced, (as is weekly prov'd by that moſt Ingenious and Faithful Writer *The* BRITISH MERCHANT) I'll not except *The* EXAMINER, tho' *a Compoſition of Slanders and Groſs Falſhoods.* But can ſuch a *Jacobite* Wretch as *The* MERCATOR (which is ſaid to be Written by Dr. *D—nt be a Companion for the Lord* Treaſurer *and the Lord* Bollingbroke without convincing the World, that to *ſave their Necks*, they hire that Infamous Tool to prove *Black* is *White*; and to diſguiſe their *Jacobite* Deſigns with a *Proteſtant Vizor*, for 'tis certain, *that Religion and Loyalty is made a Politicians Vizor, which having help'd him to his purpoſe, he caſts by like* Sunday *Apparel, not thought on all the Week after.* My LORD DUKE, this is the true Character of the Lord *Bobingbroke* by which it plainly appears that his Religion and Loyalty, as well as his MORALS, are wretchedly out of order, or at leaſt theſe laſt will appear to be ſo (when I farther aſſure your Grace that MASQUERADING HARRY ſtill continues to be (what he was when you left *England*)—— *a Drunken whoring* Secretary of State, and which is yet worſe he is ſo *Impudently Leud*, 'tis confidently affirm'd, ——— he has danc'd Naked before ——— Has been a keeping Cully many Years ——— Debauches all the Young Women he comes near, and that he lately Cornuted a B—deer at the Expence of a Thouſand Pound. But, my Lord all this is but *Common Fame*, (which has been often Prov'd a Lyar;) but to come cloſer to him, I am able to prove that he kept a Whore in *Covent-Garden* one Miſs *J—nes*, (more fam'd for her Wit than Beauty;) and that he was wont to repair *Sneakingly* to her, I mean incog. (for the Devil's Servants are always aſham'd of their Maſter) as oft as the great Affairs of State cou'd diſpence with his Abſence: *Heavens! what ſort of Loyaliſts and Chriſtians are theſe High-Church-men!* And which is yet Stranger the Lord *Bollingbroke* was but a *Partner* in this Strumpet, but upon what Terms the Partnerſhip began or continu'd I can't tell, but can Name a Perſon of Credit that will inform your Grace, as he did me, that Miſs *J—nes* was but a Half-miſs to the Lord *Bollingbroke*, and that ſhe whor'd with him in *Covent-Garden* at a conſtant Penſion.

'I might next diſcover to your Grace that Light, Airy, and Ridiculous Antick that *Bollingbroke* acted in the *Maſquerade*, ſo unbecoming the Gravity and Honour of a Secretary of State, and I'm more the willing to diſcover *Bollingbroke*'s Character as a *Maſquerader*, as 'twill be a ſort of Confirmation of all that Mad and extravagant Leudneſs that I here charge him with, and which I'll prove before Queen and Council, if he dare proſecute either the *Author*, *Printer* or *Publiſher*, of theſe Truths, for I'll appeal to your GRACE, if it en't a fine ſight to ſee a Secretary of State dreſs himſelf like a *Tapſter*, *Water-man*, *Quaker*, *Ghoſt*, *Gipſey*, *Merry*

Merry Andrew, nay *Devil*, (for they may well repreſent what they act) to gratify the Wanton humour of a Popiſh Ambaſſador at a *Maſquerade*, where one wou'd think (*by the variety of Antick, and Ridiculous Dreſſes of both Sexes that appear'd at* Somerſet-Houſe *upon this Leud Occaſion*) that all the QUALITY that acted the Maſquerade were run ſtark ſtaring Mad. And therefore my Lord, did I know that *Athenian Projector* (or indefatigble Noveliſt) Mr. *John Dunton*, I wou'd adviſe him to Petition to the next Parliament that *Maſquerading Harry* might be one of his Mad Patients; for I am told this Day by the Lord *H*---, that he is engag'd in a Project, (which will far exceed his *Athenian Oracle* for Novelty, Wit and Learning that he intitules DUNTON's MADHOUSE: Or, *A Philophick Amuſement; proving that all the People of* Great Britain (*the Queen and late Miniſtry only excepted*) *are run diſtracted, but more eſpecially the Maſquerading Sinners of Quality, from the Whoring Duke down to that mad Prieſt Dr.* Sacheverel — my Lord I don't know what that PHILOSOPHY is, by which Mr. *Dunton* pretends to cure all the Lunaticks of *Great Britain* of as many *different Frencys* as there are People in it; yet this I'll venture to ſay, that my Lord *Bollingbroke* is ſo diſtracted in his *Politicks* and *Leud Amours*, that he ought to be one of the *firſt Patients* that DOCTOR DUNTON takes into his *Philoſophick Madhouſe*, for I'm able to prove, that if ever there was a Mad Secretary of State ſince the Reign of *William* the Conquerer, 'Tis the Lord *Bollingbroke* and I hope his *Maſquerading* Character will be ſufficient to convince the World what a Dutiful and Loyal Parliament that muſt needs be that owes its being to the Conduct and Bribery of a Whoring Secretary and a *Jannus Treaſurer* I have made more Diſcoveries concerning theſe Two Politicians; but I reſerve 'em till a juſt Provocation, for he that winces at the Diſcovery of Plain Truth, can't be too much expos'd, and that as much for his Folly as Knavery; for who but a perfect Madman wou'd wince where he knows 'twill diſcover his Guilt, and therefore if your GRACE will Honour me ſo far as to inſert this Letter in your intended SUPPLEMENT, I'll prove all the Diſcoveries I make in it to be *Matter of Fact* (except they are ſuch that I only RELATE FOR HEARSAY) if either *Oxford* or *Bollingbroke* ſhou'd have ſo little Honour or Conſcience left as to proſecute *Naked Truth* under the unjuſt charge of FACTION (or a diſſaffection to the preſent Government) but tho' I'll ſacrifice my Life rather than not detect the Crimes of a *Guilty Miniſtry*, if (to ſave their Necks) they either Defend or paliate what they are charg'd with in this Letter yet my Lord I ſhall attempt this Publick Service to my Native Country, without any Hopes of their *Reformation*, or without Reſpect to any other Reward but the Glorious Satisfaction I ſhall have in my own Breaſt, of having done my Duty as a Loyal Peer and a ſin-

cere Proteſtant, for publick Shame I ſuppoſe will not much diſturb ſuch a Traitor to his Country as the Lord *Treaſurer* or ſuch a Mad Rake as the Lord *Bollingbroke* for *Leud Harry* is ſuch a Martyr to *Bacchus*, as well as to *Venus*, that he often Carouſes and Tipples ſo long till he is above the World, for (as *Rocheſter* ſays) *He that is drunk is as great as a King.*—— There's but one thing that diſtinguiſhes Beaſt and Man, REASON, and that Drunkenneſs often Robs our Secretary of, to as great a Degree of Madneſs as was ever ſeen in the Debauch'd, tho' (at laſt) truly Penitent *Rocheſter*, and that *Bollingbrok*'s End may be like his, I adviſe him to read Mr. DUNTON's *Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance*, which has been tranſlated into Six Languages, and to my certain Knowledge has been the Converſion of as Leud a Man as himſelf: Or ſhou'd he dye IMPENITENT, as 'tis much to be fear'd when Men of his *diſtinguiſh'd Senſe and Judgment* (as Dean KENNET calls 'em) *dare live in a known Sin*; yet I'll own thus much in his favour that the ſtrongeſt Brain grows Mad and Giddy, when advanc'd to a Pinacle; and perhaps 'tis for that Reaſon our *State-Wit* is ſuch a *Slave to the Bottle*; as thinking *exceſſive Drinking* (as *Ariſtippus* affirms) *will both Cleanſe and ſtrengthen his Skull.* And I ſuppoſe 'tis in this Senſe that the Famous *Dryden* would often ſay, *There is no deceit in a Brimmer*, for the Liberal Cup is but *The ſucking Bottle of the Sons, of* Phœbus *to ſolace and refreſh their Palates in the Night of ſad Invention.* And I find that truly ingenious and Worthy Gentleman Mr. *B—net* of the ſame Opinion; for he tells the World * *That the love of Wine is a Qualification that has always attended great Souls; That 'tis good for a Politician; it elevates and multiplies his Schemes: Then let Bollingbrok's Enemies rail at drinking, but let his Lordſhip continue it, ſince* (as Mr. B—NET obſerves) *it will certainly make him more ſerviceable to his Queen and Country, and more able to detect the Schemes of Fanaticks and Repupublicans*: Or if there's neither *Wit*, *Phyſick* or *Loyalty*, yet, (as is ſeen in the Inſtance of Lord *Bollingbroke*) to be ſure there is *Truth in Wine*; for DRUNKEN HARRY no ſooner gets into a *Reeling Sickneſs*, but we ſtraight hear of the *Rich Diamond* that the *French* Tyrant gave him for *retrieving his loſt Glory in Europe, by promoting a Peace* which (without a Miracle) will bring in the *Pretender*, *Popery* and *Slavery*, and for ever exclude the *Hannover Succeſſion*, which (next to the Continuance of Her Majeſties Life) is the greateſt Bleſſing that can befall us.

'Thus, My Lord, I have given you the *True Character* (or Secret Hiſtory) of the *Lord Treaſurer* and the *Lord Bollingbroke*, that the World might know to whoſe *daring Conduct and Generalſhip* the Nation is indebted *for the many Remarkable Services* that were done in the laſt Parliament.

'My

* *In his Book entitul'd* Some new Proofs.

'My Lord, having proceeded thus far in *The Secret Hiſtory of the Preſent Miniſtry and of their loyal and dutiful Commons*, I ſhall next 'give your *Grace the True Character of the New Speaker of this Noble Aſſembly*, And here I ſhall do *William B—ly* the Juſtice to ſay, 'tho' (*by his late Advancement*) he has receiv'd his WAGES (as I 'hinted before) for his paſt Years Service, Yet I don't think he 'had any Hand *in contriving a Peace with* France *or that* Oxford *or* Bollingbroke *has yet let him into the* Dunkirk *and* Lorain *Secret*, 'however as he ſeems to value himſelf upon his *Sacheverelite* (or 'High-Church) Character, and has been choſe the MOUTH 'to that memorable Parliament *Who for the Character of Loyal and Dutiful have Sacrific'd their Country to the Power of* France, it might 'ſomething leſſen him in the *Pretender's Favour* (as will render *The Short Hiſtory of the Parliament* Imperfect) if your Grace don't Ho'nour him with a Character in your INTENDED SUP'PLEMENT; for tho' he han't ſo *boldly ventur'd his Neck as* 'R—bin *ane* H—ry have done in the *Pretender's* Service, yet no '*Loyal Subject to Queen* Anne can think him an Enemy to the '*Chevalier St. George* (tho' attainted of *High-Treaſon*) that reads his 'true Character, which is this following: *William B—ly* was ever 'a zealous Tory or High-Church-man, and therefore I don't 'wonder he had all the *Votes* of the *High-Church-Party* for being 'Speaker, for he was always a conſtant and Reſolute Leader of 'the *Sacheverelite Faction*, particularly in the *Two firſt Parliaments 'of this Reign*, when he brought in, and ſtrenuouſly ſtickled for 'the *Occaſional Conformity-Bill*; but tho' *Bollingbroke* be a Tory '(and which is yet worſe *a Bigotted one*) yet he's clear of all that '*Treaſon*, *Immortality*, and *Leudneſs*, that *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke* 'are charg'd with. *B—ly* 'tis true is the *Chief High-Church Com'moner of* Great-Britain, and much Bigotted to the *Rights and Ce'remonies* of the *Church of* England, yet he deſerves Reſpect (*were 'it for nothing elſe but his ſtrict Morals*) from the Honeſt Men of 'all Perſwaſions; for tho' he be a Bigotted Tory, yet ſo good 'that 'tis impoſſible not to eſteem him, and pity his *Miſtakes* in '*Politicks*; 'tis certain *he's no Jacobite*, tho' ſo near a-kin to 'em; 'and his Errors are Pure Obedience to our Miſguiding Clergy, 'which are an Order of Men he has too Implicit a Faith in, *there 'every Word a Goſpel*, to the Good WELL-MEANING 'THING; and next them, *The Mercator*, *Abel*, and *The Examiner*, 'are his Infallible Guides, in ſhort, they are all his POPES, and yet 'he deteſts Popery of all Things, I mean *Barefac'd Popery*, but in 'MASQURADE, it paſſes with him as well as any of the '*Thirty Nine Articles*, as much as he Reverences 'em, 'twere to be 'wiſh'd there were no more of his Stamp; but I meet vaſt Num'bers of ſuch, and worſe a Thouſand times, 'tis an Obſervation 'of mine, that *all Perſons of much Zeal, and ſmall Knowledge, of 'much Devotion and little Judgment, ſtrong Paſſions and weak Rea-*

'ſon

'ſon are naturally *Tories*, if of the Church of *England*; theſe are the 'Inſtruments the Papiſts work with in theſe Kindoms and I wiſh 'they had no other; but the Misfortune is, the Knaviſh Trick-'ing Noiſy part of Mankind, join 'em: In ſhort, a Man muſt be 'a *Knave* or *Fool*, before he can be a Tory; not that I deny that 'there are ill Men in the other party too; but tho' there may be, 'and certainly are as many ill Men as in the other, yet there can-'not be ſuch a Thing as a Fool. Let a Man's Vices be what they 'will, if he has Senſe he is naturally a Whigg; for as I told 'your GRACE, a Knave may be a Whigg, but a Fool can't. 'I can't ſay there never was any Exception to theſe Rules, but 'tis ſo rarely ſeen that when your Grace has excepted the Lord 'C——n, the late Sp—r of the H—— of C——ns and Sir *E*— 'N— *they*, I don't know where you'll find Six *Tories* in the whole 'Kingdom, (the Houſe of Lords and Commons excepted) that 'that en't either *Fool* or *Knave*. And as this is all that I know, 'or can prove of 'Squire *B*—*y*'s Character, 'tis all that I ſhall ſay 'of him.

'Thus, my Lord, I have ſent you the true Character, (or Secret 'Hiſtory) of thoſe *Three Reigning Favourites*, that were the Con-'ductors, or rather Managers of the *laſt Loyal and Dutiful Par-'liament*, to which I don't doubt but your Grace will make ſuch '*Additions* and *Improvements* as you find neceſſary to perfect the '*Secret Hiſtory* of the *Miniſtry*.

'My Lord I ſhou'd next proceed to diſcover the Secret Life 'and Character of our She Politician Mrs. *Abigail*; but ſhe being 'a Perſon better known to your Grace and the D—ſs of *M*——*h* 'than ſhe is to me, I ſhan't preſume to ſend you any Diſcoveries 'relating to the Converſation and MINISTRY of that Grate-'ful Creature as believing your *Supplement to the Short Hiſtory* will 'convince the World your Grace want's no Information upon 'that Head.---- I cou'd in large, but 'tis time now to ask your 'Grace's Pardon for preſuming to trouble you with ſuch a tedi-'ous Letter. I ſhall therefore conclude it with this BRITISH 'WISH, that your Grace may ſtill continue to *Realize in your 'Loyalty* to Her Majeſty thoſe *Hyperbolical Expreſſions* of *Allegiance* 'and *Duty*, wherewith the PEACEFUL ADDRESSERS 'have even tir'd the Court all the laſt Year. And let that Idle 'Imputation and Reproach of General for Life, wronging the 'Soldiers, and a Republican Deſign, be equally the Subject of 'your Diverſion and Scorn; when all Wiſe Men know you too 'Honeſt and Loyal to endeavour the unhinging thoſe firm Eſta-'bliſhments of *Church* and *State*, to whoſe Fixation and Glory you 'lent ſo great an Hand, I doubt not bear ſo true an Heart, how-'ever enviouſly the contrary be inſinuated by your inveterate Ene-'mies (ſuch as *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke*,) from whom God ever de-'fend your Grace and all good Men; which I don't ſpeak out of

fear

fear of their Perſons, for Conſcience makes Cowards of us all, and for that Reaſon I fear no *Jacobite* Lord, tho' he ſhou'd *Look as big as* Belzeabub, or were as haughty and Leud as *Bollingbroke* whilſt he continues to keep a Whore or is ſuch a Knave to betray his Country to ſave his Neck. And as this is *Great Britain*'s Caſe at preſent ſo 'twill always be in the ſame Danger from the *Pretender*, *Popery* and *Slavery*, whilſt a Principal Secretary of State (who is the Fountain of all Foreign, and Domeſtick Intelligence) is a Slave to a Leud Woman, for their are She Favourites, as well as Bearded ones; and tho' this be the weaker Sex; yet both their *Paſſions* and *Enchantments* are the ſtronger of the Two. *Hercules* and *Achilles* were not the only *Heroes* that truckled to the Diſtaff: LUST has often govern'd the *Politicks*, and the Fortune of a whole Kingdom become the Paſtime of a Debauch'd Woman; for its too true that ſuch Perſons have trampled underfoot Crowns and Scepters, Lordſhips and Mannors, and even a Secretary of State (if he'll keep a Whore) muſt ſubmit to her *Reigning Power*. 'Tis not long ſince there appear'd one of theſe *Kept Strumpets*, who was riſen to ſo high a Degree of inſolence, that having been ſolicited about a certain Affair which had been repreſented unto her as *Juſt and Eaſy* to be done, that ſhe might the more willingly imploy her ſelf therein, ſhe anſwer'd with a Fierceneſs worthy of her Sex and Profeſſion: *That ſhe uſed not her Credit ſo laviſhly, that another might ſerve in ſo ſlight an occaſion to do juſt and Poſſible Things; for her part ſhe accuſtomed her ſelf only to undertake thoſe which were unjuſt and impoſſible.* And therefore whatever Crime Whoredom may be in any other Peer, for a Principal Secretary of State to keep a Whore (as I'll prove my Lord *Bollingbroke* does, whenever he'll ſtand the Teſt) it ought to be deem'd (and *Enacted*) *High-Treaſon* againſt the Queen; for 'tis well known that the preſent Grandeur of *France* is wholly owing to thoſe State Whores, that were ſent by the moſt Chriſtian King to the *Britiſh* Court to govern *Charles* II. and ſome of the *Keeping Cullies* in ſuch a *Politick Manner*, as wou'd moſt contribute to the *Grandeur* and Power of *France*; which I hope will be a ſufficient *Hint* to your Grace to requeſt the *Illuſtrious Houſe of* Hannover, that no Secrets may be ſent from thence, either to *York Buildings* or *White-Hall*, but what are proper to be ſeen by *Bollingbroke*'s *Whore*, the *French* King, and (after that) by his *Vice-Roy* at *Bar-le-duc*; from whence, as I am inform'd by the Lord G—, your Grace has receiv'd *a large Packet of Secrets*; which we hope to find in your SUPPLEMENT, and for that Reaſon your Friends in *England* expect it with great Impatience.

'My Lord, ſhoud any *Court-Jacobite* deſire me to prove the Truth of that *Secret Hiſtory*, which I have here ſent to your Grace, my Anſwer wou'd be: What I report for HEARSAY needs no Proof, as 'tis not publiſh't as any direct Charge againſt either *Oxford* or

Bollingbroke

'*Bollingbroke* Their Bribing the *Loyal and Dutiful Commons* (except '*Oxford* and *Bollingbroke* ſecure their Necks by an *Act of Grace*) 'will be detected by Mr. *Walpole*. And for that Treaſon I charge '*Oxford* and *Bollingbroke* with, 'tis largely prov'd by *the Proteſta-*'*tion of near Forty Lords, againſt the ſeparate Peace* who call it: '*Fooliſh, Knaviſh, Villanous---; the Effect of very Ill Advice---of Per-*'*nicious Conſequence to this Kingdom---and a groſs Breach of Truſt,* '*and of the Grand Alliance.* And *Bollingbroke*'s Whoredom is ſo no-'toriouſly known (eſpecially his Leudneſs with Miſs *J-nes*) that I 'ſuppoſe he has yet more *Honour* and *Conſcience* left than to deny it 'himſelf, or if he does, it ſhall be well atteſted in a SECOND 'LETTER, I intend to ſend to your Grace at *Antwerp*, or if any 'Thing prevents my ſending any further Diſcoveries concerning '*theſe State-Criminals*; 'tis only their *ſpeedy Repentance, and taking* '*in good part what I here publiſh in pure Friendſhip*; and therefore I 'hope they'll think the *Tarteſt part* of their Character *an Act of Me-*'*rit*, for 'twas ſaid of Archbiſhop *Crammer*, *Do my Lord of* Canter-'bury *an Ill Turn, and he'll be ſure to be your Friend for ever after*; If 'Injuries have met with ſuch a forgiving and generous Treatment, 'what may that *Act of Friendſhip* expect that has no mixture of 'worldly Intereſt? For 'tis their Reformation, (as 'twill ſave a 'whole Nation from Ruine) more than their Favour that I de-'ſire; and therefore ſhou'd *Oxford* or *Bollingbroke endeavour to* '*ſuppreſs theſe Diſcoveries*, 'twou'd be a plain Vindication of *Trea-*'*ſon* in the firſt, and a Defence of *Miſs-Keeping*, in the laſt for 'this Account of their *Treaſon* and *Whordom* is too notorious *ei-*'*ther to be deny'd or puniſh'd*, without proving the Proſecutors guil-'ty of the *higheſt Injuſtice*, for the whole Charge is now become 'ſuch a *Vox Populi*, that 'tis believ'd by all *the Loyal Subjects of* 'Great Britain, but more eſpecially thoſe that were againſt a *Se-*'*parate Peace*, as the only thing *that cou'd endanger* the Hannover '*Succeſſion, engage the Pretender in New Plots, or expoſe us to the* '*Power of* France.

'But I tire your Grace, but remember 'tis *England*'s *Safety* and 'my *Friendſhip* is the cauſe; beſides, this is *the only way I have to* '*converſe with you*, and therefore is doubly allowable in

London October 2. 1713.

Your GRACE's

Conſtant Admirer.

and very Humble Servant.

S——

My

My Lord *Oxford* ſhou'd I give a full Anſwer to this long Letter of the Earl of *S*———— (againſt which I have no Objection but the *Overvalue* it puts upon thoſe Faithful Services I endeavour to do my Country) it wou'd oblige me to make more Diſcoveries concerning *the preſent State of the* Britiſh *Court, and the Loyal and Dutiful C*———*ns* then cou'd poſſibly come into the Bounds of a *Poſt Letter*, I ſhall therefore reſerve theſe *further Diſcoveries* to be the Subject of *Two Eſſays*, which I ſhall entitle:

(1.) *The Growth of* Perkiniſm *in* Great Britain, *but more eſpecially at the* Engliſh C——rt, *being a Continuation of the* Short Hiſtory of the Parliament.

(2.) *The Viſion: Or, An Appendix to the* Short Hiſtory of the Parliament, *in a Letter to Mr.* Walpole.

My Lord, theſe *further Diſcoveries* will be printed at *Antwerp*, in the *Engliſh*, *French*, *Dutch*, and *German* Language, and will be ſent to every Member of the *New Britiſh Parliament*, at their firſt ſitting, and after that to all the Proteſtant Courts in *Europe*, and in particular to the *King of Sweden, the Elector of* Hannover, and *the States General*; ſo that all I have further to diſcover in this SUPPLEMENT is that NEW SCHEME (mentioned in the *Short Hiſtory*) which the *Engliſh* and *Scotch Jacobites* have concerted for bringing in the *Pretender*, *Popery* and *Slavery*; and, my Lord, the Diſcoveries that will be made by this NEW SCHEME, will be found a *Neceſſary Supplement to ſeveral Heads in Mr.* Walpole's Short Hiſtory of the Parliament; *I own, my Lord, the detecting this New Scheme will put your Lordſhip's Neck in danger*, and perhaps will gall the haughty *Bolingbroke* for projecting a SCHEME that has brought *the Martyrdom of the* Engliſh *Proteſtants almoſt in View*, and therefore I muſt expect (tho' perhaps your Lordſhip will be more conſiderate) that GUILTY HARRY will prove my inrag'd Enemy; for, if that be true (as is ſaid of him) that he cou'd act ſo MEAN a Revenge as to *Mob it in Maſquerade*, to ſee ſuch a LITTLE MAN in the Pillory as *Will. Hurt*, what muſt a *Peer of the Land Expect*, (that in Diſcharge of his Duty) detects his *Whoredom* and *Jacobite Scheme*, [For the *New Scheme for bringing in the Pretender Popery and Slavery, may properly be call'd* Bolingbroke's Scheme at the ſame *Project*, is publiſh'd weekly by that graceleſs Fellow, or Raſcal * of his, the *Examiner*.] However, my Lord, *at the Head of Truth I dare, face the Devil*, or as Proud a *Fury* as the Lord Bolingbroke, and that with a *brighter Weapon than a Pen*. Nay,

* *Alluding to the weekly Paper intituled,* The Engliſhman: *Being the Sequel of the Guardian, where in Numb.* I. *Mr.* Steel *calls,* The Examiner, B————*'s Raſcal, a Lord's Fool, a graceleſs Rogue, a Fellow in a Livery,* &c.

I cou'd deſpiſe even the AXE it ſelf (for the Hurt it could do to my NECK) If I was Martyr'd by it to ſave my Country. *To fear was a Paſſion I ever thought below me, both as a Man, a Soldier, a Peer of the Realm, and a Chriſtian.* And (to uſe the Words of our *New Senator* †) *I hope I ſhall always keep up my Spirits by the Goodneſs of my cauſe*; Calamities aſtoniſh only Men of ordinary Spirits, he muſt be Ignorant of the Condition of human Life, who fears or flyes the Miſeries that attend it, *to ſcorn, to flatter,* and *to be above Accidents*, is one of the greateſt Maſteries of Man; and therefore ſhou'd *Bolingbroke* inſult me for ſpeaking of bold Truths (that has ruin'd his Country, and now keeps a W ———)I truſt I ſhall be as confidentas he is Impudent, for (as Mr. *Steel* well obſerves) *in the Houſe, and as a Member of Parliament, I am accountable to no Man, but the Greateſt Man in* England *is accountable to me.*

Then if CHRISTIAN VALOUR allows us to *draw either Sword or Pen, or to venture our Necks* in the Cauſe of God, our Country, or in Self defence, to be ſure I ſhall neither flatter your Lordſhip nor LEUD HARRY, in the Account I am going to give of the *New Jacobite Scheme* to introduce the *Pretender, Popery,* and *Slavery*, for it's but juſt the Authors and Abettors of *England's* Miſeries (*be they Never ſo great or powerful*) ſhou'd be retriev'd from oblivion, and their Infamy ſhou'd be handed down to the Unhappy Children, that ſhall have Reaſon to Curſe their Fathers *Villanies* and Treaſons; ſo that as I have already given your Lordſhip —— A GENERAL ACCOUNT of what I mean by ——— *Neck or Nothing* ——— (both as it reſpects your Lordſhips HEAD for contriving a Jacobite-Peace; *Leud Harry's* NECK for tripping to *France* for Diamonds; Mrs. *Abigail's* TONGUE, for Plotting a ſuſpected Traitor into New Favour; the *Loyal and Dutiful Parliament*, for ſacrificing their Country to the Power of *France*; and my own HONOUR and COURAGE, in accuſing a *Guilty Miniſtry.*) I ſhall be now *more* PARTICULAR *in my Diſcoveries*, as they reſpect the NEW SCHEME which the *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Jacobites have concerted for bringing in the *Pretender, Popery,* and *Slavery*, which NEW SCHEME (as your Lordſhip muſt needs know) wa ſan unanimous Agreement amongſt the Jacobite-Party of the Church of *England* in theſe FIVE Reſolutions.

1. *To revive their old Abdicated Doctrine of Paſſive Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance, that ſo upon Principles of (pretended) Loyalty to the Princeſs* Sophia (*the Heir to the Crown by Act of Parliament, and upon Revolution Principles*) *they might ſmooth the Way for the Pretender, by aſſer-*

† *Mr.* Richard Steel *a Member of Parliament for* Stockbridge, *and Author of that Truly ingenious and celebrated Paper entituled* The GUARDIAN.

aſſerting this plain Contradiction, That their might be a Indefeaſible-Hereditary-Right in the Illuſtrious Houſe of Hannover.

2. *To imploy ſuch Jacobite Tools, as* Sacheverel *and* Higgings, *to preach up the* Church is in Danger *from the* Diſſenters *and* Low-Churchmen; *whereas, were it put to the Vote, it wou'd be found, there is not a* Diſſenter *or* Low-Churchman *in the Queen's Dominions, but wou'd declare for a firm Eſtabliſhment of the* Church of England, *if it will ſatisfie it ſelf to continue a* Church *upon moderate Principles; I mean if the* High Church-men *would ſo pair their Nails of all perſecuting Principles, that they may never more plunder* Diſſenters Dwellings (*as they did Dr.* Samuel Aneſley's) *burn their* Meeting-Houſes (*as they did Mr.* Burgeſs's) *impriſon their Miniſters* (*as they did Mr.* Jenkins's) *or* CLAW *whole Families to Death* (*by Fines, Jails and Severites*) *for only ſerving God according to their Conſciences.*

3. *To report that the* WHIGS *are for bringing in the* Pretender, *that their own* Jacobite *Plots might be leſs ſuſpected,* the, whole *Militia* is put into *Tory Hands, and none but* High Church-men *advanc'd either in* Church *or* State.

4. *To divide all Her Majeſty's Proteſtant Subjects, by branding them with the Odious Names of* High-Church, Low-Church, Fanaticks, Republicans, Schiſmaticks; *that ſo by our unnatural Diviſions they might ſtrengthen their own Party, and at laſt wholly root out the very Name of Proteſtant in* Great Britain. And, my Lord, ſo reſolv'd are the JACOBITE PARTY to proſecute this part of their *New Scheme* to introduce the PRETENDER, that your impudent Tool the *Examiner* † now tells us plainly ' *Such is the Nicety of this Juncture, that even our Friends are ready to revolt as imagining that the Faction, which they hate and oppoſe, muſt be in the right, becauſe not yet reduc'd by thoſe whoſe only Safety is the others Ruin.*

5. *To prevent, if poſſible, the Demoliſhing of* Dunkirk, *and ſending the* Pretender *from* Bar-le-duc; *the Two Theaters on which the Jacobite Party are to Plot and* Rehearſe * *that bloody Tragedy call'd* Indefeaſible-Hereditary-Right, *before they come to Act it in* Great Britain.

This, my Lord, we have found by Experience is that *New Scheme*, that the *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Jacobites have unanimouſly concerted and agreed to, for bringing in the *Pretender*, *Popery* and *Slavery*, and how cloſely they have kept to it, is ſufficiently ſeen——*By your Lordſhip's Adviſing to a ſeparate Peace with* France.——*By the tedious delay there has been in demoliſhing* Dunkirk (*even till* Winter, *which 'twas known wou'd retard its Demolition as much as your Lordſhip's* Politicks, *did before*)—— *By the* Pretender's *continuing ſtill at* Lorain, (*notwithſtanding Her Majeſty's repeated Inſtances*

† *See the* Examiner, *Numb.* 36. Vol. 4.

* *Alluding to a* Jacobite *Paper that* Leſley *publiſh'd formerly in* London, *which he intituled,* The Rehearſal.

to have him remov'd) —— *And laſtly by the Growth of* Perkiniſm *in* Great Britain, *but more eſpecially at the* Engliſh *Court.* —— All theſe are infallible Proofs of the Reality of that *Jacobite Scheme* that is here detected; or if any *Honeſt Tories* (for 'tis not impoſſible but there may be ſuch) being blinded either by *Prejudice* or *Intereſt*, ſhou'd ſtill Queſtion whether this *New Scheme was actually was actually concerted by the* Engliſh *and* Scotch Jacobites *for bringing in the* Pretender; I wou'd adviſe them to conſider the *following Diſcoveries* concerning *Dunkirk* and *Bar-le-duc*; and to believe the great Probability their is that the TRADE-BILL will paſs next Seſſion of Parliament, and then let 'em queſtion the Truth of this *Jacobite Scheme* if they can.

For Firſt, As to *Dunkirk*: The ingenious *Toland*, in his Book intituled DUNKIRK *or* DOVER, tells the World, "The "Queen's Honour, the Nations Safety, the Liberties of *Europe*, "and the Peace of the World are all at Stake till *Dunkirk* be to- "tally demoliſh'd by the *French*." And tho' the Sieur *Tugghe* had a Deputation from the Magiſtrates of *Dunkirk*, to petition the Queen that *Dunkirk* might not be demoliſh'd, yet (ſays *Toland*) "None in *Europe* is ſo ſtupid as to imagine any Town in *France* "wou'd dare, of their own Heads, to ſend Deputies to any Po- "tentate whatſoever, nor wou'd ſuch Deputies dare to come hi- "ther on ſuch an impudent Errant, unleſs ſupported by hopes bet- "ter grounded than appears to every Body, but which, in time, "may be made manifeſt to all the World. Mr. *Toland* further "obſerves that the chief Agent in cauſing the Sieur *Tugghe*'s Ad- "dreſs to be Printed, and given away to try the Pulſe of the Peo- "ple was a BARONET, who ſo ſpends his time between *Min- "chin-lane*, *Somerſet-Houſe*, and *York-Buildings*, that 'tis not more eaſy "to ſay at which of thoſe Places he lives, than whether in a little "time at this Ubiquitarian Rate he can be properly ſaid to live "in any Place at all" —— Thus far Mr. *Toland*, who all the World do acknowledge to be a Gentleman of moſt *Refin'd Senſe*, of *Good Intelligence*, and of *Great Veracity*; and by living in *London*, and knowing the BARONET, that walks ſo often from *Min- cin-Lane* to *York-Buildings*, has a better Opportunity than moſt other Men to know *Oxford*'s *Secrets* concerning *Dunkirk* and I'll appeal to your Lordſhip if *Toland*'s Diſcoveries don't fairly prove the Preſent *ſlow* Demolition of *Dunkirk* to be a meer Poli- tick Amuſement to ſtop the Clamours of the Subjects of *Great Britain*, till *Oxford* can know the Mind of the next Parlia- ment with Reſpect to the *Hannover Succeſſion*, for if their wan't ſome *Turn to be ſerv'd*, by deferring the Demolition of *Dunkirk* till the *Winter* Seaſon, Why wan't it demoliſh'd in Summer, when that Diſpatch might have been made in a *Month*, that now can't can't be made in *Six*? Or if TIME DONT MAKE IT MANIFEST (to uſe Mr. *Toland*'s Words) that there

was

was ſome greater MISTERY in the deferring the Demolition of *Dunkirk than yet appears to every Body* (and that this MISTERY was keeping cloſe to the SCHEME that the *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Jacobites have concerted for the bringing in the *Pretender*, *Popery* and *Slavery*) I'll fairly ask your Lordſhip's Pardon for this unjuſt Suſpicion, and that in a publick Recantation, for I ſhall be very glad to be miſtaken in this *Charge* of *Treaſon* againſt your Lordſhip; but I greatly fear I am not, for "There was nothing (ſays the *Short Hiſtorian*) "that the People of *England* have been better pleas'd with, than "the delivering up *Dunkirk*, and the Hopes of its Demolition; "this ſeems to be expreſly provided for in the *Treaty of Peace*; "and that it ſhou'd be done within Five Months after the *Conditi-"ons of Peace* were concluded and Sign'd; but there was no De-"molition at the Expiration of that Time; and which is yet "ſtranger, the *Loyal* and *Dutiful Commons* made a Proviſion for "the Garriſon of *Dunkirk* till *Chriſtmaſs* next, and granted 40000 "Pound for that purpoſe; and therefore (adds Mr. *Walpole*) "after this, What can we ſuppoſe too groſs *to paſs upon this Houſe "of Commons*"? So that 'tis plain there was ſome *Jacobite* Miniſtry in the *deferring the Demolition of* Dunkirk ſo many Months beyond the Time that was at firſt agreed on by the *Treaty of Peace*; and therefore if I might depend on your Lordſhip's *forgiving Temper*, I would venture to tell you freely my Thoughts of *Dunkirk*, which are: "That *Dunkirk* is as much the *French* King's as ever, "and all that has yet been done on our part there is meer Trick, "and one of the ſmalleſt Impoſitions put upon us by our Fellow-"Subjects, or rather Princes, for ſome of them act as if they took "themſelves for ſuch." My Lord, this BLACK CHARGE againſt *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke*, with reſpect to their *Dunkirk*-Treaſon, does no ways reflect on either the *Honour*, *Wiſdom* or *Conduct* of her Majeſty, with reſpect to the *Separate Peace that is made with* France, *the Non-demolition of* Dunkirk, *or any other Matter that concerns Her Majeſty's Government*, for the beſt of Princes (as I ſhall prove in the Concluſion of this SUPPLEMENT) are ſometimes forc'd *to ſee and hear by the Eyes and Ears of their Miniſters*, and if they deceive or betray 'em by their *Ill Advice at Home*, or *Separate Treaties Abroad*, it no ways reflects on the *Honour* or *Juſtice of the Prince*, or if there be any Inſtances in former times wherein Princes have deſerv'd to be blam'd for the *Ill Conduct of their Miniſters*, there never was any thing like it in Her Majeſty's whole Reign; and therefore as Queen *ANNE* is wholly a Stranger to all the *Jacobite* Plots that are now carrying on at *Dunkirk* and *Bar-le-duc*, againſt her juſt (I mean her *Revolution*) Title to the Crown; ſo 'tis almoſt impoſſible She ſhou'd ever detect that *Gilded Treaſon*, that now (in a Proteſtant Mask) Plots to uſurp her Throne; For what Prince (tho' as wiſe as *Solomon*) cou'd

could ever detect the Treason of that *Judas*-Statesman, that Plots his Ruin under a Pretence of Loyalty? Which is exactly Her Majesty's Case, with Respect to that *Jacobite Treason* that has been long hatching by Her pretended Friends at *Dunkirk* and *Bar-le-duc*; for Her Majesty is so far from having either Her Hand or Heart in the *New Scheme*, for bringing in the *Pretender*, *Popery*, and *Slavery*, that the DUNKIRK PLOT against her spotless Honour and Crown has been all along carry'd on by *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke*, *under the specious pretence of Loyalty to Her Person and Government*. And what *Prince* (except he that's Omniscient) cou'd ever see the *Pretender*, or *Treason* lye hid under the Gilded Superficies of so much seeming Goodness, and Loyalty? For that the *Dunkirk* (or *Jacobite*) Plotters might display their Pretended Loyalty, or [in plainer *English*] might the better conceal their Treason from our *Protestant Queen*, they assure Her Majesty, *That* Dunkirk *is put into Her Hands according to the separate Treaty of Peace, and that 'tis now demolishing*; but 'twould be Ridiculous to believe the *French* King (whose *bona fide* is never to keep his Word) will carry the Jest so far as to demolish a Place that cost him so much to Fortify, and may one Day be as useful to make us Slaves as it has been of late to make us Fools; which *French* Policy, in perswading your Lordship to *defer the Demolition of* Dunkirk, puts me in mind of what *Philip de Commines* somewhere affirms in History: "*That we scarce ever fail'd to Bang the* "French *in the Field, nor they to Bubble us in a Treaty.*" And for that Reason I will dare to say to the Greatest Man at Court, or in *Y—— B——ngs*, That the Nation scorns to accept of an amusing, or slow Dilapidation at *Dunkirk*, (meerly to stop the Clamour of such Loyal Subjects, that are uneasy to think the *Pretender* has but Three Hours sail from *Dunkirk* to *England*) but *expects* a speedy and total Demolition of *Dunkirk*: If the Nation shou'd be BOB'D of its Expectations, I cannot help it; but I confess I shall think all such Mninisters of State Traitors to their Queen and Country, who are the Cause of it; and hope to see 'em *Impench'd* the next Session of Parliament, for (to use the Words of the Ingenious *Toland*) "*The best Men in* Britain *have* "*the Face to expect the Demolition of* Dunkirk, *and will set their* "*Faces against all those that seek to delay or obstruct it.* Or suppose, my Lord, the Victorious Progress of the *French* Army in *Germany*, has put all *Europe* into such a *Fright*, as has forc'd your Lordship, and your Brother Traitor, so far to alter your Measures as to agree (at last) to the Demolition of *Dunkirk*; yet han't your deferring the Demolishing of it till the Winter Season given longer Time to the *Pretender* to pursue his Scheme for invading of us; and 'tis clear by the *frequent* drinking his Health in *England*, and *Publick* Talk of his Restoration in *Scotland*, that the *English* and *Scotch* Jacobites know what use to make of this

Reprieve

Reprieve that is given to him to contrive our Ruin. Or, my Lord, ſuppoſe *Dunkirk had been totally demoliſh'd at the very Time agreed on by the Treaty with the* French *King*, yet what Security have we againſt the *Pretender*'s Plots, ſo long as he's ſuffer'd to live in LORAIN, where the *New Scheme* for his Reſtoration is as zealouſly purſu'd as it is at *Dunkirk*. Then ſuppoſing *Dunkirk* were wholly demoliſh'd, (as I ſhall never believe it is, till I ſee it done with my own Eyes) yet how can any ENGLISHMAN (that en't entirely in the *Pretender*'s Intereſt) reſt a Moment in Quiet till the *Pretender* is remov'd from *Lorain* to his Holy Father the *Pope*, or to ſome other diſtant Place where our *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Jacobites can't correſpond with him, (or purſue their Scheme for his Reſtoration) as they now do at *Bar-le-duc*; for, my Lord, I'm aſſur'd from *Scotland* by a Perſon of Credit. "That a Freeholder in the County of *Dumfreis*, receiv'd "a Letter from an Acquaintance, who is now in the *Pretender*'s "Family at *Bar-le-duc*, deſiring his Vote for Mr. HOWSTON; "and aſſuring him that the KING his Maſter had nothing ſo "much at Heart as good Elections for this Parliament; and that "his Majeſty wou'd not fail to remember and reward thoſe that "made ſuch a Choice as he now adviſ'd his Friend to." And I am told by a Gentleman that lately ſaw the *Pretender* at *Bar-le-duc*, that "He talks with as much Aſſurance of being crown'd "King of *England*, as if he had already uſurp'd the *Britiſh Throne*. Which great Impudence in the *Pretender* proceeds from *the Growth of* Perkenniſm in *Great Britain* (but more eſpecially at the *Engliſh* Court) as I ſhall prove *in a Letter to the Lord* Bollingbroke. And in the mean time you may aſſure his Lordſhip that I am informd from very good Hands in *Wiltſhire*, "That at the Election "for one of the Weſtern Counties, the Inſpectors for one Side "ſuppoſing that a great Number of *Jacobites* and *Papiſts* wou'd "be ready to give their Votes, order'd the High Sheriffs Officer "to tender the Oath of Abjuration, ſeveral of the Perſons who "came there refus'd it; upon which Sir *R*——— *H*——— "came to the Officer, and order'd him to forbear adminiſtring "the Oath to any; and let 'em, ſays he, take their Remedy "above; the under Sheriff came afterwards with the ſame Ex-"preſſions, only adding, That it ſhou'd be tender'd to none but "*Quakers*." I have here given your Lordſhip *a Glimpſe of the Growth of* Perkenniſm *in* Great Britain; and I think it ſufficiently ſhews how BOLD the *Engliſh* and *Scotch* Jacobites are in purſuing their New Scheme for reſtoring *Perkin*. And the daring Treaſon that was lately publiſh'd in *London* (entituled, *Seaſonable Queries relating to the Birth and Birth-right of a certain Perſon*) ſeems to hint that the Lord *Bollingbroke* is privy to this Scheme; for is it likely that ſuch eminent Booklellers as *A*——*B*———*C*——— wo'd have *ventur'd their Necks* for ſelling a few

Treaſonab'e

Treasonable Queries, if they had not been encourag'd in it by some *Great Actor* behind the Curtain? And who can swear that *the Lord* Bollingbroke *is not the Person*, for had he not been in the Secret, or had the *Treasonable Queries* been publish'd by a Dissenter or Low-Church-man, (as the POST-BOY asserts) LOYAL HARRY wou'd have offer'd a Thousand Pound at least for the apprehending the Author of this *New Politick Scheme* to bring in the *Pretender* by way of *Query*; 'tis true these *Twenty Queries* (for that is their number) are too impudent to pass at present without *binding over the Dispersers of 'em to publick Justice*; but this is but a *Sly Amusement* to save Bollingbroke's *Neck from the Ax*, in case the next Parliament consists of *Godfreys*, *Heyshams*, *Wards*, and *Scawens*, I mean of such LOYAL PATRIOTS, as will think it their Duty to confirm *the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hanover*, and to declare the Author of these Twenty *Queries* guilty of High Treason. I won't assert that these *Jacobite Queries* are written by the Lord *Bollingbroke*, or that he encourages the Publishing of 'em, yet I must say, his making "*No Inspection* "*into the Treasonable Words and Practices respecting the* Pretender, "*that a Popish Maid lately offer'd to attest upon Oath*, fairly proves "*he is in the Pretender's as well as the* French *Interest*; And, I don't doubt but that *Rich Diamond* that was given to him by the *French* King, was an Earnest of that *Great Advancement and Honour he is to have in the* British *Court*, *if ever the* Pretender *is crown'd King*. But of what Nature must that Honour be that an *English*-Minister acquires by being more the Friend of *France* than *Britain*, and retrieving *French* Affairs by perplexing those of his Native Country? Such a Man (if any such therebe) must necessarily be *Odious to the present*, *and Infamous to future Ages*, and 'twere to be wish'd no such cou'd be found; bnt *History* furnishes us with undeniable Proofs that such there have been, and Experience, sad Experience (*had the Bill of Trade and Commerce pass'd*) wou'd have convinc'd us that such there are. My Lord —— I point in this to no Person, but leave the *Guilty by their Resentment to point out themselves*; yet I shall accuse *Bollingbroke* so far as to say if a *Jacobite Secretary sacrifice his Country to the Power of* France meerly to serve the *Pretender*'s Interest, or perhaps to inrich his Miss (for 'tis well known to the *Keeping C——lies*, *Twenty Kind and Vertuous* Wives may be kept as cheap as one *Lavish*, *Rampant*, *Domineering Whore*,) 'tis very likely that such a Secretary of State will encourage and protect those *scribling Rascals* that (like *The Examiner*) insult our best Patriots in *Billingsgate* Language, and invent *Treasonable Queries*; But *Oxford*, tell *Bollingbroke* from me if he shews more Favour to the Publisher of those *Twenty Queries* (which call Queen *ANNE* an Usurper) than he does to the Dispersers of this *Supplement* which proves Her our rightful and Glorious Queen) 'twill be plain

plain he encourages the *Pretender*'s intended *Rebellion*, and will be the blackeſt part of that long Impeachment that he is to expect next Seſſion of Parliament; for 'tis clear by *the excellent Choice* that the *Whigg-Livery-men* of *London* have made of the *Four Merchants* * that ('tis hop'd) will repreſent them in next Parliament, that tho' the *Mercenary Country* en't yet, that the *Proteſtant City* (which was ever eſteem'd half the Strength of the Kingdom) is above taking Bribes to ſtiffle *Impeachments*, or (in plainer *Engliſh*) to protect ſuch in their Treaſon whoſe Heads have been long expected on *London-bridge*, and had been now *adorning* of Two Poles (for purſuing the *Jacobite Scheme* at *Dunkirk* and *Bar-le-duc*) had not the *Luidores* ſo dazled the Eyes of the laſt Parliament, that they cou'd not diſtinguiſh Treaſon from Loyalty; And, my Lord, 'tis generally thought it muſt be either *French Gold*, or elſe your miſ-applying that *Loyal Money* that was given to pay off the *Civil Liſt*, that muſt ſave that Neck (a ſecond Time) which you have ſo often *ventur'd* to ruin the Nation.

Thus, my Lord, I have fairly prov'd that the *New Scheme* that the *Engliſh* and *Scotch Jacobites* have concerted to bring in the *Pretender*, is no *Fiction*, and that (were *Dunkirk* wholly demoliſh'd) till the *Pretender* is remov'd from *Bar-le-duc*, he'll be ſtill plotting *to dethrone the Queen*, to *Bribe the Parliament* (as is ſeen in the Caſe of *Howſton*, and the *Weſtern Knight*) and to confound the Nation.——And as the *Pretender* Plots in *Politicks*, ſo he does in *Religion*; for I can aſſure your Lordſhip that my *Popiſh-Spy* has ſent me Word from *Bar-le-duc*, "*That the* Pretender *to Her* "*Majeſty's Crown is alſo become a* Pretender *to Her Religion, by a* "*Sham Profeſſion of the Communion of the Church of* England." My Lord, if *Bar-le-duc* be the known Place where the *Engliſh* and *Scotch Jacobites* do thus boldly and publickly purſue their *New Scheme* for bringing in a *Sham-Prince* to uſurp Her Majeſty's Throne, what muſt the World think of the Pretender's being ſtill in *Lorain*? Tho' that Duke, when deſired by the Court of *France* to admit him, refus'd it, unleſs the Queen of *Great Britain* wou'd deſire it; Can we ſuppoſe that he is leſs afraid of Her Majeſty's Reſentment from any *new increaſe of ſtrength in himſelf*, or from a good Underſtanding how Matters go here? And in what Senſe *Her Majeſty's Inſtances, and the Parliaments Addreſſes* are to be taken, I believe he knows not in the literal one. The Diſſolution approach'd, and ſomething (thought *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke*) was to be done to *pleaſe the Country, and ſecure their*

* *John Ward* Eſq; *Robert Heyſham* Eſq; *Peter Godfrey* Eſq; *Thomas Scawen* Eſq;

being elected. 'Tis to this, no doubt, we owe *two such extraordinary Steps* as those Addresses, and the throwing out the Darling of their Eyes the *Trade Bill*, if one can call that throwing out, which, I believe, is only laid aside till the next Session of Parliament. And what wou'd the *Tories* say if some, and the chief of those who voted against it at that time, are now gathering Hands in the *Trading Towns, to Petitions for bringing in that very Bill*, and if 'tis brought into the *House* again by some Members of Parliament *falsifying their Promises, and betraying that Trust* that the *WOOLLEN ELECTORS* have repos'd in 'em, let the World judge if the Revival of the TRADE BILL (as well as the Discoveries I have made at *Dunkirk* and *Bar-le-duc*) en't a fair Proof that the *English* and *Scotch* Jacobites have concerted a *New Scheme* for bringing in the PRETENDER, Popery, and Slavery —— Some short account of the *Secret History* of this *Treaty of Commerce* might not be improper here; but this is so fully detected by Mr. *Walpole* in his *Short History of the* Parliament; I think it needless to enlarge this *Supplement* with any further Discoveries upon that Head, it shall only suffice that I only remind your Lordship that when the *VIIIth and IXth Articles* came to be consider'd (by the *Loyal and Dutiful Commons*) and it was manifest to every Body that the plain Sense and Meaning of them cou'd no ways be understood but to the Prejudice of *Great Britain*, these were call'd *Factious Constructions*, and such as *France* never meant or design'd, which I take to be a *further proof of the Reality of the New Scheme to introduce the* Pretender; For what Member of Parliament cou'd ever espouse the Interest of *France*, to the starving of all such whose Living depend upon *the Woollen Manufactures*, that was not either *blinded with* French *Gold*, or *intirely in the* Pretender's *Interest*. ——— In short, the Title of *all the Acts of that Party* may, and ought, like St. *John*'s Woman, to have *Mistery* written in their Foreheads, for that's their real Character, and if one add *Iniquity* to it, I believe we shou'd not err. My Lord, having given your Lordship *a True Copy of the New Scheme that the* English *and* Scotch Jacobites *have concerted for bringing in the* Pretender, Popery *and* Slavery; And having shewn how this *Jacobite* Scheme has been purus'd at *Dunkirk, and Bar-le-duc*, ——*By the last Loyal and Dutiful Commons— At the Elections for the New* British *Parliament.* ——— *At* W———H——— *and in* Y———B———ings, I shall conclude this *Supplement to the Short History of the Parliament* with a *Letter* which was sent to me by the *Lord H*———, which not only proves the Reality of the NEW JACOBITE SCHEME to bring in the PRETENDER, but in some measure confirms the Truth of all those other Discoveries which I have here sent to your Lordship. And the Lord *H*———'s Letter was this which follows:

London,

London, October 10. 1713.

My Lord Duke,

'HAving had various Diſcoveries of your Grace's *Magnanimity* 'of Soul, for the Good and Welfare of Her *Majeſty's Perſon* 'and Title, *as alſo for the true* Engliſh *Conſtitution*, and being in-'form'd by the Earl of S—— that your Grace is writing *A Sup-'plement to Mr.* Walpole's *Short Hiſtory of the Parliament*, wherein 'you intend to inſert *The New Scheme which the* Engliſh *and* Scotch 'Jacobites *have concerted for bringing in the* Pretender, Popery, 'and Slavery; For theſe Reaſons I have taken the Boldneſs to 'inform your Grace of the Inſolence of the *Jacobite* Faction in 'a *ſingular Inſtance*, viz. A Fortnight ago a Gentleman coming 'from *Lyn Regis* in the Coach, he had for a Companion another 'Perſon, whom he found very forward to puſh on Diſcourſe about 'State *Affairs*, highly commending the Proceedings of ſome *Per-'ſons of Diſtinction*, and of the High-Church-Men and *Engliſh* 'Jacobites in General. My *true hearted* Engliſh *Gentleman*, wil-'ling to Humour his Companion, ſeemingly ſided with him, in-'ſomuch that his new Aſſociate told him *he might aſſure himſelf the* 'KING (meaning the Pretender) wou'd be in *England* before 'Lady-Day next. My *Engliſh* Gentleman urging the ſeeming 'Impoſſibility of ſuch an Attempt from *the unanimous Declaration* 'of the late Houſe of Commons *in favour of the* Hanover *Succeſſion*, 'met with this Anſwer: Sir, *All that, with every thing elſe you* 'may ſuppoſe of that Nature ſignifies nothing, *for I can aſſure you we* 'know things will appear with another Face *ſhortly*; *beſides* (*ſaid* 'he) *we have Sixteen Peers ſecurely of our Side.* ——— My true 'Engliſh Gentleman coming to bait the laſt Day's Journey, told 'this bold *ſomebody*, He muſt have his Company to *London*, who 'was ſurpriz'd at the Expreſſion, as well he might, for a Con-'ſtable was ſent for; but before he cou'd be got, the *Jacobite* 'made his eſcape; and the honeſt *Engliſh* Gentleman was oblig'd 'to come to Town without his Companion, as well as the Coach-'man without his Fare. ——— Your Grace's Sentiments upon 'this *Diſcovery* of the Pretenders ſpeedy Deſign to raiſe a *Rebellion* 'in *England*, may be of great uſe to Her Majeſty's Loyal Sub-'jects, if not wholly fruſtrate the *Popiſh Plot* that is now hatching 'at *Bar-le-duc*.

'I cou'd ſend to your Grace many *other Diſcoveries* (which I 'have lately made) concerning *the Reſolutions that the* Engliſh, 'Scotch, *and* (I may add) Iriſh Jacobites *have taken to bring* 'in *the* Pretender, *and alſo concerning the preſent Traitrous Con-'duct of the Earl of* Oxford *and Viſcount* Bollingbroke; but for 'the preſent I ſhall only ſend the following Diſcoveries, *viz.*

'There was Yesterday carry'd into the *S———— Office* a 'very large Pack, as much as a Man cou'd carry of *Printed* 'Papers, seiz'd at the *Bell-Savage-Inn*; and the Week before, 'at *Chester*, as many as cost 5 *l.* carriage up to Town; These last 'were going for *Ireland*, and seiz'd at *Chester*. In short, what 'they were, to whom they belong'd, or how discover'd, is yet a 'Secret; but by this Discovery your Grace may see what watch 'is laid for Secrets that concern either the *Pretender*, or *the* 'House of Hanover.

'Things seem now to draw to a *Crisis*, and 'tis generally 'thought a little Time will show all Men in their true Light. At 'present your Grace may have some Idea of our deplorable Case, 'if youl peruse *The true Secret History of Queen* Elizabeth to be 'found in the Collection of Rarities entituled *The Phœnix**.

'I shall next inform your Grace that *S———n* is gone pri-'vately for *Bar-le-duc*; one of Her Majesty's Yatchts attended 'him to *France*, on this Expedition. You know, I suppose, that 'Her Majesty has given the whole *Savoy* to the Treasurer; which 'is a Grant at 30000 *l.* a Year. But my next Discovery con-'cerning *Dunkirk* will supprize ye more; for what wou'd you 'think if *the Letter* that betray'd the late King's Design upon '*Dunkirk* was written by ———— to the *French* King; tho' the 'Parties you know that bore the Blame, took it upon themselves '(tho' both Innocent and Ignorant of it, till it was done to save '*somebody's* Life and Dignity?) As odd as this may seem to your 'Grace, *'tis a certain Truth*, and the late Kings Reconciliation 'with, and Promotion of the Duke of *Marlborough* before his 'Death, was owing to that Letter's being return'd from *France* 'into the King's Hand by a SPY in the *French* Cabinet; This 'you may depend upon, for I have it from good Hands; then 'judge the rest.

'In short, my Lord, cou'd you open the Nations Eyes to 'morrow by your *Supplement to the Short History*, and detecting 'the *Jacobit Scheme*, it comes too late to prevent their Ruin, no-'thing but a Miracle can do that now.

''Tis thought *the Pretender* will be here very soon, with-'out wanting the Formality of a Change in the *Succession* 'Act. The *French* Ambassadors's stay is an Uneasiness to many, 'and the Reason he gives for it is more so, *viz. That he waits to see* '*what Humour the Nation, and their Representatives will be in at* '*meeting* which one need not conjure to know, I think.

'My

* *This* Phœnix *is a Revival of scarce and valuable Pieces to be found only in the Closets of the Curious, and was first projected, (as is reported) by Mr.* John Dunton, *a Member of the* Athenian Society, *and first Author and Projector of* The Athenian Oracle. *'Tis said* The Third Volume of the Phœnix *(containing Sixty Rarities) is now in the Press.*

'*My Lord Duke*——You may make what uſe you will of 'theſe *Diſcoveries*, to which I will add this, That a *Gentleman that ſaw a Commiſſion for raiſing Recruits for the* French *Army in* Ire-'land, *told it to a Gentleman, my Friend*; how many ſuch Com-'miſſions are given, he knows not, he actually ſaw One. And 'can we ſuppoſe any of this is done without the Conſent of the '*Reigning Favourites*, or that theſe *Iriſh* Trooos pretendedly rais'd 'for the Mareſchal *Villars*'s Army, are not deſign'd for to be hea-'ded by the Duke of *Berwick*, and to bring in the *Pretender*.

'You ſee, my Lord, all the Powers in *Europe* are arming, 'GOD unite them in this Day of Diſtreſs, and there's the greater 'Hopes that the *Proteſtant Religion* will ſtill flouriſh, as we now 'find that *Tool of the Jacobite Party* Dr. *Sacheverel* (after he has divi-'ded the Nation by his *Falſe Brethren*, and calling the *Pretender* 'King) is now as Generally ſlighted and diſpis'd as he was formerly 'careſs'd and admired, of which I cou'd ſend to your *Grace* many 'late Inſtances, but ſhall only mention the Affronts he receiv'd in 'St. *James*'s Church, where, tho' Dr. *Moſs* invited him into the 'Pulpit, nor a Mortal ſpoke to him, went into the Veſtry with 'him, or was commonly Civil to him except, a Poor Joyner call'd '*Proteſtant John*, remarkable before for his Simplicity.—You may 'gueſs, my Lord, what his Sermon was, his Text was, *Pray for the* '*Peace of Jeruſalem*; and rather than Pray for the *Queen* or *Houſe of* '*Hannover*, he choſe to pray for no body, only made uſe of that 'ſhort Collect in the Communion Service, *Prevent us*, &c. A pro-'miſing Beginning you'll ſay, and this was follow'd by a ſuitable 'Diſcourſe, *Faction*, *Rebellion*, *Glorious Martyr*, and the reſt of the 'old Topicks for Railing; he was ſadly baulk'd with his Recep-'tion amongſt us, and ſays we are a *damn'd Whiggiſh Pariſh*. Dr. '*Moſs* has loſt himſelf extreamly, by ſetting us up ſuch *a ſcanda-'lous Tool, and ſo many of that Stamp*: He hop'd to retrieve that 'falſe Step, by making us the *Sunday* following, a Thundering 'Sermon againſt *Popery*, &c. But our People can *ſee the Wolf in* '*Sheeps Cloathing*.

'*My Lord Duke*——I have made many other *Diſcoveries* 'concerning the *Jacobitiſm* and *Politicks* of the *Engliſh* Court, but 'more eſpecially concerning —— *The Religion and Miniſtry of* '*Mrs.* Abigail—— *That duelling Lord that Encourag'd the Pre-'tender to invade* Scotland *in* 1708. *The S——te and Wenching* '*Intreagues of the Duke* D'Aumont, *during his ſtay in* London —— '*The Miſs hunting and notagle Conduct of our Peaceful* General *during* '*his whole Campaigne in* Flanders *The ſecret Inſtructions that* Oxford '*and* Bollingbroke *ſent to* Utrecht, *concerning the Separate Peace* '*with* France.

'All which *Diſcoveries* fairly prove *the Growth of* Perkiniſm *in* 'Great Britain, *but more eſpecially at the* Engliſh *Court*; but fear-'ing the *Jacobite* Secrets I have here ſent to your *Grace* won't

'reach

reach your Hands time enough to obtain a Place in your *Supplement*, I ſhall reſerve theſe further Diſcoveries to be inſerted in that *Continuation*, and *Viſion*, with which (as I'm told by the Earl of S———) your Grace intends to compleat Mr. *Walpole's Short Hiſtory of the Parliament*; to which the Proteſtant Peers of *Great Britain* deſire your Grace wou'd add——— *The Counter-Scheme, or a true Copy of the New Aſſociation agreed to by ſeveral Lords, and other Perſons of Diſtinction, for ſecuring the Proteſtant Succeſſion to the in the Illuſtrious Houſe of* Hannover, *againſt the* New Scheme (*concerted by the* Engliſh *and* Scotch Jacobites) *for bringing in the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery.*——My Lord Duke, I cou'd enlarge upon theſe Diſcoveries; but I have neither Time nor Paper left, ſave only to tell your Grace that I am

Your Grace's
Moſt Obedient,
and very humble Servant.

H———

My Lord Oxford This ſurprizing Letter (that was ſent to me by the Lord *H*———)contains nothing but ſecret *Matter of Fact*, as I ſhall prove in that Eſſay I entitle *the Growth of Perkinniſm in* Great Britain, where I ſhall make *Bolder Diſcoveries* than I have here done; for here I have only *ventur'd your Lordſhip's Neck to ſave a Frenchified Nation from approaching Ruin; but there I ſhall venture my own Life for the ſame Reaſon*; for tho' you have had *a Billingſgate Raſcal* to ſtain my Honour in Porter's Language*; yet *Know*, I'm above your Lordſhips Revenge in the Diſcharge of my Duty, and am ſo little affraid of Death, that *I have often met it in all Shapes*; and will always be ready to do ſo in Defence of my *Queen and Country, againſt the Pretender and all his Adherents.* I know thus expoſing the *Jacobite Cauſe* will be call'd *Madneſs* for the *Sacheverelite-Faction* is arriv'd to that height in Impudence, that whoever writes againſt *High-Church* (or is more Serious, Couragious, or thoughtful then the reſt of the Word) is preſently call'd a Madman; Mr. *Biſſet* was Mad, for proving *Sacheverel* a Loud Prieſt, and Modern Fanatick. Mr. *Clark* was Mad, for proving †"*The* "*Separate Peace was breaking of Covenants with the Confederates, and* "*no better than National Perjury*; Mr. *Dunton* was Mad, for proving ** *Sacheverel* publiſh'd as many Falſehoods as Lines in his *Sermon before the Commons*; and every Man elſe is Mad (with theſe *High-Church Lunaticks*) that won't *ſo far renounce his Religion as to turn Jacobite*; but, my Lord, let us Proteſtants, in God's Name, ſtill be reckon'd *Fools, Madmen, Republicans* (Words our Enemies have

* *The* Examiner.

† *See Mr.* Clark's *ſeaſonable Diſcourſe entituled,* A Word to the Wiſe or a Hint on the Times.

** *In his* Court-Spy.

have found by which to expreſs our *Innocence*, *Courage* and *Loyalty*) rather than by imitating of them, to be in Reality *Dunces*, *Furies*, *Traytors*.

Then let *Deſigning Knaves* Miſ-repreſent Honeſt Men as they pleaſe, I will ever aſſert, *That Tory is ſo far from being in his Right Senſes, that he is fitter for* Bedlam *than the Society of Men in their Wits*, that will flatter Great Men in their *Treaſon* and *Whoredom*, and when he ought will not ſpeak the Truth, tho' *to ſave his Neck*, or *prevent the Ruin of his Native Country*. For my own Share, I wou'd always be thought a Madman, whilſt I either mince the truth, or am afraid to ſpeak it: For, as a *Whig* obſerves * " *The Author of* " *Truth has made it eternal, like himſelf; and as no Man ought to be* " *afraid of ſpeaking Truth, ſo no wiſe Man will ever be aſham'd of* " *ſpeaking Truth, however unpopular, and diſobliging it may be, or to* " *the Damage of what Party of Men ſoever.*

If theſe *Bold Diſcoveries* make your Lordſhip curious to know the real Author of this *Supplement*, my Anſwer is 'tis written by JOHN DUKE OF——— *A Man whoſe heart is intirely* Engliſh, and for that Reaſon (like ROBIN and HARRY) will neither ſell his Religion or Country for *LUIDORES*; or were this *SUPPLEMENT* all a Fiction (as ſome will ſuſpect by the Stile, being ſo different from my *common Way of Speaking and Writing*) yet, I believe all Men will own, that *The Third Declaration that was Written by the* Reverend *Mr.* Samuel Johnſon, *and publiſh'd in the Name of the Prince of* Orange, was of no leſs Service to the City of *LONDON*, than if King *William* (of ever Glorious Memory) *had really wrote it with his own Hands*: So that this *SUPPLEMET* (whether writ by A DUKE OR A PEASANT) is either *a Fiction, or a True Narrative*; if it be a FICTION neither *Oxford* nor *Bollingbroke* will be diſpleas'd at it; for as a *Right Tory thinks it a Satyr upon him for a Whigg to give him a good Character*, ſo perfect Fiction if it wound no body, it can make no body cry out: But if this *SUPPLEMENT* be a *True Narrative and no Fiction*, the GALD FAVORITES will certainly wince, and then perhaps we may hear of a Proclamation, promiſing Ten Thouſand Pounds Reward to him that will bring *JOHN* DUKE OF——— alive or dead, to the Secretaries Office at *White-Hall* where the Loyal Author of theſe Sheets, (be it *FROME* or *M———h*) will aſſert *the ſame things to your Lordſhip's Face as he here publiſhes to all the World*; and therefore in a firm belief that the Learned *Oxford* and witty *Bollingbroke* will have more *Honour* and *Senſe* than to PROCLAIM their Treaſon and Whoredom to all her Majeſties Subjects, *I* ſhall for the preſent Subſcribe my ſelf,

Your Lordſhip's beſt Friend, and moſt Affectionate Humble Servant,
JOHN DUKE OF——— Queen

* *In his Book entituled* Some Thoughts upon the Subject of Commerce with *France*.

Queen Robin:

OR AN

APPENDIX

TO

Neck or Nothing

Containing ſuch Dicoveries in Chrch, and State (During the Reign of the Preſent Earl of *Ox—rd*) as were never Inſerted in any *Former Edition of that Narrative*, to which is added, the Parable *of the Late Marquiſs of Wh—tons* Puppies, Publiſh'd to *Open the Eyes* of our Deluded *Jacobites*, as 'twas ſent in a Letter Inſcrib'd to Mr. *John Dunton* Author of *Neck or Nothing*.

Aſperius nihil eſt humili cum ſargum alium ——*Claud.*
Set a Beggar on Horſe-back and he will Ride to the Devil.

Mr. DUNTON,

HAVING had Experience of your great Fidelity in the late Reign, in concealing the Name and Quality of that Perſon of Honour which ſent you thoſe Jacobite Secrets that furniſh'd out *Neck or Nothing*; and finding no Golden Bait could tempt you to betray your Truſt (at a Time when my Honour and Safety lay wholly at your Mercy) upon the ſame Promiſe of *Eternal Concealment*, I ſhall now ſend you *A Second Packet of Court Secrets*, and will continue to ſend you what Diſcoveries I can make at St. *James*'s, as often as any thing ocurs that deſerves Publication. And as my Deſign is *A Private Search into the Families, Cabinets, Miſſes, Politicks, Converſation, and Morals*, of Some great Men at Court, I'd have you intitle it the COURT-SPY; or, *Secret Hiſtory of St.* James's, *from the Reign of* Queen Robin, *down to the late Miſunderſtanding*

in

in the Royal Palace. ——— In which Diſcoveries, I won't tire you with dull Repetitions from the Writings of other Authors, but will ſend you ſuch a Living or Experimental Secret Hiſtory of St. *James's*, as ſhall conſiſt (chiefly) of ſuch Secrets both in Church and State as I have been Privy to, or can Prove by Perſons *now living at Court.* 'Tis true, 'tis neceſſary you ſhould always conceal my *Name*, as I receive thoſe Diſcoveries which I ſend to you, from Papiſts of Great Quality, that are nearly Related to me, and whoſe Names I have promis'd ſhall be ever a Secret (and I have taken effectual Care they ſhall ever be ſo, by letting no Perſon but Mr. *Dunton* know from what Hand they come.) But tho' my Perſon muſt be conceal'd (for the Reaſon's before-mention'd) yet that no Sceptick may doubt the Truth of any of thoſe Diſcoveries I ſend to you, I here aſſure you, I have laid in an Intereſt at ſeveral Earls Houſes, purely to ſerve you with Early and Good Intelligence; and therefore (ſeeing my Perſon will be always a Secret) I deſire for the future you'd give me no other Title than *The Hannover Spy*, as the main end of my Correſpondence with you is to detect the Enemies of that Illuſtrious Houſe, and to do publick Juſtice to its true Friends, of which the Early Diſcoveries I ſent you of *Ox———rd's* and *Bolingbroke's* Scheme to Reſtore the Pretender, is a known Proof, (and ſuch as was fully confirm'd by the *Report made by the Committee of Secrecy.*) As therefore I don't wonder you complement me ſo largely on my Former Diſcoveries, ſince the Early Notice I gave you of the *Commiſſions* (for Lifting Men in *Ireland* for the Pretender's Service) gave your *Neck or Nothing* a great Reputation. You had the *Second hint* of it of any Man in *England*, and the *Firſt* of any Writer. It's being at firſt look'd on as a Chimera, did you great Service, when the Iriſh Parliament took that Notice of your Book as to ſearch into the Matter, which was owing to my Letter to one of its prime Members, to inſpect the Affair, Repreſenting you as a Perſon that would not Write by Chance, their Diſcovery of the Truth of Matter of Fact, gain'd you abundance of Friends, and I hope has lay'd a good Foundation for a Reward from that Illuſtrious Houſe you ſerv'd by it, which I hope to hear will be very grateful. And ſince by my preſent Abſence from *London*, the chief Spring of True and Valuable Intelligence will be ſhut up from you (after publiſhing thoſe Diſcoveries I now ſend you) I adviſe you to meddle only with Divine Subjects, leſt by a Falſe or Frivilous Intelligence, you loſe the Merit and Reputation you have already acquir'd. Write not of Politicks till my Return, that can, and will than let you know Faithfully *what Diſcoveries will be acceptable to the Court*, and ſafe to meddle with; which, believe me, your other Friends cannot inform you, no more than I can in my Retreat; where aſſure your ſelf of my hearty Prayers and good Wiſhes, That you may ſoon

partake of that ROYAL REWARD (for your early and Successful Hazards in detecting his Majesty's Enemies) that you have *so long* and *so Greatly deserv'd*, and I hope will farther Merit at my Return to *London*, as I shall then send you (Weekly) such a Packet of Court Secrets, as will not only (Properly) give me the Title of *Hanover-Spy*, but will convice the KING (and every Branch of his Illustrious House) how justly He deserves to be DISTINGUISH'D in his Royal Favour, that dares venture his NECK (or a private Stab) in their *Publication*.

Mr. *Dunton*, As to the Discoveries I have now sent, you have leave to Methodize and Publish 'em as you think fit, and you may depend upon it, that (as you were the first Projector of *The Athenian Oracle*, a Member of the Athenian Society, and ever a Lover of Novelties) I will make good my Promise of sending you *A Compleat Secret History of St.* James's *from the Reign of* Queen Robin, *down to the late Misunderstanding in the Royal Palace*, (with what other NOVELTIES occur Weekly, so long as I continue at Court.)

Mr. *Dunton*, being now to send you *such Discoveries in Church and State* (during the Reign of the Present Earl of *Ox—rd*) as were never inserted in *any former Edition* of your Narrative Intituled *Neck or Nothing* I shall chiefly keep to *the Secret History of St. James's* during the Reigns of *Queen Robin*, *Lady Abigail*, and *Harry Gambol*, who Secretly govern'd *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, for the Four last Years of Queen *Ann*'s more *Publick Reign*.

As for Q. *Anne*, (who was wholly govern'd by these three Reigning Favourites) all I shall say of her at present is, that she died the *First of August*, that very Day that the *Schism-Bill* took place; and was buried on that Day commonly call'd *Black Bartholomew*, the very Day on which her Uncle turn'd 2000 Godly Ministers out of their Livings. *And there's an End of the Race of the Stuarts*, tho not of Queen *Anne*'s Character, of which more anon.

I come now to the Reigns of *Queen Robin*, *Lady Abigail*, and *Harry Gambol*; where I shall (faithfully) detect all the Secret Steps that were taken by (those Three Queen-Killers) *Oxford*, *Bollingbroke*, and Mrs. *Abigail*, to Break her Majesty's Heart, Cheat the Nation, and Restore the Pretender; being a Discovery that's wholly New; and that 'tis all Matter of Fact, I think no Man will question, that reads either —— *The Report made by the Committe of Secrecy* —— *The Attainder of the Lord Viscount* Bollingbroke, OR —— *Or The late Impeachment of the Earl of* Oxford *since he was Acquitted by the House of Lords*.

But here (Mr. *Dunton*) perhaps the Loyal Whigs may say, Tho' you won't tell us who that *Person of Honour* is that sends you all your Early and Secret Intelligence; yet pray let us know from

from what Hands *He* receives it, that we may give it the greater Credit.

To this I anſwer———As ſoon as I have furniſh'd my Outward Man, I take my ſtation twice every Week at a L—ds in C———C——t, near St. *James*'s, the Lord I mean is Couſin to G.———l N———— He is himſelf a great Wit, a fine Gentleman, born in *England*, bred in *France*, and known in all the Courts of *Europe*, particularly in that of *Hannover*, where he was in great Eſteem; his Houſe (which is exceeding fine) is it ſelf a very Court, always full of the beſt Company in *England*, both Natives and Foreigners; and as he Honours me with a particular Eſteem and Friendſhip, I have the Opportunity in my Intimacy there and good Reception to hear all the Chat of Town and Court; there I meet the Duke of *M———h*, his Lady, Children, Lord *S——P——C———*in ſhort all the Men and Ladies of Quality, Diſtinction, Figure, or Fortune in the Town, that are not profeſs'd Jacobites, there's a perpetual Fund of the beſt Intelligence, Foreign and Domeſtick.

My Buſineſs here is to Feel the Whigs of Quality, and by them the KING's Pulſe; to find out what will pleaſe the Court, and its Friends, and what will *not* pleaſe; to learn the beſt Intelligence, and confirm my ſelf in the Truth of what I had elſewhere collected (for a Right *Hannover-Spy* will ſearch every ſuſpected place in the whole Britiſh Dominions to detect his Majeſty's Enemies, and do Juſtice to his Friends.) As ſoon as I have done this, I intermit of my frequent Viſits to St. *James*'s to gain Leiſure for Writing, and do find by what I have already diſcover'd (and which I hope will pleaſe both the City and Country Whigs, as I'm poſſitive 'twill the Court) the *Judas Reign of King* H——ly will contain at leaſt one Hundred diſtinct SECRETS; for conſider 'tis to be *A Compleat Hiſtory of that* Villain's *Miniſtry*, (for he muſt certainly be ſuch himſelf that dares be ſo falſe and Knaviſh as to give him a *better* Name) and all its material Occurrences, publick and private, likewiſe of his Aſſiſtants, *Bollingbroke* and *Abigail*, with proper Inferences from the ſeveral Diſcoveries. In which I endeavour to ſet the Hypocriſy and Treaſon of *Queen Robin*, and of thoſe two Reigning Favourites, *GAMBOL* and *M———M*, in a clear View, and to give the Jacobite Character of ſome of their inferiour Tools, ſuch as *A———thur M——r*, *M———P———r*, &c. Neither do I forget (Mr. *Dunton*) to interſperſe in a handſome decent Manner, your Services and Sufferings for the Good of your Country, and to defend you from the (undeſerv'd) Slanders of your Enemies, when to conceal their Treaſon, or excuſe their Ingratitude, they call you a MADMAN for ſcorning o flatter the greateſt Duke, Earl, Lord or Baronet in any Sin whatſoever, but more eſpecially in thoſe Scandalous, and Beggarly Vices of *Ingratitude* and *Avarice*. But alas! Mr.

Dunton, thus they treated that truly Sober and Excellent Divine the Reverend Mr. *WILLIAM BISSET*; and therefore you ought to deſpiſe the Spiteful Slander of being call'd a *Madman*, for no other Reaſon but your Diſtinguiſh'd Loyalty to King *George*, and Plain Dealing with the Whigs at Court, for which every Man of true Honour and Goodneſs will the more careſs and reſpect you. However, (as to my ſelf) I ſhall ever be of the ſame Opinion with Mr. *Dunton*, That *to dreſs up the Devil like an Angel of Light*, is indeed *Madneſs*; for tho we ought to *Give the Devil his Due*, yet we ought not to give him *one good Word*, which if I know any thing of the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, (he's ſo truly Honeſt) he'd not act ſo wicked, falſe, or mean a Part, wou'd he give him *all the Kingdoms of this World, and the Glory of 'em*, for a Panegyrick on his Cloven Foot.

Then (Mr. *Dunton*) do you, and the World judge if I am not able to furniſh you every Week with Early and Secret Intelligence, and what Credit may be given to the Diſcoveries I make either in Church or State, you have ſhewn at large in your CASE Inſcrib'd to the KING.

But waving this Digreſſion (of proving the Truth of my Intelligence from the Great Men from whom I receive it) I come now to diſcover to you—— *The Secret Reigns of Queen Robin*, ——*The Lady Abigail*—— and—— *Harry Gambol*.

I ſhall begin with the *Secret Reign of the Lady Abigail*, to whom (Mr. *Dunton*) you have been kinder than her Sp——ſe, ſince you have made her a Lady, which he wou'd not; but (pray Sir) let her be a Gentlewoman firſt, and proceed gradually to Quality, tho' ſhe did not ſo to the Royal Favour. Well, to ſatisfy your Curioſity, her Name was *Abigail H*——; her Father, who was but of mean Birth (as her own Relations inform me) was a *Turkey* Merchant, and broke, then turn'd Preacher to ſome of the Sectarys, went abroad to ſome of the Plantations, where he died, leaving a Wife, and a World of Miſerable Children behind him. The Mother (who was a *Y*——*n*) was related to the preſent Treaſurer (a), and her Friends were ſo Good to take the Children till they were of an Age to get a Living for themſelves. Our Exalted *Abigail* was kept by Mrs. *M*——, (who was her Mother's Relation) till her Quality of making continual Diſturbances both in the Family and Neighbourhood, made Mr. *M*——contrive a Stratagem to get rid of ſuch a Peſt which was to pretend to be in Love with her. His Lady, ac-

cor[illegible]

(a) *Note*, This *Secret Hiſtory of the Lady Abigail* was ſent to the Author of *Neck or Nothing* when *Queen Robin* was Lord High Treaſurer of *Great-Britain*, and Mrs. *A*— the chief Favourite.

cording to his Order, was to discover his Passion, and to pretend such an Uneasiness at it, as to put her Rival out of Doors. Poor Mrs. *Abigail* was then forced to serve one Lady *R*———, a Baronet's Lady of *Kent*, now a poor Widow, and living in *Westminster*, but not taken notice of by Madam *M*———, who now scorns to own an Acquaintance with a Lady she once thought her self honour'd to serve in the Nature of a Chamber-Maid. 'Tis said she since serv'd some Citt—— But this I can't affirm. 'Tis true, she was distantly Related by the Mother to Lady *M*——*h*, who unhappily placed her about the Queen, to her own and the Misfortune of *Europe*. You must not suppose Love, but Interest made C——*M*———to take her; and perhaps he's now sensible of his Error too late. He's an honest Gentleman, and too much a Whig to desire to Rise on the Ruins of his Country or Religion, which makes him support his Wife's Interest in the Q—— with more Chagrine than others do their Disgraces. This for her Fortune and Birth, and for her *Person*, 'tis very far from Beautiful, Engaging, or any thing that can be call'd Agreeable She's not Young, at least a good deal past the Year you tell me a Woman has done Charming, and was so before C——*M*——— knew her. She's Fat and has the Complexion of a Good Fellow. All the rest of her Person is of a piece with what I've describ'd; as to her Mind, 'tis suited exactly to the disagreeable Case that 'tis inclosed in; and for her other Qualifications, she is famous for none, but what she exercis'd at Mr. *M*——*s* and Ingratitude, except one she has learned, or as most think only improved at Court, I mean that which gives the agreeable Tincture of a blewish Red to her Complexion; but to give you the most just Idea of this wonderful Machine of State, take her Character from her own Mouth, in the Words of a Person who next to her self best knew her.

My Dispositions they are Good,
Mischievous, and a Lyar,
A sawcy proud Ungrateful Brute,
And for the Church Intire.

You know the rest, no doubt; 'tis my Opinion good Language would be thrown away on such an Animal, who Loves Money more than her Soul, and has nothing in her Birth, Temper, Education, in any part of Soul or Body, Generous, Christian, or hardly Humane, don't look on this as the effect of Partiality to her Prodecessor Lady *M*——*h*, but as it really is, meerly the force of Truth that would not permit me to assert a Falshood, and thereby to expose my self to the Aversion of the best of Men, by an Encomium on the worst of Women, (*viz. King Abigal*) whose Reign at Court was but short, but (as you'll hear anon under the

Reigns

Reigns of *Queen Robin* and *Harry Gambol*) was moſt Tyrannical and Miſchievous.

Mr. DUNTON,—Having diſcover'd to you what I thought neceſſary to be known of the Secret Reign of the Lady *Abagail*, I ſhall next preſent you with the *Secret Reigns* of thoſe Two other Queen Killers, King *H——ly* and *Harry Gambol*, (who with the Reigning Favourite before-mention'd) *broke her Majeſty's Heart, cheated the Nation, and went ſo far towards reſtoring a Popiſh Pretender*, that had Queen *Anne* liv'd but a Month longer, they had certainly ſet their *Sham-King* on the Britiſh Throne, as will appear by the following Diſcoveries of their Treaſon and Villany to her late Majeſty, which (Mr. *Dunton*) I think neceſſary to introduce, with declaring, the wonderful and ſudden Change, of our Condition (by the Death of her late Majeſty) has ſo ſtunned me, that I could not readily Write you this, and do it now in Pure Friendſhip, to ſet you Right if poſſible in your Judgment of Things and People, and in particular in Relation to the late Queen; 'tis not Generous, nor indeed Chriſtian, to inſult a Perſon uncapable of defending themſelves, and We ought to be particularly careful how we paſs Judgment on the Actions of Princes, whilſt they Live, for our own Safety, and the quiet the World, and when Dead, becauſe they are then gone to that Being who only knows the Secrets of all Hearts, 'tis beſt in each Caſe to be Silent, eſpecially for Perſons ſo far remov'd from a near View of their Tranſactions, we know perhaps and hear what is done, but know little or nothing of the Motives, our Laws I think eſtabliſh it as a fundamental Maxim, that *Kings can do no Ill*, and if that were ever true, 'twas in the late Queen; I will not deny many ill Things were done in her Reign, but I abſolutely refuſe to Charge her with them, unleſs you can prove (what no Man can) that they were done by her Inſtigation: I affirm on the contrary, and can prove it, that ſhe was Innocent as to the Deſigning part, and Ignorant of moſt of the Practick ones, in ſhort ſhe had the unhappineſs to have (as all Princes have) ill Men about her, and theſe dictated as well, as acted; therefore they, and they only, deſerve the Infamy, as well as Puniſhment of what was Amiſs, and may they have both I beſeech God, who defends the Innocent, and will ſurely puniſh the Guilty; if that good Princeſs erred, I dare Anſwer 'twas never of Malicious wickedneſs, ſhe faithfully ſerved God to the utmoſt of her Power; ſhe tenderly loved her People, and always wiſhed and deſired their Good, it had not pleaſed Heaven to indue her with ſo large a Meaſure of Wiſdom to diſcern between Good and Evil, as it had with ſincerity and Vertue. I know, Mr. DUNTON, you wont believe this Secret Character of Queen *Anne* to be Matter of Fact (not only as ſhe was a STUART, but as ſhe was entirely in the Pretender's Intereſt about Six Months before ſhe dyed,) but that neither your ſelf nor any Loyal

Whigs

Whigs may think I've here ſaid more in the Praiſe of her late Majeſty than ſhe really deſerved, ſee that Pious Character I've here given of her farther confirm'd by that Excellent Prelate *Gilbert*, late Biſhop of *Sarum*, who in a Sermon preach'd before his Majeſty King GEORGE, *October*, 31. 1714. declares to his *Royal and Noble Auditors*, That 'our late Gracious Queen was a 'Princeſs, whom in a Courſe of many Years I had the Honour 'to know ſo particularly, that I am bound to ſay, I ſaw Great 'and Eminent Vertues in her, the Heighth of Conjngal Affection, 'and of Motherly Care, an engaging Mildneſs towards all Per-'ſons, a Conſtant Readineſs to Acts of Charity, with an unin-'terrupted Courſe of Solemn Devotion, and a high Degree of 'Patience and Submiſſion to the Will of God, under long and 'ſharp Pains. In theſe ſhe was a great Example; theſe fell all 'under my particular Obſervation, for I preſume not to ſpeak of 'thoſe Things, into the Secret of which I was never called, but 'only of things that we ſaw and knew.

'When the fatal Hour of her Diſſolution came, it was with, ſuch 'a ſudden Stroke, that all the World was ſuprized, and all 'bad Deſigns were prevented. But if Ill deſigning Men impoſed on her Weakneſs, and fearful Nature, and acted their own Villanies under the Shelter of her Royal Authority, ſhe was to be rather pitied than blamed, and were indeed blameable, yet what ſhe ſuffered might attone for it: 'Tis true her Heart was Broke, and Grief was the Cauſe of her ſudden Death. To convince you of this, I will inform you of a great Secret not known to the World, and which I deſire may (tho' a real Truth) go no farther at preſent, viz. That *the Brethren in Iniquity, H———ly, Abigail, and Bollingbroke, have been wrangling amongſt themſelves theſe ſix Months*; the firſt Feud began betwen the two HE MONSTERS, then Madam came in for her Share upon this Motive, ſhe not content with the Privy-Purſe, wanted forſooth 12000. l. a Year Penſion for Life; her Couſin *H—ly* was as little ſatisfyed with the Treaſury, and thought that Penſion wou'd do as well for him, each begg'd it of the Queen, and each oppoſed the others Pretenſions, at laſt the Quarrel grew ſo high, that *M-m* refuſed *H-ly*s Viſits at firſt the Servants were inſtructed to tell him always *ſhe was not at Home*; but that Anſwer not ſatisfying his Lordſhip he took the Liberty *to go up to her Apartment*, but was met by ſome Servants in an *Anti-Chamber*, who were commanded to ſtop him, and tell him, *their Lady would not ſee him*, however the *Poor Queen* was not to be let into *this Secret*, no more than into all their others, that much more *nearly concerned her ſelf and People*, they diſguiſed Matters ſome Weeks, in the mean time *Bollingbroke* and Mrs. *Minks* laid their Heads together how to out the Treaſurer, and get in their whole Party, *A General Change in the Miniſtry was concerted*; all *H----b*'s Creatures were to be laid aſide except his Hireling Scribblers,

Scribblers, and instead of a Jumble of Scotch and English Torys Churchmen, Jacobites and Papists, we were to be *all English Jacobites*, Atheists and Papists. All the Difficulty was to get *H-----y* out; they first tryed to perswade him to accept of a Pension of 3000 l. a Year for Life; but tho' the Mortal has as little Wit as his Neighbours, yet he it seems could discern the Difference between 3000 l. and 10000 l. a Year. Besides, his Safety was concerned in the keeping possession of the Treasury; 3000 l. a Year would go but a little way in Bribing 500 Men. In short, he would not come to, which so exasperated his Antagonists, that they reveal'd all his Villanys to the Queen, and he return'd the Favour, in the same Coyn; at length, all was discover'd, each side charged the other with a Design to bring in the Pretender, and defeat the Protestant Succession.

Her Majesty knew nothing of this Wrangle till 'twas come to such a Height all her Subjects saw it, then was she forced to hear each side accuse the other of the worst Crimes, *viz.* TREASON, and in the Worst Language, *viz.* Billinsgate, *You are a Raskal, You a Villain, You a Jade, You a Pitiful Attorney*, &c. The Appellation of Traytor was common to them all, which made her Majesty say to *these Three Favourites*, '*Who would be a Queen to hear Lan-*'*guage not fit for Gentlemen to speak, much less for a Princess to* '*hear.* But this comes of making Upstarts Sovereigns. I don't think but the *Pretender* himself would have had more Manners than *Queen Robin*, *Bollingbroke*, *the Lady Abigail*, and the rest of their Jacobite Tools, shew'd to her late Majesty. But, *that I may Give the Devil his Due*, these Two last, (tho both of 'em Infamous Wretches, and Secret Enemies *to the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hannover*, yet) are SAINTS if compar'd with the Earl of *Oxford*, who, Mr. *Dunton*, (as you fairly and seasonably Prov'd in your *Neck or Nothing*) is the *worst* Man on this side Hell. And I'm sure no True Friend *to the House of Hannover* will doubt this that considers the Base Mischief he did to his Native Country for the Three Years he usurp'd her Majesty's Throne, will (scarce) be Repair'd in as many Ages: '*As an Ignominious de-*'*structive Peace*; *The loss of our Trade*; *The Breaking with, and* '*even Giving up our Allies and Religion, with our succession, to the* '*Power of* France; *Betraying the Councils of our Faithful Confede-*'*rates to theirs and our Countries Enemies*; *Starving our Souldiers and* '*Seamen*; *and Giving away* Spain *and the* West-Indies *to the French* '*King*; (for so it is in Reality,) as these, I say, and all the other Steps that have made us Poor at Home, and Contemptible Abroad, were all Projected, Advised, Directed, nay even Commanded by *Queen Robin*, we may allow him to be (as I said before) *the Worst Man on this side Hell*, and *the Greatest V——n the World ever produced since the Traytor Judas.* And as *Oxford* had the greatest Hand in our Dangers and Disgraces, so [*when the Loyal House of Commons*

Commons Revive their Impeachment] he ought in Juſtice to have the largeſt ſhare of the Ignominy and Puniſhment, due to the Tranſactors of ſuch Wickedneſs. I don't ſay this to excuſe *Bollingbroke*, or *M———m*, or any of his other Accomplices in Treaſon, from the Axe or Halter; NO, but ſtill *Let the Greateſt Criminal have the Greateſt Puniſhment and Infamy*, even a double, treble, Portion of both; I ſtill mean the Grand Deceiver and Seducer (*H———ly*) for ſure no Man was ever ſuch an Emblem of the Devil; For firſt, like Satan, he drew (*Bollingbroke* and *Lady Abigail*) into Sin, and then like him (as is ſeen by his Breaking the Queen's Heart, and private Quarrels with his Fellow Traytors) turn'd an *Accuſer of the Brethren*, and would likewiſe be their *Tormenter*, were it in his Power.

The Poor, unhappy, and Ignorant Queen, ſurpriz'd at all this Wickedneſs, quickly diſcarded *Maſter Villain*, and not being able to overcome the Surprize and Grief ſhe was under, Reſigned her Soul, her wounded and afflicted Soul, into the Hands of a merciful Creator, and faithful High-Prieſt, where I make no queſtion it enjoys eternal Reſt amongſt thoſe that *Sleep in the Lord Jeſus*, which may we all do. For my part (Mr. *Dunton*) I am equally joyful as you are at our Deliverance, and I do acknowledge the Queen's Death was as well the Bleſſing, as the Work of Heaven, but I can't allow that our Dangers were owing to her Intentions and Deſigns, but wholly to the Weakneſs of her Judgment and Wickedneſs of her Miniſtry. *Bollingbroke* wou'd be content for a while (not as ſome thought for Modeſty ſake, but meerly Fear of diſobliging his Friends) to be only One of the Five Commiſſioners of the Treaſury, for *M———m*'s Brother and Husband muſt be Two, ſo there was Three of the Commiſſioners; and tho' *Will Wildfire* would gladly have had in his Friend *Gambol* (for thoſe indeed are Names better adapted to their Qualifications, than as the *German Doctor* places them) yet out of their great Grace and Favour, if the Queen inſiſted on it, ſhe ſhould be ſuffered to nominate Two of the Five. But Thanks be to God, all theſe, and innumerable other of their Wicked Deſigns, are Defeated; and 'tis hoped a great deal of the ill Effects of their Four Years Tranſactions may be prevented by this wonderful, this very unexpected, and moſt miraculous Turn of Affairs. Almighty God has vindicated his own Honour, by not permitting any Mortal *to have any the leaſt Hand in the Deliverance of his Church and People.* Sycophants and fooliſh People uſed to give him many Sharers in the Glory of all our former Succeſſes, and even attributed ſo much to his Rivals, that God himſelf, the only Giver of all, was Generally laſt acknowledg'd, if at all. Were we Victorious abroad, then the D—— of *M——b*, or Prince *E——ne*, *C——n* or *W——b*, were to have all the Praiſe; Succeſs, the immediate Favour of Heaven, was aſcrib'd to their Conduct, Courage, *&c.* Were

our Councils Wiſe and happy at home, then *G-d--phin*, *S--d-land*, *Walpole*, &c. were to have the Sole Honour. No wonder then that a Jealous God, that has ſolemnly declared *he will not give his Glory to another*, ſhould leave us to theſe *broken Ciſterns and weak Reeds*, and teach us by theirs and our dear Experience, *how little Truſt there is in Man, or in the Son of Man*, how unable the Arm of Fleſh is to ſave us, without his Aſſiſtance; therefore *he that Glories, let him Glory in the Lord*, who only does wondrous things: *He that Rejoyces, let him Rejoyce in the Lord*, and he that truſts, let him truſt in the Lord, for he that Glories, Rejoyces, or Truſts in any thing elſe, will find his Miſtake.

What is become of all the Pride, the Boaſts, and long-concerted Schemes of our Home and Foreign Enemies? Are not all theſe baffl'd in a Moment, and that by no Humane Wiſdom, Wealth, or Strength, but the immediate Hand of God Himſelf. Had the Poor Queen liv'd but One Month, nay One Week, (as hers and our Enemies often in her Illneſs did wiſh) humanely ſpeaking, they had accompliſh'd their Deſigns. The firſt thing upon her Deceaſe that occur'd to my Memory, was the 126th Pſalm, which I refer to your Peruſal, and is in my Judgment very applicable to our Caſe; for tho' we can ſay, *thus far has God helped us*, yet if the ſame Almighty Hand does not perfect our Deliverance, *we are not yet out of the Reach of our Enemies*; far, very far, God knows from it; the thing is too obvious to need Explanation; I can aſſure you, many of thoſe who ſigned the Proclamation, are in Heart on the other Side, and will be ſo in Action, if God don't prevent their Deſigns. However, as to Queen *Anne*, 'tis my Advice to you, that when you have occaſion to mention her in any of your future Writings, that you do it with great Reſpect to her Memory; for certainly the worſt way of making Court to our preſent Sovereign, would be to Rail at the laſt; and if it were not ſo, yet *when the Dead is at reſt*, (ſays the wiſe Son of *Sirach*) *let his Memory reſt*. We ſhall never have a Prince free from Human Infirmities; I am poſſitive, none with greater *Piety*, *Sincerity*, *Chaſtity*, *Temperance*, *Charity*, *Compaſſun*, *Good Nature*, *Humility*, *Condeſcention*, and *every Chriſtian Vertue*, than our late Queen poſſeſſed in an eminent degree, if God had not given her Wiſdom for this World, he did for a much better place, where ſhe, I dare ſay, now enjoys eternal Happineſs. Every Man, nor every Prince (like our Preſent truly Wiſe and Gracious Sovereign) is not capable of *diſcerning of Spirits*; but God is too Gracious to require what he has not been pleaſed to beſtow. As to *Intemperance*, and any *Tendency to Popery*, thoſe that beſt knew her, when moſt diſobliged, always clear'd her in thoſe Popular Miſtakes and always allow'd her to be, though a Weak, yet a Well-inclin'd and Well-meaning Woman. I will quote you Three of my Vouchers. *viz.* Good Mr. *B*——, the

Duke

Duke and Dutcheſs of *Marlborough*. Theſe three, who long and intimately knew her, have always given her the Character of a Good Woman, and a Good, Pious, Charitable, and truly Devout Chriſtian: If *Ill People* led her aſtray, let them bare the Blame and the Puniſhment, but *let her Name and Memory ever be dear to all that eſteem Vertue*. In a private Life, ſhe would have been the Glory of her Sex, as much as ſhe was once the Envy of all Princes, and may we never have a worſe, and uſe the next better! But alas! I ſee ſo little hopes of a Reformation among the Jacobites (or High-Churchmen) that we find 'em (were it poſſible) more Vile and Impudent in this Reign, than they were in the laſt, for ſays an Oxford Gentleman to the Loyal Author of *The Flying Poſt*.

SIR, *Oxon*, *Feb.* 4. 1718.

PRAY inſert the following Letter, in order to convince the World, what the King and his Family may expect from our High-Church People in this Univerſity, tho' they have all abjur'd the Pretender, except little Mr. *Hern*, who is maintain'd by the reſt. It was ſent by a Divine with *Hanging* Sleeves, to a certain Gentleman that is known for his Love and Loyalty to K. *George*.

SIR,

YOU are deſired to appear at the Parliament-Houſe to give upon Oath what you know as to the Affairs of James Goodman, *late Ground Landlord of your Pariſh, whoſe* Son *is yet living, and was kept out of his Eſtate by one* William Hook *and* Ann Singleton, *and is now kept out by the preſent* George H——n; *there you ſhall meet with the reſt of your Pariſhioners, who have paid many a Pound. You are therefore deſired to give your Opinion, whether or no his* Son *ought to have his Eſtate reſtored to him, with all the Arrears that have been paid to the aforeſaid Perſons. This is all preſent from,*

Your Humble Servant to Commnd, --- When you — find me.

This Letter is ſo flagrant of it ſelf, that Remarks thereupon are needleſs; but it would ſeem the Faction is not to be reclaim'd by what has been done hitherto, either by way or Clemency, or Juſtice. It may eaſily be perceiv'd how dangerous it is to have ſuch Men continu'd in a Capacity to poiſon the Youth and others of the Nation, with ſuch Treaſonable Principles.

Mr. *Dunton* —— I have SPYED out many other Secrets relating to *Queen Robin*, *Lady Abigail*, and *Harry Gambol*, and other Plotting Creatures both in Church and State; but for want of Time to tranſcribe 'em fair for the Preſs, I ſhall make 'em the Subject of a diſtinct Letter, and when you have publiſh'd all the Diſcoveries I ſhall ſend to you reſpecting the Reigns of K. *William*, Q. *Mary*, and Pious (tho' Unfortunate) *Anne*, I'll then ſend you

The Secret History of our Steddy and Glorious GEORGE, which (like a right *Hannover-Spy*) I ſhall begin from his *Birth*, and will continue it *down to the late Miſunderſtanding in the Royal Palace*, with what farther Diſcoveries I can make at Court, either with reſpect to the Late, or Preſent Reign. And as this will be the moſt Surprizing and Uſeful Part of my *Secret Hiſtory of S. James's*, I'd have you Publiſh it Every Week in a Small Packet, that ſo being read by all the Loyal Subjects of *Great-Britain*, (by comparing the Popiſh Reigns with ſuch as are truly Proteſtant) they may be all convinced how happy they might be if they would themſelves under the Preſent Reign of our Lawful and Ever-Glorious Sovereign KING GEORGE, who has not only Reviv'd the *Golden-Age* in the Britiſh Dominions by his own Royal Example, and the Sincere and Steddy Practice of every Princely Vertue, but does the utmoſt that lies in his Power to ſecure the Preſent Eſtabliſhment both in Church and State, and to make us all a truly Proteſtant and Happy People. Then judge (Mr. *Dunton*) what Pious Diſcoveries I ſhall be able to make in the Secret Reign of our Preſent Monarch, and in every Branch of his Illuſtrious Houſe, even ſuch as will not only gratify the moſt nice and curious Palate, but what will endear both his Royal Perſon and Family, to every Britiſh Proteſtant that loves either his Religion or Country. Neither can you diſappoint your *Athenian Readers* (of theſe Royal and Court Secrets) for every FRIDAY to the Day of my Death, this Packet of New Diſcoveries ſhall be ſafely convey'd to you by that Truſty Meſſenger that brings this my *Second Packet from St.* James's. I call it ſo, as the Firſt Diſcoveries I ſent to you from this Royal Palace, you both Worded and Methodiz'd exactly according to the Private Directions I ſent you, and moſt properly call'd 'em *Neck or Nothing*.

To conclude *my Packet of Court News* for this Time, Mr. *Dunton* I have often told you whenever our *Blind Countrymen* Received their Sight, which was what I never deſpair'd of, (tho' I ſometimes Fear'd it) 'twou'd not be, till like my *Lord Wh—tons Puppies* they were at *the laſt Gaſp*, if you ask me what I mean by *Lord Wh—tons Puppies* take the PARABLE of 'em in theſe Words, which, I wou'd have you Publiſh in this *Appendix to Neck or Nothing*, to open the Eyes of our Deluded Jacobites. This *Parable of Lord Wh—tons Puppies* is a Story that Lord told *the Late Biſhop of York*, who Meeting one Day in *the Houſe of Lords*, the Biſhop aſked my Lord *for News*, his Lordſhip Anſwered that ſince his Remove from Court he knew none, *Buſying himſelf only in following his Shooting, Hunting, Hawking and ſuch Country Diverſions*, upon which my Lord told the Biſhop *a Story* of a *Fine Hound* he had; he inlarged upon her Perfections, and *his Joy*, when his Dog-keepper brought him Word ſhe had *Pupp'd*, but when the firſt Nine Days were expired *the Dog-keeper* told his Lordſhip *the Puppies*

were

were all Blind, and ask'd leave to drown them, his Lord ordered they ſhould be kept *Nine Days longer Firſt*, in ſhort they were kept Three Times Nine Days, and continuing *ſtill Blind* the Lord gave Leave for Drowning them, when in a little Time the *Dog-keeper* run to carry my Lord Word the *Puppies* had all opened their Eyes ſo (ſays my Lord) then you ſee we did well *to have Patience*, and not deſtroy ſuch fine Creatures too ſoon *Ay!* ſays the fellow but my Lord they did not open their Eyes *till they were Juſt expiring*, which was lately the very Caſe of our *Deluded Jacobites*, and therefore I hope they will now make ſuch an Application of this *Parable* of the *Lord Wr—tons Puppies* to themſelves as may for the Future Open their Eyes, to ſee and Practice their Duty to their Lawful Sovereign King George, and to every Branch of his Illuſtrious Houſe.

Mr. *Dunton*——— (I ſhall only add at preſent) as you are ſo Truly Honeſt as to *Fear no Colours* in the Publiſhing bold Truths, (of which your late Venture of *Neck or Nothing* is a Bright and Undeniable Proof) ſo you ſhall find me as fearleſs in Recording of 'em; and as a Proof of this, the Firſt, WEEKLY-PACKET I ſhall ſend to you (after I have detected the Secret Reigns of *William*, *Mary*, and *Anne*) ſhall contain, *A Private Search into the Families, Cabinets, Miſſes, Politicks, Converſation, and Morals of ſome Great Men at Court.*

Mr. *Dunton*, I ſhall alſo ſend you *A Secret Hiſtory of the* NATURAL CHILDREN *of all the Keeping Cullies* (that are found in the Britiſh Court) and I ſhall introduce this Detection with A Diſtinct Account of the Life and Character, of that truly Ingenious Gentleman, (tho' Notorious Jacobite) Mr. *Richard Savage*, Natural Son to the late Earl *Rivers* by the Counteſs of *Macclesfeild*. In theſe Diſcoveries, I ſhall make ſome Reflections on Mr. *Savage*'s Mad (tho' truly Diverting) POEM, intitled *The Convocation, or the Battle of the Pamplets*, and upon other Frantick Attempts that have ſo greatly diſtinguiſh'd this Firſt Rate Poet from all other Jacobites in *Great-Britain*. I own this Diſcovery of the *Natural Children* will be a *bold Attempt*, but as they are all *ſo Vain and Fooliſh (or rather ſo Wicked)* as *to Boaſt of their Noble Deſcent*. I hope the Setting their *Whoring Progenitors* in a true Light, may reform the Lewd and Adulterous Lives *of ſome great Lords at Court*, and then I'm ſure Mr. *Dunton* won't be afraid to publiſh it, be his Danger never ſo great in making theſe Diſcoveries. However I ſhan't ſcruple to ſay at parting, (I have ſo much regard to his Majeſty's *Honour*, the *Reputation of the preſent Miniſtry*, and *my own Promiſe*, that you ſhou'd be *Nobly Rewarded*, for that Seaſonable Service you did your Country) that I am as much concernd as the *Starving Author of Neck or Nothing*, that his Deſperate and Succeſsful Hazards in Serving the Publick, han't yet pertak'd of that Royal Reward which the whole Nation ſays you deſerve, and I

don't

don't doubt will obtain as ſoon as ever your *Printed Petition* has inform'd the King, how *Early* as well as how *very Succeſsfully* you have diſtinguiſh'd your ſelf in his Service ——— I am in the mean time.

Your Hearty
Friend and
Servant, &c.

THE

State-Weathercocks:

OR,

Some Farther Diſcoveries IN *The Royal Palace*

Being a New Secret Hiſtory of the moſt Diſtinguiſh'd Favourites both of the Late and Preſent Reign, Writ by that *Perſon of Honour*, that ſent to Mr. *John Dunton* all thoſe Jacobite Secrets that Compoſed *Neck or Nothing*, and is now Publiſh'd as a KEY to that *Narrative*, which was at firſt diſperſt throughout all *the Britiſh Dominions* at the utmoſt Hazard of the Author's *Life and Fortune*; and is now explained by this KEY to ſet Mr. *Dunton*'s Early, *Expenſive*, and *deſperate*, *Attempts*, to ſecure the Proteſtant Succeſſion in *the Illuſtrious Houſe of Hannover*; in a better Light, than they have been yet Publiſh'd, either by his Friends or Enemies.

The whole Writ by way of Letter Inſcrib'd to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*.

Adulator Nullus amicus erit —— OVID.

I Had yours Mr. *Dunton*, and Smiled at the deſign of Reprinting a Book the firſt charge of which, as well as Merit of your Hazard and Zeal are *yet Unrewarded*, and very probably Ever will be ſo in this Life, ſince the *Succeſſion* you Risk'd your all to ſecure has now taken Place, and the *Illuſtrious Patriots* whoſe

whoſe Caſe you ſo warmly Eſpouſed, are all (L-d *T-nd*, *Walpole* and a few more of thoſe *fallen Angels* excepted) well Rivited at leaſt for *the Preſent* in the Profitable Poſts, they may I believe (without any Breach of Charity) be ſuppoſed to have Struggled for with the then Miniſtry, as eagerly as you did for *the Proteſtant Religion, and Succeſſion*; but as you comfort your ſelf Page the 5*th*. *Vertue is its own Reward*, and much good may that Reward do you my Friend, yet let me ask how many of your *Patriots* would have been content with that alone, had the King tryed any one of them with that *Airy kind of Recompence*, I very much fear his Majeſty wou'd have found more *W——pe's* then one, in Britain; you may remember that I was one of the *Simple Well meaning Men*, who Paſſionately Lamented that Gentleman's Danger in his *Feaver*, as if all Engliſh Liberties muſt have Expired with him, tho' at the ſame time perhaps I knew ſeveral Perſons, *and even thought my ſelf* as well Qualify'd for, and worthy of the Place he fill'd as e're *a W——pe in the Kingdom*, this indeed is a Secret I never till now truſted you with, notwithſtanding you dealt *ſo Honourably* with me as to thoſe formerly Communicated by me to you, many of which I find ſcattered in your *Neck or Nothing*, ſince then I have ſo good a Title to part of the Eſſay, give me leave to give you my thoughts of *the Matters of Fact* it contains, your performance in whole; upon which if I miſtake not, you Ground *a Great part of your Merit*, both towards the Preſent Government, and Preſent Miniſtry, and laſtly, why *you ought to be Conſider'd by both*.

To begin at your 4*th*. *Page* with the firſt thing propoſed to be conſidered, *viz*. *the Reality, and Uſefulneſs of the Diſcoveries you make*.

Why ſo ſevere upon my Good Lord *Oxford* and *Mortimer*, *Hell* may indeed at Preſent contain many as great Sinners as his Lordſhip, and even him at laſt for all his *Pious Education*, but what has the Gallows to ſay to an *Earl*, there you certainly incurr'd the Crime call'd *Scandalum Magnatum*, and for that Reaſon, I am heartily glad you did not fall into his *Lordſhips Clutches* during his Power, to do *Private*, as well as *Publick* Miſchief, for tho' I know he was at the time of your Writing much employed about *the Peace you Rail ſo Heartily at*, yet I am Perſwaded he would have Spared ſome of his Attention for the Bold Author of *Neck or Nothing*, who was not ſo well Secured from the Gallows as my Lord had taken Proper Meaſures to make himſelf for *Reaſons as Obvious, as thoſe for the Peace*; which thanks to *Heaven*, and *King George* does not at all Anſwer the Ends either of its Contrivers, or Admirers, it has now loſt it's *Teeth, Sting, and Claws*, and is not ſo Formidable as when Lady *Maſſam* and her Friend *Dr. Swift*, beheld it from the Leads at St. *James's*, *Lewis le Grand* is no more, His Friends in the *Miniſtry* Diſcarded, and for all the Sieur *Tughe's* Whining Memorial

morial *Mardyke* and *Dunkirk* are demoliſh'd, nay what Crowns the reſt, the *Pretender* is remov'd from *Lorrain* beyond the *Alps*, ſo that the Peace in good Hands, is become a good Peace, and as 'tis a ſafe, Peace ſo may be a laſting one for all your *Predictions*, ſo be it ſay I, for tho' I am a great Friend to Military Men, yet I hope we ſhall never need their Service againſt *France*, the French are our Neighbours, and I am for Living Peacefully with Neighbours whilſt they do not Juſtly provoke us to do otherwiſe, but ſhould the King who is as an *Angel of God* to diſcern between Good and Evil, think a War neceſſary whether with *France* or any other Potentate, my Concurrence both for it's commencement, and Support, ſhall not be wanting to his Majeſty in *the Houſe of Commons*, ſo long as I have the Honour *to be a Member of that Auguſt Aſſembly.*

Excuſe me Sr. if I can't agree with your *5th. Page* that Lord *Oxford ventured as you expreſs it his Neck for the bare Pleaſure of Ruining his Country*, how could he have found his Account in that, methinks you have given a much more probable Reaſon in *other parts of your Book* for his Labours, have you not mentioned *Diamonds Luidores*, &c. and do you think my Lord of *Oxford* who is eſteemed a Wiſe Man according to this World, and had been too Poor a one a little before that Peace, was produced, not to know *the Comforts, and Convenience of Money*, would ſuffer his Coleague, *Lew'd, Drunken, Harry* to Run away with all the Profit of his Ventures, aſſure your ſelf his Lordſhip is no ſuch *Generous, Diſintereſted Man* as you make him, he had no doubt his Share of the *Luidores* you talk of; do you Imagine the Britiſh Treaſure ſufficient to content his *Avarice*, and to pay all the Pains he took in the Service of *France*, and the *Pretender*, he might, and did, no Queſtion take that into the Bargain, but Pardon me, if I do not Believe he *Spared the French* Treaſure, you ſee how Serviceable *the vaſt Wealth* he Amaſſed in his *Four Years Adminiſtration* was to him in a late Emergency, had he been ſo indifferent to Profit as you make him, might not that *Long Head*, Humanly Speaking, have kept Collonel *Ox——gh's* Company, had you my Friend Played his Lordſhip's part in the Peace; I mean in *the Contriving it*, and had Omitted his Prudentials in the Selling part, I Fancy there had been no debate whether you ſhould be Tryed for *High Crimes and Miſdemeanors*; or *High Treaſon* all who were not Equally guilty would as 'twas expected, have given into the latter, and I am Sorry to add the contrary in his Lordſhips Caſe has given a Dangerous Encouragement to *Great Criminals*, for not all the Parliaments upon Earth, or Stratagems either, will ever be able, to make my *Lord of Oxford* paſs for other than a Publick Enemy in the Opinions of Honeſt Men, nor *Acquit thoſe that Acquitted him* from ſharing if not all, yet a very *Black part of his Character*, the Man that ſells his Country's Good Opinion, by Bubbling them in their Juſt Expectations for 40000 l. will find in the Concluſion, he has made

made a Bad Bargain, and perhaps the World knows who that Man is, that has done ſo in the Preſent Caſe, after this I think one may Venture to Affirm, that had your *Friend Harry* been Four Years *Primier Miniſter*, and made as Profitable a Hand of the Matter, he need not have Fled from Juſtice; but have *Stared her, as Impudently in the Face* as his Fellow Criminal did, might he not have been as ſafe at *London*, as at *Paris*, for there never wants a Saviour in *Britain* (for all the Terrible Things called *Secret Committees*, Parliamentary Enquiries, Impeachments of Commons, and Judgment of Peers) Provided the *Delinquents Purſe* can Anſwer Demands, the Knowledge of this Truth Probably keeps your Friend on the other ſide the Water, for ſhould he return with his New Acquiſitions of *P—x* and *Politicks*, tho' theſe like all *French* Things are very acceptable here, yet without *the Luidores* you talk of, he would be in Danger, I will conclude my Remarks on this Page with this Secret, that if nothing as you aver can Proſper that is done by Corrupt Miniſters of State, the Lord have Mercy upon all the Kingdoms of this World, ſince none of them are Officer'd by *Angels*, but all as well as *Britain* by Failable Mortals, 'tis my Humble Opinion which I Submit to *your better Judgment*, that were all the Miniſters ſince *Nimrod* (our own Preſent one excepted) *put into a Bag*, and Jumbled as Soundly as *Diogenes* did his *Tub*, one could not after all that Pains draw out of the whole Number, *One Miniſter of State* perfectly Free from the Corruptions of *Pride*, *Ambition*, *Envy* and *Avarice*, theſe Vices are too; too Incident to the being of a Man, but ſeem *the very Eſſentials of a Miniſter of State*, Strange that the Air of a Court, ſhould be thus Infectious, obſerve but the Behaviour of a Great Man, *the Haughty Air*, *the Supercillious look*, *the Mageſterial Tone*, and I had almoſt ſaid Inſolent Language uſed to *the Humble Addreſſor*, as if *the Dignifyed Thing* were a different ſpecies of being, when perhaps the only real difference, beſides the Place and Title, is in *the good Senſe, and good Manners of the Man*, in both which the Addreſſor (as we ſee in the Inſtance of Mr. *Dunton*) may often have the Advantage of *my Lord*.

I believe you are turned *Prophet* in your *6th——page*, for the Miniſtry ſeem by their Delay to *refer you to the other World for your reward*, your Favourite Mr. *Ridpath* not willing to be ſo Poſtponed, has wiſely or Luckily (after long waiting for a Reward for his Publick Services) ſecured part of his here, ſo has Mr. *Hurt* but why this Difference in your Fortunes, if Mr. *Hurt's* Silence merited 1000 l. do you deſerve Nothing for Speaking our Dangers ſo plainly, when the other Whigs durſt hardly *Think at Lord Oxford*, or if they did, durſt Scarce *Whiſper*, their Suſpicions for Dread of his *Political Lyons* who were wandring in Shoals up and down, our Earth Seeking like their Patern *Satan, whom they might devour*, ſince you knew ſo Early (whether *by Intuition*, or otherwiſe you can

best say) the Vices of the Whigs, viz. *Avarice, and Ingratitude*, you were wrong to ingage *so Expensively in their Quarrel*, you might like most of them have sat by at least a Saver, and seen how Providence would have Worked for the *British* World, that has *more than once been saved by Miracle*; were I not well assured 'twas the Cause of *Religion, Liberty*, and their only Humane Support the *Succession of the Glorious House of Hannover*, that Worked up your Zeal to that Expensive, and Dangerous Degree, I shou'd instead of Commending, highly blame it; and as I now give this *Publick Testimony to your Vertue*, so I must Pay this acknowledgment to our *Dissenting Brethren*, that tho' they did not Pay to *the Gambols* of those times, I mean *the Processions*, they did us, a much more real Service in Praying for *the Peace of our Jerusalem*, and that they were Graciously hear'd when they did so, *their own, and our Opportune Deliverance*, I think shews to a Demonstration; I doubt not but the Wiser and better Part of our Church Privately Joyned in that Request, but I may Venture to Affirm *the Dissenters were the only Persons that Publickly Professed their Dependance for relief* was wholly fixed upon God, one may divide the several endeavours of that time *to secure us the Blessings which we now enjoy*, into the Three following *Classes, the Praying Class, the Scribling Class, and the Playing one*, in the Two first of which, *viz.* the first and Second best, I find Mr. *Dunton*, the last our *Men of Figure* have entirely to themselves, no Man I Fancy will dispute their Title to it, tho' most *Disallow the Merit* they Place in it, the Greatness of an Estate or Title Justly gives the Possessor the Precedency in some Things of a Less Man; but why it should give their *very Diversions* the Preference of other Mens *Substantial Merits*, I do not understand, unless Twenty Guineas thrown away by a Duke in *Rigging out a Pope, a Pretender, &c.* to make himself and the Mobb Merry, can be prov'd a more real Service to his Country, then 500 l. or a Thousand Pounds, expended by a less dignify'd Man, and that to at the Hazard of Life in detecting, and Exposing it's Enemies, and yet this shou'd be some Satisfaction to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, that he is not the only Person that has been ungratefully Treated for his Distinguish'd Loyalty to the House of *Hannover*: For you see (Mr. *Dunton*) our Pretended Court Whigs are no sooner *put out of Humour* (by being deny'd those *Unreasonable things* they ask of the KING) but presently these *Weathercock-Statesmen* are found Voting in *both Houses of Parliament*, against his Majesties Faithful Friends, those *Protestant Dissenters* they (*Uncharitably*, and I was going to say *Ignorantly*) call SCHISMATICKS tho' they know how Greatly these Scrupulous Christians (or REAL ANTI-

SCHIS-

SCHISMATICKS (a) have *Diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in his Majeſties Service*, and during the late *Rebellion* were all Loyal to a Man, which is more than any Tory can ſay (with Truth) *of Some Thouſands* of our High-Churchmen, that Boaſt ſo much of their *Paſſive Obedience*, and *Great Loyalty* to Crown'd Heads.

Your 15*th.* Page tells us very good News, *viz.* that we had many *Court Whigs* of *Conſtant and Revolution Principles*, can you Confirm this now in the Senſe you then were underſtood, we have 'tis confeſſed too many that are *fond of Revolutions*, but not Proteſtant ones I fear, and where are your Men of Conſtant Principles unleſs you mean't only *conſtant to their own Profit*, WEALTH, and HONOURS for theſe are you ſee *the Great Diana of our Epheſus*, Baulk but a Patriot in thoſe under Points, you ſhall find him *a meer Demetrius*, he ſhall like Mr. *W—pe* call together *the Men of like Occupations*, and remind them by what *Craft* they have had their Wealth, nay it ſhall not be his fault if *the uproar* be not too great even for the *Supreme Magiſtrate* to ſtill, look over *the Liſt of Worthys* you give us in *this Page* and ſee if the Parallel I have drawn, be not *too Applicable* to ſome of them, and then Blot at leaſt *One Name* out of the Number ſince he himſelf has taken Care *not to Suffer his Country to be longer Miſtaken in him*, I acknowledge ſuch Patriots as you deſcribe yours to be (*Miſtaken Honeſt Man*) that is ſuch as are always, and in all Events the ſame, that prefer the Proteſtant *Religion, and the Liberties* of their Country, above *Riches and Power*, are worthy the Praiſes you beſtow on them, but point us out the Men *by Name*, that I, and their fellow Subjects may *Honour them* as they deſerve.

Your 19*th. Page* Surprizes me, how come you ſo long before the *Secret Committe* ſat, to know the Meaſures taken by *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke*, how came you that *were not in the Secret*, to find out that they were ſo Embaraſſed with their Peace, as that they could neither go *Backward, nor Forward with Safety*, I can't Gueſs where you had this Important Intelligence, not I believe from *Prior* or *Harly*, the Firſt *would tell nothing*, and the other *could tell nothing*, even when upon Oath to Speak his Knowledge, the *Poor Creatures* Memory being Short, for my Part tho' I was *then*, as *now, a Member of the Houſe of Commons*, I ſaw nothing of this good News till the Report of the *Secret Committe* informed me on the contrary, I often, *Regreted* to ſee all things as I thought, go on to the Wiſh of a *Guilty Miniſtry*.

(a) I Call them ſo, as 'twas never yet Decided on which ſide the *Schiſm lyes*, whether on *the Churchmen's Side*, that Impoſe ſuch Hard Terms of Church-Communion, that *Conſcientious Diſſenters* dare not Comply with, or on the *Diſſenter's* Side, for not Complying with what they think unlawful.

I Acquiesce with your 48*th Page* that *Princes must too often, if not always see with the Eyes of their Ministers*, tho' that at Present is no great Blessing to you; I do not say the Late Queen was in *the Secret of Hers*, either as to their *Peace*, *Designed Successor*, *or Demolition of Dunkirk*; but tho' I pretend as little to *Omniscience* as that Princess, yet I was well Aprized of Her *Ministers Views*, perhaps 'twas because I was no Monarch, but only an *Humble Representative of the People*, tho' many of those by the by, did not See too Far into a Millstone.

We are all the *Dappe's* of *France*, or some Party at Home, are you not a Proof of this with all *your Sagacity*, unless you will say your Zeal for *the Protestant Religion*, *Succession*, *and English Liberties*, run away with Your Good Understanding, and made you at *the Expence of Fortune*, *and Hazard of Life*, the Tool of One Party, and Aversion of the other, for the GLORIOUS REWARD of Starving in a Good Cause, but what *Whig* ever did, or will Copy your Example, Sr. *Richard Steel* laid down Good Employments to Serve his Country in *the House of Commons*, but 'twas after he had got *a Good Estate* with his Spouse to Support him, he Wrote well, and your Friend *Ridpath* not ill, both got Money by the Bargain, they Wrote themselves into Bread, *you Wrote*, *Printed*, *and Publish'd your self out on't*, Pray who made the Wiser choise, I could Name a Better Writer, (I won't Say a Better Patriot) then any of you, who by the help of a *Monysyllable* or too, some lucky Poems and a well Timed *Play*, made Himself a *S--ry of S--te*, the Play alone Deserved that Reward, since *the Salary*, would hardly Pay the Expence of Time bestowed in Writing it, *I had my self seen some Acts of it*, *Ten Years before it's Appearance upon the Stage*, and Understood that at my first Seeing it, 'twas of a Pretty Good Age, the Gentleman might have *Played over Cato's Whole Life*, as well as the Siege of *Utica* in less Time then he was Writing of them, Unless *the Sieges* of those Days were of longer Duration, than those of our Age made by that *Martial Genius* of our Isle, *the always Victorious Duke of Marlborough*, but how Fortunate was the Man (to Return to Mr. *A*————) that could make his *Hero* the Darling of *the Differing Parties* that then Divided the *British World*, all these Gentlemen must be owned to have *well deserved of their Generation*, and to have been all as well recompensed by it, but what comes of *your Merits* Mr. *Dunton*, why must *Vertue be to you only it's own Reward*?

May not one without being Taxed with *Factious Constructions* say as you do *Page the* 54*th*, yet a little Time has shew'd if not all, yet many Men in *a Truer Light* then they were in, when you Wrote your *Fam'd Neck or Nothing*, what has some of the then Ministry those Dear Friends to *the House of Hannover*, *Lord Marr*, *Lord Bolingbroke*, and his Grace of *Ormond* Since Appear'd, Nay what has some of your Patriots shew'd themselves to be, I do not say

my

my Lord T——*nd*, or Mr. *W*——*pe*, tho' it is confeſſed, theſe have taken *ſome Extraordinary Steps*, but they are no doubt to ſerve the Proteſtant Succeſſion, our *Weak Capacity's* may not fit us to diſcern, how they can do their Duty in that Point by *the Meaſures they have taken*; but however let us Hope all their Actions tend to that End, that we may Avoid a Breach of that Charity St. Paul ſays, *thinketh no Evil*, as well as the Confuſion of being Miſtaken in Two of our *Patriots*.

Tho' I have not ſeen *the Secret Hiſtory* you Speak of, yet I believe it, like all *Secret Hiſtories*, a Heap of Scandals, the Memory of that Glorious Princeſs *Queen Elizabeth*, will ever as it Juſtly deſerves, be dear to all Britiſh Proteſtants, as 'tis under God to Her Wiſe Conduct, we Owe *the Eſtabliſhment of the Reformation in theſe Iſlands*, and by it, the Bleſſing of the Preſent Reign.

Page the 55*th*. *S*——*n*, was not the only Perſon that went to *Bar le Duc*, tho' every one had not *the State of a Tatt* to attend them, his Errand was no doubt to Perſwade *the Pretender* to remove farther from our Neighbourhood, neither *the Queen*, or *Her Miniſte s*, would have elſe Complemented the Man with ſuch a Conveyance, that would have given *the Nation*, as well as *the Houſe of Hannover* too great a Jealouſy in the Article of *the Proteſtant Succeſſion*, which was too tender a Point to be thus Openly Attacked, and *the Whigs* muſt have had as little Spirit, as you elſewhere make them, to Suffer the Man that went to it's *Known Enemy* in that Pompous manner, to eſcape a *de-witting* had he gone on any other Account then to Perſwade his Removal; 'tis a Vertue Peculiar to the Whigg's in all Caſes, *to keep cloſe to the Laws* of their Country, but in this Caſe it would hardly have been a Vertue, I am as little Fond of *Sanguinary Meaſures* as any Man in *England*, yet I muſt take the Liberty to ſay, had ſome things of that Nature been better purſued, or not ſo many Laws Evaded to ſave *State Delinquents*, our Country had been ſafer, as well as quieter, 'tis too great an Encouragement to Men to do *Publick Miſchiefs*, when they may if Rich, do them with Impunity to every thing but *their Purſes*; the Inſtance of this is ſo Notorious that I need not Point it out to you, however ſince you ſay the Queen had a Hand in *S*——*n's Journey*, I muſt believe 'twas not deſigned to Defeat the Proteſtant Succeſſion.

I am almoſt Tempted to paſs over one Paragraph of this Page in Silence, tho' full of *the moſt Wonderfull Diſcoveries in your Whole Book*, becauſe as I was neither *a Spy* in the French Cabinet, nor any Way concerned in *the Grant* you mention, I am no Proper Judge of *the Matters of Fact*, 'tis true no part of them has been yet Diſprov'd, and the Reconciliation you ſpeak of, gives *the tendereſt Part of the Paragraph too great an Air of Probability*, however I am content to wait the Diſcoveries of the laſt Day for the Confirmation of what you ſay about *Dunkirk*, and *the Letter*, *when the*

Dead

Dead are at reſt, let their Memory reſt ſays the Wiſe Son of *Sirach*, but to do Juſtice to the Living I muſt own, 'tis not the firſt time the Perſons I Gueſs you mean, have ſhewed themſelves *every way worthy of the Favour they Poſſeſſed*, till an Ungrateful *Woman*, and Wicked *Man* Diſplaced them to the Kingdoms Loſs; the Reſt as the *Good Biſhop of Ely*, ſays in his Excellent *Preface*, — *I leave our Enemies to tell*, — tho' Thanks to Heaven they can't now Speak their Knowledge with that Pleaſure, they did ſome Years ago; the Kingdom as well as their Graces are now *Triumphant over their Adverſaries*, and 'tis their Grace's Honour that the Enemies of the Kingdom were all that were ſo to them.

Your next Page, (and for the Sake of which I Believe the whole *daring Eſſay* was Written) is now a known Truth, 'twas the Publication of that, *Firſt dubbed you a Madman*, but we muſt remember to their Honour, *the Iriſh Parliament* was too careful of their Countries Safety, to let *ſo uſeful a hint paſs unheeded*; their more Clear diſcovery of that Matter as it brought *ſome of the Offenders to Juſtice*, took off the Aſpertions thrown upon you, for *this Service* alone your Country Owes you ſo much, that *I am ſometimes Perſwaded 'tis the Impoſſibility of Paying your worth to the full* keeps you ſtill Unrewarded; *Paorer Merit* as I've ſhewed you, has been fully, if not over Payed, yours only is paſſed by without regard, at leaſt *without Reward* hithertoo, however the Omiſſion is no way Chargeable upon our Grateful Monarch, who by what he has done for Leſs Friends (as well as by the Preſent of *a Gold Medal* to you) has fully ſhewed not only that he is *a Religious obſerver of his Promiſe never to forget, thoſe that have Diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in his Service*; but likewiſe what he would farther do for you, were he *informed of your Services towards your Country, himſelf, and Royal Family*; as I hinted before the fault (for ſo the whole Kingdom calls it) lyes elſewhere, the Proteſtant Succeſſion (which Secures *ſome Mens Honours, and Eſtates*, and I am affraid was only for that end deſired by them, but you know ſelf preſervation is the firſt Article of Natural Religion,) has now Bleſſed be God *taken Place*, and the Proteſtant Miniſtry are in Peaceable Poſſeſſion (at leaſt for the preſent) of *the Profitable Poſts each deſired*, ſince no One of them can fill all the Employments in the Kingdom, ſo 'tis *no matter what becomes of the Man that can be no farther Serviceable to theſe ends*, can you convince any great Man, that you can *do him miſchief*, if you can never doubt a Reward, *his Majeſty* ſhall be immediately told how well you have deſerved, and *Something conſiderable Shall be done for Mordicai*, but Unleſs you are Qualified as aforeſaid for *a Place*, or *Penſion*, never expect either; *the King* as he is now ſhall always be *a Stranger to your Merits* towards him, or if you could by any *Lucky Accident*, lay your *Self* and *Caſe*, at his Royal Feet, 'twould be to no Purpoſe, his Majeſty who does not lay Claim to *Omniſcience*, ſhall ſtill ſee your Merits thro' the

Opticks

Opticks, of those resolved to keep *all worth, but their own Concealed from him*, that they may Monopolize the *Monarchs Favour, and Bounty.*

Had you not afforded those Tools of a Party *Sacheverel*, and *the Pretender* a place in your 56*th*, *Page*, I should not have thought either worth Naming at this time of Day, *the Short Lived hopes of both* are now all Wise Mens Scorn, a *Crown*, and a *Bishoprick* you see have temptations that some Men will *Venture their all for*, the greatest wonder to me is, that those who could have neither in View for themselves, should Venture *their Lives for other Mens Preferments*, tho' 'tis Probable such might Think, *Fishing in Troubled Waters* the Road to that Wealth, and Honour they knew not otherwise how to deserve, this way only we can Account for the *Madness, and Folly of the late Rebellion*, for such I think we may call it in it's self, without the Danger of being accused to Judge of it only by its Event, and I am sure none but *Professed Papists could Pretend any thing*, like Conscience in that Article so leaving them to their Strong Delusions, that can believe Dr. *Sacheverel* a Friend to the Protestant Church of *England*, or that the *Chavelier St. George* can be Rightful Monarch of these Kingdoms Even by their own *Hereditary Cant*, I pass on to the *rest of your Book*, in which I meet with nothing Considerable (except *the Courage, and Honesty* of the Writer, which Shines in every part on't) till I come to the 59*th. Page*, where one may see *the force of Truth*, that *D—nt* who vended in his *Weekly Packet* such Multitudes of Lyes, for a Poor Profit by the Paper, and perhaps some as Poor Encouragement from *his Patron*, yet is forced in your Quotation to *Commend the Beauty of what he Wrote in direct Contradiction to.*

I think I have by this time gone through all the *Pages* of your Book, where *any thing Material* has occur'd I have taken Notice of it, and Consequently have acquitted my self fully in that part of my promise *Relating to the truth, and usefulness of the Matters of Fact*, to which I shall only add, their, never having been disproved in my Judgment *Sufficiently confirms their Truth*, and for *the usefulness of your Discoveries* 'twill be enough to say as you elsewhere do in *defence of your Style* 'that since *the chusing so considerable a Branch* 'of our *Legislators is Lodged in the Hands of the Populace*, 'tis cer-'tainly *necessary they be enabled to Distinguish*, Friends from Enemies.

I shall be *more short* in what Remains to be considered for the full discharge of my promise, viz. *Your Performance and why you should be rewarded.*

For the First of these, tho' I cannot commend *the Politeness of your Style*, I must the honesty, and own the Necessity of it's plainness, you Wrote for the information of those who *Collect nothing by Inuendo's*, but must be plainly dealt with, otherwise so *free a Treatment of Great Men were incxcusable* both in Interest, and good Manners, when Providence, and a Prince has raised Men *above Porters*, they

ought

ought not to be Treated as such, *However Unworthy their High Stations*, they may seem to us, or really are in themselves, *I never understood either sincerity, or Freedom of Speech within Doors, or without, to consist in Rudeness*, and as I should not like to be so roughly Handled my self, can by no means Approve it in another, Believe me *my Friend*, no Cause is served by Railing if it could, *the Tory Cause* must have prevailed, that had *Abel* and *the Examiner* on it's side both so well Gifted in *Billingsgate*, and therefore since *there is now no necessity of your plain dealing*, discard it as an *unnecessary Luxuriance of your Zeal for the Protestant Succession*, which often transports you Beyond all Bounds, this *Wholesome Advice* should have ended this Article, if upon the Running over your Book, I had not observed how Pritily you there Turn *the Tables* upon your Jacobite Enemies, they had as I said elsewhere, called you *a Mad Man*, thereby to invalidate your Evidence in the Article of *Commissions sent for Ireland*, to raise Forces for the Pretender, 'twas therefore Wisely Managed to make *your very Accusations* Contribute to Skreen you from their Revenge; for had you been taken, *as 'twas long Endeavoured*, I do not see how any Ministry could Punish things Written by a Man that *they themselves Proclaimed a Lunatick*; I will not therefore now Blame that want of Method in your Writings, which I then for *so good a Reason approved*, and which must ever be Owned, Highly Ingenious, as well as Prudent, however that *want of Order in your Essay*, makes it something difficult to Remark on't, and since there is not so good a Reason for *my want of Method*, 'twill not be altogether so Beautious in *my Scribble*.

I now hasten to the last thing proposed to be Considered, why *you should be Rewarded*, but this I find so fully done by *the Author of Mordecai's Memoriall*, that if I Wrote for Publick View, I should refer my Gentle Readers to that Book for Satisfaction upon this Head, and I believe their needs *little Argument to convince you for whose Sole Edification I Write*, that you deserve, as much, as need a Reward, if near *a Thousand Pounds* Expended in your King, and Countries Service, in defence of *Religion, and Liberty*, (the very Soul of an Englishman,) and that too at the Hazard of Life deserves a Reward, (as I think it has ever been allowed to do) then Mr. *Dunton* Merits a Noble one, this is confessed by all the Real Friends to the present Government, and all that would be thought so, Except *a few Men that are above Seeing any Merit but their own*.

After all, tho' both the Services, and Book, were Beautiful in their Season, yet I can by no Means Encourage *your Reprinting it*; the Government for whose Service 'twas Written, have not yet recompensed the *first charge*, what can then Invite the Reprinting of it, when tho' the Hazard will be less, *the Expence will be prity near the same*, you say *a call for the Book requires it*, but Unless that call

call will at leaſt anſwer your Charge, I am for letting the deſign Sleep as long as *the Miniſtry have done*, they do not now want you, but had you taken my Advice ſome Years ago, inſtead of that of *Two Deceaſed Lords*, and have let *the Potſherds of the Earth, ſtrive with the Potſherds of the Earth* for the Places, and Profits each Struggled for, without ingaging ſo Ruinouſly in the diſpute, you had not now (*my good Frend*) needed the Miniſtry's Recommendation but might have——— as much as the reſt of the World does, *ſome of them may e're long want me*, and I ſhall be ſure to acknowledge their *Juſtice, and Candour* to you, the good Offices they have done you, will doubtleſs ingage you to uſe all your Intereſt for their Service, for *I know you love to be grateful*, if any of them (like Mr. *W——pe*) ask who I am, tell them if you pleaſe *I am what ſome others are not, that is an Honeſt diſintereſted Man, keep my Word, and do to all my Fellow Subjects as I would be done to my ſelf*; in the ſame Circumſtance, tell them farther that *I need neither Place, nor Penſion*, but can, and do, ſerve my King and Country in my Station, without deſireing to be Paid for doing my Duty.

If 'twould be any Conſolation to have Partners in your Misfortune, I mean *that part of being ſtill neglected*, I could name you ſeveral, but for Brevity ſake ſhall mention only one, *viz.* Mr. *T--nd* no Pamphet Written for the Proteſtant cauſe in my Opinion came up to his *Dunkirk* and *Dover*, or his Piety and Probity of *General Monck*, yet it is plain the Author is forgot, why elſe is *Politicks* laid aſide, and the Gentleman forced as far as *Turkey* upon the Hunt for a New Goſpel, out of which when his own and the *Mahometan Additions* are expunged, 'tis probable there may be little of *the Apoſtle* but the Name. I may one time or other give you *a Liſt of all the Men and Merits that have been Rewarded* in our time, from Tory *M———ate* to his Excellency, that made him a *C———r* of the *I——ſh R———ve*, and likewiſe of *the Men* and *Merits* that have been (like your own) overlooked for want of the *L'Argent*.

I would Conclude this overgrown Letter with this Obſervation, that *Miniſters of State, like Drydens Miniſters of the Goſpel, are of all Religions, and Parties the ſame*, but that I think 'tis neceſſary towards ſhewing my Charity, to remind you that theſe however *Elevated above us* in ſome reſpects, are ſtill *but Men*, and Men of like Frailties, and Paſſions with their *little Neighbours*, there is no Poſt in *Britain*, whatever may be Pretended to at *Rome*, that Confers *Infallability* upon it's Poſſeſſor; and therefore in Reſpect to the Prince that employs them; (for you know *Love me, and Love my———*) let us cover their Human Infirmities with that Mantle which only can cover a Multitude of Faults, our own *Preſent Miniſtry* are Mr. *Dunton*, always to be underſtood as an Exception to whatever is ſaid, of *things done amiſs by Miniſters of*

State, they are Spotleſs Patriots *&c.* you have *more than once Proclaimed them ſo*, and I allow your Judgment as Infallible in that Caſe as the Succeſſor of St. *Peter*, but I muſt own I ſhall be more fully Convinced of their *Spotleſs Juſtice* when you are rewarded, there lies the chief Argument of my diſtruſt: Has not a *Certain Great Man* amongſt them, promiſed Two Years ago to lay your *Caſe* before the King, and not yet performed it, has not another IMPUDENTLY ſent you Word, that *you ſhall never be Rewarded* if he can hinder it: (For your being ſo *truly Honeſt* to detect the *Avarice* and *Ingratitude* of ſome Pretended Whigs *now in the Miniſtry*,) and I dare Sware you may believe his Lordſhip, for *Children and F———lls you know Generally ſpeak Truth*, would *King George* give the ſame Liberty to his Subjects, that *the King of Kings* does to all his Creatures, *viz.* that of *making their Requeſts known to his Majeſty*, I am apt to believe his Miniſters would have *thinner Levees and Lighter* ——— Happy the time when all Subjects might Freely Attack the Royal Ear with, *Help O King*, were that part too of *the Golden Age* Reviv'd in the Preſent Reign, I might then Speedily *Congratulate your Deliverance from Poverty, Debt and Danger*, as we have often *done the Kingdoms from Popery, Slavery, and Arbitrary Power*, the former Terrours of you my Friend and alſo of,

Your Faithful

Humble Servant.

The Court-Spy:

OR,

A Detection of *ſeveral Jacobite Plots* in *Southwark*, (and other Parts of the Kingdom) to Reſtore the Pretender, as 'twas ſent *in a Letter* to Dr. *Burnet* Late Biſhop of *Salisbury*, and afterwards Publiſh'd by Mr. *John Dunton* (Author of *Neck or Nothing*,) at the utmoſt Hazard of his Life.

Flectere ſi nequeo ſuperos, Acheronta movebo——— VIRG.

ONE of the eſſential things in a *Court-Spy*, is to have good Intelligence from the Enemies Quarters, *What his Numbers are, what his Deſigns, what his Hopes or Fears, and what his Incumbrances*,

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a thing not eaſily to be learn'd, nor without great Expence (as the Duke of *Marlborough* experienc'd for many Campaigns) and beſides this, a *Court-Spy*, ought to be a Perſon of try'd Fidelity, of undaunted Reſolution of great Loyalty and of no mean parts; nor is *the Detection of ſecret, odd, and uncommon Tranſactions in Church and State*, a Buſineſs for one Man alone to go through with, and therefore the *Court-Spy* is uſually forc'd to take in many *Spies* to his Aſſiſtance, nor are Men of ordinary Parts (as I hinted before) fit for *Court-Spies*; *the Art of carrying Two Faces under one Hood*, and converſing as a Friend with them, whom as an Enemy he ſtudies to ruin; of Corrupting others to betray their Truſt, and to tread with him; the ſame Paths of Danger for Advantage (when Diſcovery brings certain Death, and no leſs certain Shame) asks a *practis'd Machivilian* verſt in all kinds of Subtilties and Guiles: That theſe Arts are honeſt in our *Court-Spy*, is more than I dare affirm, yet that they are neceſſary in Time of War (or whilſt the *Pretender* lives) is what moſt Men aver, and will more fully appear by the following Diſcoveries. Which I entitle,

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The COURT-SPY.

GIving *Firſt* a Narrative of ſeveral *Treaſonable Words, and Practices*, reſpecting the **Pretender**, as 'twas ſent to the Lord Biſhop of —— by Mr. *W*—— *C*—— a Diſſenting Miniſter, living in *Shadwell*, and is ready to be atteſted upon Oath, (by the Perſon that makes the Diſcovery) before Her Majeſty's Principal Secretary of State, upon the Aſſurance of ſuch Protection and Encouragement as is abſolutely neceſſary in ſuch a Caſe.

The Miniſters Letter to the Biſhop.

My Lord, *March* 4th, 17$\frac{12}{13}$.

OF late there is a Secret communicated unto me, the which ever ſince hath layn with Weight upon my Spirits, ſuppoſing ſome *Horrid Deſign on Foot*, which neceſſitates me to make a Diſcovery, and that to your Lordſhip, whoſe *eminent Zeal for the Proteſtant Intereſt* in this Kingdom is well known.

The Caſe is this A Young Woman aged about 22, living in *Southwark*, gives as *a Secret* this following Relation. She ſays ſhe is compell'd by her ——— (being a rank Papiſt) to go to ſeveral Maſs Houſes, twice or thrice a Week (to he catechized and taught their deſtructive Principles) but more particularly to one in——— where ſeveral Hundreds reſort, many of which are *diſguiſed*, there are ſuch (ſhe ſays) that *we little dream of*, where the Queen is abuſed and called *Uſurper* and the Pretender call'd the *Lawful Heir*. She

ſays, the other day they were very poſſitive that the *Pretender* was coming over with the *French Ambaſſadour*, and that he would certainly ſit on the Throne; and that now they are *very pleaſant, and exceeding buſy about ſomething, ſhe knows not what.* She cries, wrings her Hands, and prays to be delivered from them, and yet durſt not make this publick for Fear of her Life, for her ——— threatens, that if *ſhe turn Hereeick, ſhe will be her Butcher*, and tho' ſhe be hang'd for the ſame, ſhe ſhall be a Gainer by that *meritorious Act.* So that if there be a full and particular Account given, of their *Houſes, Prieſts, Auditors, and their Intriegues*, her Perſon muſt be ſecured; the which I hope your Lordſhip will be concern'd about, which may happily prevent *ſome ſudden and unexpected Stroke*, the which is left to your Lordſhip's Sagacity. *I am your Lordſhips.*

Moſt obedient Servant,

W. C.

The Reaſon why I have not ſubſcribed my *Name* at Large is, becauſe I apprehend the expoſing of it, may be dangerous to my Perſon, I having been already aſſaulted; but if your Lordſhip pleaſes to ſend for Mr. *John Dunton* at ———, he knows my Hand and will ſend to me, when your Lordſhip pleaſes to command it.

Some Farther Diſcoveries made by the Court-Spy.

Reader, The Searching throughly into this Narrative, of the Treaſonable Words and Practices of the Popiſh Clubs, ſeems a Buſineſs too unweildy for the *Raſhneſs* of Haſt, it requires the ſlow Advances of working Engines, and a temperate Detection, that its pure unmingled *Malice* and *Treaſon*, may be drawn out with Leiſure and Obſervation, that ſo *Her Majeſty, the Electour of Hannover, and the whole Proteſtant World*, may have a calm and judicious View of *the whole Anatomy of its Diſcovery*, which was firſt owing to the following Letter (ſent to me by Mr. *W*——C——— a *Diſſenting Miniſter* living in *Shadwell*) in theſe Words.

Mr. *Dunton* Shadwell, *Feb.* 9th. 17$\frac{15}{16}$.

I have ſomewhat of Moment to communicate to you, and therefore ſhou'd be glad to ſee you as ſoon as poſſible, I am in the mean Time, Your real Friend and Servant,

W. C.

Waiting upon Mr. C———, I found the *Secret* he had to communicate to me was, *The treaſonable Words and Practices reſpecting the Pretender*, that had been diſcover'd to him by Mrs. *A*—— (a Perſon of undoubted Credit). Mr. C——— asking my Thoughts, how

how he ſhou'd proceed in the making theſe Diſcoveries, I told him, that all the World knew that the Lord Biſhop of *S*——, was a Prelate of *known Loyalty to her Majeſties Perſon and Government*, and therefore was the fitteſt Man I cou'd name, to whom he ought to communicate *thoſe treaſonable Words and Practices* that Mrs. *A*—— had diſcover'd to him; Mr. *C*—— being of the ſame Opinion with me, as to the *Biſhop's Character*, he writ a Letter to his Lordſhip, in which he inſerted the *Foregoing Narrative*, upon the Receit whereof his Lordſhip did me the *Honour* to ſend for me, and I waited upon him at the Place and Time he appointed; My Lord Biſhop, finding I knew the *Diſſenting Miniſter's* Hand, that had writ to him, and that I had been Inform'd of what Diſcoveries he had made to his Lordſhip, My Lord order'd me to acquaint Mr. *C*—— (by the Penny-Poſt) that he wou'd ſpeak with him the next Day; but judging the Buſineſs requir'd Haſt, and that the Miſcarriage of my Letter might have been of Fatal Conſequence, not only *to the Nation in general, but to the Young Woman that had made the Diſcovery*; I told his Lordſhip I'd Wait on Mr. *C*—— that Night my ſelf, which I accordingly did; and next Day Mr. *C*—— (and my ſelf) waited upon the Biſhop, when he gave his Lordſhip the ſame Account of *thoſe Treaſonable Words and Practices* he had before diſcover'd by Letter; upon which *the Biſhop* deſired Mr. *C*—— to ſend a particular Meſſenger to the Young Woman that firſt made the Diſcoveries, to know if ſhe cou'd produce another Witneſs to confirm what ſhe had ſaid concerning the *Pretender*, and whether ſhe was *willing to make Oath* of the Diſcoveries ſhe had made her ſelf, before *the Lord Chief Juſtice* Parker.

The Day after Mr. *C*—— had waited upon my Lord Biſhop, at his Requeſt Mrs. *A*—— and my ſelf went to *the Young Woman that firſt made the Diſcoveries*: I confeſs calling to Mind the Murder of *Godfrey*, the ſtabbing of *Arnold*, and the Sufferings of that worthy Gentleman Mr. *Braddon*, for detecting the Murder of the *Earl of Eſſex*, I apprehended no ſmall Danger from imbarking in this Cauſe; *but I thought no Hazard of Life or Eſtate, ought to ſtand in Competition with the Service I might do to my Queen and Country by this Diſcovery*; and therefore I reſovl'd to engage in it: And coming to the Young Woman that cou'd make the Diſcevories, I ask'd her the following Quſtions.

Queſt. 1. *Who are the Perſons of Note, that meet at the Popiſh Clubs, and whether there be any Popiſh Prieſts or any Perſons of Quality, that come to their Clubs?*—— *Have you ever been at Confeſſion, or ever at Maſs, or ever at their Private Meetings?*

The

The Young Woman's *Anſwer.*

I know ſeveral Places in —— where they catechize and teach their Deſtructive Principles.——I know five Popiſh Prieſts, whoſe Names are Mr. *E*——, Mr. *T*——, Mr. *R*——, Mr. *M*—— and Mr. *V*——, and I know where to find 'em having been ſix Times at Confeſſion, often at Maſs, and ſometimes at their Private Meetings.

Queſt. 2. *What Treaſonable Words and Practices, have you at any Time heard or obſerv'd?*

The Young Woman's *Anſwer.*

Mr. *N*—— (now living in——) has ſaid in my hearing, they hop'd all wou'd be their own, in a few Weeks.—The ſame Gentleman has alſo aſſerted that the Queen had no Right to the *Throne.* That they hop'd to ſay Maſs in all the Churches, in a little time, and that all then muſt be of one Mind. That they expected the Prince of *Wales* (for ſo they call the *Pretender*) at the Beginniug of Winter.

Queſt. 3. *What Perſons can you name, that can teſtify to the ſame Treaſonable Words and Practices as you can?*

The Young Woman's *Anſwer.*

The *Treaſon* I have here diſcover'd, is well known to—— (who has heard all the Things I here relate) and has been truſted more and further than I have been; for as I was brought up a *&c.*—— till *&c.* ——, they have been more afraid of me, than of

Reader, After Mrs. *A*—— and my ſelf had receiv'd an Anſwer to theſe Queſtions, we forthwith ſent them to my *Reverend Friend*, who ſent them that Day to my *Lord Biſhop*: With theſe *Queſtions and Anſwers* I ſent the following Letter to Mr. *C*——

Reverend Sir, March 13th. 1713.

THE Young Woman's *Anſwers to the Queſtions* incloſ'd in this Letter, were aſſerted for Truth in my Preſence, who ask'd her the Queſtions, and in the Preſence of Mrs. *A*——, *who heard* the Queſtions anſwer'd. I can't ſay all the Anſwers are literally the ſame, with thoſe ſhe gave to the Queſtions I ask'd her; for twas thought neceſſary to diſguiſe 'em in ſome Places (the *Young Woman* being yet in the Hands of her Enemies) but they are *the ſame for Subſtance*, and if compar'd with *thoſe Queſtions and Anſwers* ſhe conſented ſhou'd be ſent to my *Lord Biſhop*, 'twill evidently appear

the

the Young Woman and her Popiſh——, is able to diſcover *ſome deeper Treaſon than is yet conceiv'd*; for 'tis evident by Mr. *N*——'s *Treaſon* which ſhe confeſs'd to Mrs. *A*—— and me, and by what ſhe ſays of *the Popiſh Prieſts expecting to have all the Churches in a little time* that were Mr. *E*——*T*——*R*——*M*——*and V*—— taken into Cuſtody, they wou'd (to ſave their Lives) ſoon bring a moſt *Heliſh Plot* to light, againſt the Preſent Conſtitution in Church and State; and therefore I don't fear but if you forthwith ſend theſe *Queſtions and Anſwers* to my Lord *Biſhop*, but his Lordſhip will ſoon communicate them to ſuch *Miniſters of State* as he thinks proper; for the *Young Woman that makes the Diſcoveries*, has told Mrs. *A*—— and me, that ſhe is ready to make good her Charge againſt Mr. *N*—— and the five *Popiſh Prieſts*, as ſoon as ever ſhe is aſſur'd of ſuch *Protection* and *Encouragement* as is abſolutely neceſſary in ſuch a Caſe: I wou'd enlarge but for want of Time, ſhall add no more (at preſent) but that I am,

Your moſt ſincere Friend, and

Very Humble Servant,

John Dunton.

Upon the Receit of this *Letter*, my Reverend Friend ſent the following Letter to my Lord Biſhop.

My Lord, *From my Houſe in Shadwell*, March 13, 1713.

I have faithfully given you the Account ſent to me this Day by Mr. *Dunton*, who believes (by what he heard from the Maid) that an *Helliſh Plot* againſt the *preſent* Conſtitution, in *Church* and *State*, will be brought to light. If this *Diſcovtry* may be any wiſe ſerviceable, your Lordſhip may further command.

Your Lordſhip's humble and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

W——C——.

Reader——Our *Court-Spy* does not know how far the Nation may be awakened by *theſe Diſcoveries*; for 'tis generally ſaid, the *Papiſts* are under ſuch great Fears, that their *Treaſonable Practices* ſhou'd be brought to light, that they have been (of late) attempting *ſeveral Sham Plots* to hide and ſtifle their own, as that of——*The Diſſenters burning of Houſes*——*Murdering by Inkhorns*——*Libelling by Treaſonable Speeches* (*ſaid to be ſpoke by a certain Ambaſſadreſs*)——*and other ſuch Inconſiſtent Shams*——of which the

Whigs

Whigs never once dream'd, 'till they were firſt trump'd up by the *Sham-Plotters* themſelves, who are now ſo Numerous, that ('tis thought) there's ſcarce a *Meeting-Houſe* in *London*, but is watch'd by ſome *Sham-Plotter* or *Popiſh-Spy*, who (rather than *Diſſenters* ſhan't be thought *Republicans*) will *weave their very Devotion and Loyalty, into a Cord that ſhall ſtrangle them.* *Guy Faux* confeſs'd that *the Gun-Powder-Plot*, had it ſucceeded, was to be charg'd upon *the Puritans*, to make them more odious to the World; and the *Presbyterian-Plot*, (found in a Meal-Tub) was confeſs'd by *Dangerfield* to be no other but a Deſign of the *Papiſts*, to plot more ſecurely, by ſhamming their own Plot on the innocent *Whigs*. The truly pious Mr. *John Roſwel* had like to have been murder'd by ſuch informing *Cut-Throats*; and 'tis greatly feard, that *Reverend Divine* that made theſe Diſcoveries to my *Lord Biſhop*, has put his Life in Danger, to ſerve his Country; and I am certain the *Low-Churchmen* are as zealouſly affected to *Her Majeſties Government, and the Houſe of Hannover* as this *Diſſenting Miniſter*, tho' I can't ſay they have yet merited much, for attempting to ſerve it, or that they are ſo near *to the Crown of Martyrdom*; for on the 22d. of *March*, as my Reverend Friend was Preaching upon this Text, *and I ſaw the Woman, drunken with the Blood of the Saints, and with the Blood of the Martyrs of Jeſus*, (Rev. xvii. 6.) there ruſh'd into his *Meeting-Houſe*, three taring Beaux (two of 'em ſuppos'd to be *Popiſh Prieſts*) who were heard to ſay—— *This is he, this is he*; ——and as Mr. C— was ſpeaking againſt *the Bloody Principles of the Church of Rome*, and lamenting the *Growth of Jacobitiſm*, they *gnaſh'd* at him with their Teeth; ſo that 'tis generally thought they have a Deſign to murder him, he having been already aſſaulted. But 'tis hop'd the Diſcoveries made by this *Popiſh Maid* (as they are in a manner confirm'd at *Dover* by an *Iriſh Papiſt*, as you'l hear anon) will give ſuch Light into the *Pretenders Conſpiracy againſt England*, as will prevent all the *Villany* and *Treaſon* deſign'd by it: For ſure I am, thoſe Glorious Martyrs *Ruſſel*, *Sydney* and *Corniſh*, were not charg'd with the Thouſandth Part of that Treaſon for which Mr. *N*— goes as yet unpuniſh'd: Before this Diſcovery, 'twas ſaid in ev'ry News-Paper (except the *Examiner* and *Poſt-Boy*) there was a *Jacobite-Plot* to introduce the *Pretender*,— and here we are told who the Traitours are, that ſay *the Queen has no Right to the Throne*, and that *hope to have our Churches in few Weeks*; we were alſo told, of great Numbers of *Popiſh Prieſts*, that daily arrive from *France*, but none but this Young Woman has ever given a particular Diſcovery of their *Treaſonable Words and Practices*, ſo that the *Jacobite Plot*, to introduce the Pretender was never fix'd on particular Perſons, but in this *Narrative*; 'tis true, at preſent here is but *One Witneſs*, but e'nt *One Witneſs* able to diſcover more, for was not the *Popiſh Plot in* (78) firſt diſcover'd by *One Witneſs*, but did not every ſingle Witneſs bring in more Witneſſes? and every Week freſh Diſcoveries? And ſo doubtleſs it wou'd do, here

here, if the Evidence of this ſingle Woman is thought conſiderable enough to deſerve *Protection and Encouragement*; and 'tis hop'd *the Three Perſons* that have brought her to this Confeſſion, won't be deny'd the ſame Priviledge, we having no other end in this Diſcovery, but the *Good of our Native Country*. 'Tis worth obſerving, that my Friends Letter to the Biſhop, tell's his Lordſhip, "*That the* "*Young Woman crys, wrings her Hands, and prays to be deliver'd* "*from that ſudden Stroke that the Papiſts deſign to give us*.

And whether we are deliver'd from it or no, 'tis very certain (as I ſaid before) "That the Diſcoveries made by this *Popiſh Maid*, are in "a Manner confirm'd at *Dover* by an Iriſh Papiſt, for as a further "Proof, that the Engliſh and French Jacobites are now hatching "ſome *Helliſh Plots*, againſt the Preſent Conſtitution in Church and "State we are told in the *Flying-Poſt*, *April* 9*th*, 1713. That ſince *Abel* "and the *Examiner* have ſo good a Hand at diſcovering Plots, they "wou'd do well to inform the World, whether there be not Rea-"ſon to believe, that the ſcandalous and Treaſonable Paper, "call'd the *Sp—— of an Amb——reſs* be not a *Second Part of a* "*Popiſh Meal-Tub-Plot, in order to bring Proteſtants under Suſpicion?* "and that they may be the more able to proceed in the Diſcovery, "they wou'd do well to enquire at *Sam's Coffe-Houſe* in *Ludgate-*"*ſtreet*, whether a Parcel of thoſe Papers were not found under "a Place where a *Popiſh Prieſt* had juſt ſat, whereas there were "none there before? And whether if the Maſter of the Houſe "had not happily burnt them, he might not have been brought "in for a Share?

Thus far the Author of the *Flying-Poſt*, who concludes his *Diſ-coveries* by asking this Queſtion, "why the *Examiner* and *Abel* "who kept ſuch a Pother about the *Bandbox-Plot*, were ſo ſilent "about one lately diſcover'd at *Dover*, by an *Iriſh Papiſt*, who "pretended that his Uncle a *Biſhop in France* (a) wou'd have ſent "him over with the *Pretender's Declarations*, and propos'd to find "Means to get him and another into the Queen's Family, in or-"der to fire the Palace, that Thirty Aſſaſins might have an Op-"portunity to murther Her Majeſty while ſhe endeavour'd to eſ-"cape the Flames" Be'nt theſe Words in the *Flying-Poſt*, a plain Confirmation of the Truth of thoſe Diſcoveries, that the *Popiſh Maid* made to Mrs. *A*—— and me, don't they (as we are Subjects

(a) Note, in the *Flying-Poſt*, *Apr.* 18th, 1713. the Iriſh Papiſt here metion'd is call'd *Webber*, and the French Biſhop is call'd *Biſhop Peirce*, for theſe are the Words in the *Flying-Poſt*, "*If Biſhop* "Pierce's *Shoreſt Way, lately diſcover'd by* Webber *at* Dover won't "ſucceed, *&c.*

to the beſt of Queens) ſhew the Neceſſity we lay under to make theſe Diſcoveries publick.

Reader, If you doubt either of the Truth of this Diſcovery, concerning the *Pretender's Declrations* made to the Mayor of *Dover*, or that the Diſſenters were *the Firſt Diſcoverers of the Pretender's Plot againſt the Queen and Government*, ſee both Confirm'd by the following Letter.

Mr. *Dunton.* *April* 27th, 1713.

"YOU were telling me (Yeſterday) that Mr. *W*—— *C*—— "(*a Nonconformiſt Miniſter*) has diſcover'd to the "Biſhop of *Salisbury* a Jacobite Plot to bring in the *Pretender*, this "comes to inform you, that Mr. *Harris* a Diſſenting Miniſter li- "ving at *Dover*, has alſo brought to the Mayor of *Dover*, an Iriſh "Papiſt, that has made Affidavit of a Deſign the *Pretender* has, to "ſubvert the preſent Conſtitution in Church and State, ſo that I "hope the *High-Churchmen* will fairly own, that no Men can be "greater Enemies to the *Pretender* than the Diſſenters, and that "Two Diſſenting Miniſters *have the Honour to be firſt Diſcoverers "of the Pretender's Plot*, to introduce Popery. Which is all from

Your Real Friend.

Daniel Waghorn.

This Letter was ſent to me by my worthy Friend, Mr. *Daniel Waghorn*, and is a further Proof of the Diſſenters *great Loyalty* to Her Majeſty, and of thoſe *Treaſonable Practices*, that the Popiſh Maid diſcover'd to Mrs. *A*——. and my ſelf.

Then can any Proteſtants be deaf to ſuch Warning? for who knows but upon a narrow Seach into theſe Diſcoveries, but the *Maid's Evidence may appear conſiderable enough to found a Proſecution upon*; *Cæſar* being inform'd by a Letter of a *Conſpiracy againſt his Perſon*, by ſlighting of it, he loſt his Life, for putting the Letter into his Pocket (as thinking it not worth his reading) he was murther'd that Day in the Senate-Houſe: But by this Maid's *Diſcoveries*, the Nation is timely forewarn'd (which *Cæſar was not*) and therefore I hope none of our *Noble Patriots*, will meet with *Cæſar's* Fate; for as *Peace* is concluded abroad, the *Miniſters of State* will have the more Leiſure to detect *Treaſonable Practices* at home to which 'tis hop'd theſe *timely and well-meant Diſcoveries* will not a little contributute: For in the *Wonders of Providence* we often ſee *a Wheell within a Wheel*, and that little Engines often ſet great Engines at work; and therefore as this *Popiſh Maid* makes theſe Diſcoveries to ſatisfy her own Conſcience, and to ſave a *Frenchified Nation from impending Ruin*; I am apt to think, were Mr. *N*—— and other Popiſh Prieſts ſecured, they cou'd ſet the *Pretender's Plot* in a better Light

Light than the Maid has done: However as my Reverend Friend, Mrs. *A*———, and my ſelf, thought it our Duty to let *England* know what great Danger it is in from the *Jacovite Faction*, ſo we hope this *Timely Warning* (were there no *Perkenite Plot Diſcovered* by it) will be well taken by our Fellow Subjects; for tho' we are all *Three* ſenſible 'that the *Sacred Majeſty of Kings and Queens*, 'ought not in common Caſes to be approach'd by every little *Buſy-'Body* or frivilous *Remonſtrance-maker* (as I Hinted before in my 'Private Letter to *Her Majeſty*,) yet when our Princes Pallace is 'on Fire, and Her Sacred Perſon in the Midſt of Flames, the 'meaneſt of her Subjects hath the Priviledge then to give her 'Warning of her Danger, and to aſſiſt to quench the Fire. And 'this I am afraid Reader (if the *Pretender* is Plotting in the midſt 'of us (as ſome ſuſpect) is at preſent too near our Caſe.

Then here, let us a little examine what great Danger *England* and *Scotland* is ſtill in from the Pretender, (tho' our *Peace* with *France* ſhou'd be good and laſting.)

And firſt as to *Scotland*, can any Man in his Senſes imagine, that the *Pretender* wou'd firſt have invaded *Scotland* (during the late Miniſtry) had he not been Invited thither by ſome of the *Scotch Jacobites*, I can't ſay the *deceas'd Duelliſt* had any Fancy to ſtand his Friend, (tho' all Parties have own'd he was a *Well-wiſher to the Mathematicks*) yet the *Pretender* cou'd not but know how often the *Scotch Jacobites* drank his health, and how much *Treaſon* they grav-ved on their *Popiſh Medals*.

Neither can any Proteſtant argue (from the *General Peace* that is now concluded) that we are more ſecure in *England* than they are in *Scotland*, from all danger from the *Pretender*, ſince 'twas ſwore lately in *Guild-hall*, that the *chief Evidence* againſt the *Flying-Poſt* had ſaid, "*It would never be well 'till the Pretender was here, and that* "*he hop'd to ſee the Maſs-Houſes as full as the Churches.*

But I the leſs wonder at this great Impudence of the Popiſh (or Jacobite) Party in *England*, ſince we are told in the *Flying-Poſt* (*b*) "That moſt of the Miniſters at *Utrecht*, have receiv'd in Print "under a Cover, the following Proteſtation of the *Pretender* to the "Crown of *Great Britain*, in Latin.

Jacobus Rex, &c.

In Engliſh thus.

James III. *By the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. To all Kings, Princes, Republicks*, &c.

(*b*) See the *Flying-Poſt*, *Apr.* 25*th.* 1713.

" Since after a War, ſo long and pernicious to all Chriſtendom, " all Sides ſeem to be ready to come to a Peace, and are ſpeedily " about to ſign it without any Regard to us, we thought it fit " and neceſſary, by this ſolemn Proteſtation, to aſſert our un- " doubted Right, againſt every thing that may be done towards " the Diminution of it, and our Loſs.

" 'Tis not our Purpoſe to inſiſt at large upon the Series of what " has been formerly unjuſtly done againſt us, ſince thoſe things " having been tranſacted in the Face of the World, are by Conſe- " quence ſo well known, that they need not be told, therefore I " cannot think any one can doubt of the Juſtice of our Cauſe.

" Nor indeed are we only mov'd with the Condition of our own " Affairs, but being encapable of changing our Affection towards " our Subjects, we cannot without the moſt ſenſible Grief behold, " that neither their Blood, nor their Wealth, has been hitherto " ſpar'd to ſupport the great Injuſtice that has been done to us, " and that they are at laſt reduc'd ſo far, that if a Peace be made " excluſive of us, they muſt neceſſarily become a Prey to Foreign- " ers, and at laſt be ſubject to their Empire.

" And ſince we underſtood that the Confederate Princes have no " Regard to our Right, we thought our ſelves moſt indiſpenſably " oblig'd to our ſelves, Poſterity, and Subjects, to endeavour as " much as in us lies, that we might not ſeem by our Silence, to " conſent to what may be tranſacted to the Prejudice of us, " and the lawful Heirs of our Kingdoms.

" Therefore, we ſolemnly and in the beſt Form we can, proteſt " againſt all that may be agreed, or ſtipulated in Prejudice of us, " as being void by all the Laws in the World, for want of lawful " Authority.

" We likewiſe proteſt and declare, that if there be any Defect of " Form in this Proteſtation, it ſhall not be any thing to the Prejudice " of us, our Lawful Heirs, Kingdoms or Subjects; and by theſe " Letters ſeal'd with our Great Seal, we reſerve entire to our ſelves " all our Rights, and Claims, and declare that they are, and ſhall " be ſafe and intire.

" In the laſt Place, we proteſt before God and Man, that we " ſhall be free from all Blame, and that the Cauſe of thoſe Cala- " mities which the Injury already done us, or that may be done us " hereafter, may bring upon our Kingdoms, and all Chriſtendom " cannot be imputed to us. *Given at* St. Germains, April 25th, " *A. D.* 1712. *and of our Reign the* 11th,

By the King himſelf with his own Hand.

The

The Examiner and his Maſters (ſays the *Flying-Poſt*) wou'd do well to conſider, whether the *Pretender* did not act in *Concert* with, and by *Advice* of the Jacobites in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, ſend this *Audacious and Trayterous Proteſtation* to the Miniſters at *Utrecht*. However (Reader) I think 'tis Evident from this *Treaſonable Proteſtation of the Pretender*, that the Peace at *Utrecht* has given new Life to his Plots in *England*: Nay ſo far is the *General Peace* from ſecuring *England* againſt the *Pretender*, that we are told in the *Flying-Poſt*, 'When the News of the Peace arriv'd, a Mob aſſembled in Gracechurch-'ſtreet, where one Farey a Jacobite (Son to the Druggiſt of that Name) 'broke the Windows of an eminent Citizen near the Rummer-Tavern, 'and at every Volley of Stones, the Mob gave Three Huzzas, while 'Farey cry'd out James the Third! James the Third!' Which Words being hear'd by a Gentleman that knew *Farey*, he told the Mob, *That he wondred they would ſuffer themſelves to be led by a Fellow to an open Rebellion againſt the Queen*, to which a Villain that was as great a Jacobite as *Farey*, replied, "*That* Farey *valu'd him nor* "*no body elſe, and knew well enough what he did.*" And *Dier* (a notorious Jacobite) made his Boaſt, "*That the Mob when they ſolem-*"*niz'd* Sacheverell's *Feſtival, had their Muſick playing before them,* "*to the Tune,* ——— That the King ſhall enjoy his own again." We are alſo aſſur'd by the Author of the *Flying-Poſt*, "That a *Wor-*"*thy Alderman* of *Worceſter*, on certain Occaſions drinks a health "to Dr. *Sacheverell, the Pope, the French King and the Pretender, with* "*Confuſion to the Elector of Hannover*, If theſe *Treaſonable* Practices both in *England* and *Scotland*, give not ſufficient Warning to look into the Diſcoveries made by this young Woman, I can't ſee why we ſhou'd ſuſpect our Ruin, *if our Houſes were all on Fire and our ſelves in the Midſt of the Flames*, which if it be not our preſent Circumſtance, yet (if the Maids Evidence be true) 'tis what we have Reaſon to fear, or neither my ſelf nor my two Friends, wou'd have aſſum'd the Boldneſs to have *Spy'd* out ſuch *Jacobite* Secrets, as are proper to be told to a Miniſter of State who if a Peer of *true Honour and Loyalty*, won't conſider them with Reſpect to Parties, but with *Reſpect to the Proteſtant Intereſt*, that is really ſerv'd by this Publication. For as Dr. *Sacheverel* obſerves, (*d*) "Where Religion or Go-"vernment is aſſaulted by ill Principles, or Rebellious Practices, "'tis the Miniſters and Magiſtrates Duty to ſtand up and fence a-"gainſt both, and pronounce and Execute Wrath againſt them, "and 'tis no leſs the Duty of every Subject to aſſiſt them with "their Prayers, and to Implore Juſtice upon ſuch Enemies of God "and our Church." Then are the *Papiſts contriving our Ruin? Do they hope to poſſeſs our Churches? Do they ſay the Queen has no Right to*

the

(*d*) In his late Sermon entitl'd the *Chriſtian Triumph*.

the Throne? and was all this Treaſon firſt Diſcover'd by a Diſſenting Miniſter, and will any be ſtill ſo baſe and ungrateful to ſay *I had rather be a Papiſt than a Presbyterian*? or that the Maid's Evidence is the leſs valuable, becauſe firſt publiſh'd by a Non-Conformiſt? Or if there be no further Search made, into theſe Diſcoveries (or the Three Perſons that make them, be only rewarded with the odious Names of *Republicans*, *meer Buſy-bodies*, or *pretty State Reformers*) yet my Reverend Friend, Mrs. *A*——, and my ſelf, have the Comfort to think, we have done our Duty in crying *Fire! Fire! Fire!* and if the Proteſtant World will lie ſtill and be burnt (when they have had timely Notice of their Danger) 'tis no Fault of ours.

And now Reader, let me ask thee this ſerious Queſtion, *Is the Church of England in Danger from the Papiſts or from the Proteſtant Diſſenters?* Is it Mr. *C*—— a Presbyterian Miniſter, or is it Dr. *Sacheverel* a High-Church-man, that here attempts to bring to light a *moſt damnable Helliſh Deſign to introduce the Pretender*, and to ſubvert the preſent Conſtitution in Church and State? No alas, 'tis no *Papiſt*, no *High-Church-man*, no *Sacheverelite*, no *Tool of a Party*, that here endeavours to ſecure the Church from Danger, by diſcovering who are its Enemies, but 'tis Mr. *C*—— a Diſſenting Miniſter, now living in *Shadwell*. 'Tis true the *Examiner* in one of his late Papers, had the Impudence to tell the World, "That the *Whigs* "are great Friends to the *Pretender*, and the only Perſons that have "attempted to bring him in" but this baſe Scandal is here anſwer'd by plain Matter of Fact, and ſuch as is ready to be prov'd, when ever *Her Majeſty's Principal Secretary of State* is pleas'd to command it. For my own Share, I have the *Honour* to be the Son of an Eminent Churchman, (*viz.* the Reverend Mr. *John Dunton*, late Rector of *Aſton Clinton*) and reſolve to live and die in that Communion: But as I ſhall ſhew in my General *Preface* to this Work "I ſhall "be true and juſt to all Parties, and therefore am oblig'd to tell the "World, 'twas a Presbyterian Miniſter, and no *Papiſt or High-*"*Churchman*, that firſt detected ſuch *Treaſonable Words and Practices*, "as every Proteſtant Diſſenter and Low-Churchman abhors." So that for the Future, I hope no *Examiner* will have the *Face* to ſay, "That the *Whigs* are great Friends to the *Pretender*, and the "only Perſons that have attempted to bring him in" when 'tis a Diſſenting Miniſter, (and one that has ſuffer'd much for his non-conformity) that is the *Firſt Man* thot has diſcover'd ſuch *Treaſonable Words and Practices*, as 'tis hop'd will for ever keep him out.

FINIS.

The

The Pulpit Bite:

OR,

A Narrative of *the Churches Danger*, from those *Preaching Jacobites* that have Poyson'd the Nation with their *Hereditary Cant*; but more especially from that TOOL, to the Popish Party (as he was call'd at his Tryal) Dr. *Sacheverel.*

Alter rixatur de lanâ sæpe caprinâ ——— HOR.

Some make a Stir about a matter of Nothing.

Reader,

OUr *High Church Priests* by their Vicious Lives and *Hereditary Cant*, have done more Mischief to the Church of Christ (and have made more *Atheists* and *Deists* than all the Open Enemies of Christ since the *Reformation*; they are the only *Origin* of all the Animosities *and Divisions* among the People for 'tis now visible to all *Loyal Subjects* that the FALSE BROTHER that Dr. *Sacheverel* Lash'd at St. *Paul's*, was expos'd on Purpos'd to *Sow Divisions* amongst us, the better *to make way for the Pretender*; for the Well-wishers to *Popery and Slavery*, have always attempted *First to Divide us*, (by charging *the Dissenters* with *Schism*, *Treason*, and I know not what) in Order to destroy us. *Reader*, Do but look back upon the Measures and Conduct of these *Reverend Deceivers*, and then see how little Reason you have to admire 'em, or follow after them. What a shameful Noise and Uproar have they made about the *Churche's Danger*, when 'twas evident to a Demonstration, that there never was the least reason to be apprehensive of any real Danger, or Design against it? And yet from the beginning of the *Revolution*, till the fatal Year 1710. you hear'd little else thunder'd from the Pulpit, but *the Church's Danger*, but as soon as their Creatures were got into Place, a *dishonourable Peace concluded*, the sacred Bonds of publick Faith violated, our Confederates deserted, and our Necks just brought under a *French Yoak*; they then in *Convocation* advance Doctrines the very same with those of the Church of *Rome*, and such Steps were by them taken, as directly tended to *to the Subversion of the Constitution, and the Introduction of the Pretender*; all which time you heard not one Syllable of the *Danger of the Church*, as if there had been no such thing in the World. But immediately upon King *George's* Ascention to the Throne, they fall to their Old Cant again that the *Church was in Danger*; as if the Church of *England* were in greater Danger under his Present Majesty's Government, than in the late Reign, when we were in continual Fears of a *Popish Pretender*; This to any Man whose Eyes are in his Head, is a Plain Indication, that they had rather venture the Church in the Hands of *a Popish Pretender*, than in the Hands of our *Protestant Successor*. And sure no Man will doubt this, that consults *The Sequel to the Englishman*, No. III. where the loyal Author informs the World how seriously the Restoring Rebel of *White-Chappel* engages in the Interest of the Establish'd Church, and makes good what the Jacobite Priests have often asserted, *that the Church is in Danger*. And I shall give you this surprizing Discovery in the very Words of *The Englishman*, viz.

'A Captain of a Ship, whose Concerns engag'd him at *Legborn*, having occasion to take up some Money for the Use of his Owners, applies himself to *a Jesuit* there, who was willing to partake of *the Comforts of the Flesh as well as Spirit*, and lent out Money upon Interest. 'The *Jesuit* immediately advanc'd the desired Sum, and took his own Note as Security, insinuating at the same time, that he should be *Proud of having the Honour to add him to the Number of his Proselytes*. The Captains Affairs call'd him immediately from *Legborn*, and the Note remained in the *Jesuit's Hand*, and no Order was given at *London* for the Payment. *The Captain* having heard of the Fame of Dr. *Well---n*, thinking to hear him, goes to the Parish Church, when to his great Amazement, who should mount the Pulpit but *his Friend the Jesuit*, in a very Canonical Habit; After Sermon, he apply'd himself to *the Jesuit*, ask'd him how long he had been in *England*, wonder'd he had not *given Order for the Payment of the Money*, and recited several Passages that had happen'd between him and *the Jesuit*. The Priest, like *a True Son of the Order*, look'd first confounded, then grave, paused a while, and told *the Captain* he was an utter Stranger to his Person, gave the Doctor a *Wink*, and so they both Walked out together, and took Coach.

Now (*Reader*) let me ask you this seasonable Question, whether you infer from this great Intimacy that there is between Dr. *Well---n* and a *known Jesuit* (that this Passive *Rebel* suffers to mount his Pulpit in a Canonical Habit) that the Church is in greater Danger from *the Tory Clergy* (that have been long Plotting to RESTORE the Pretender by their *Hereditary Cant*, and Blackning the Character of our Rightful and Glorious Sovereign) or from *Protestant Dissenters*, who constantly pray for King GEORGE and the Royal Family; and in their late Address to his Majesty voluntarily offer'd *their Lives and Fortunes in Defence of his just Title to the British Crown, against the Pretender and all his Adherents.*

This is *a Faithful Narrative of the Churches Danger, from those Preaching Jacobites that have Poyson'd the Nation with their Hereditary Cant, but more especially from that* TOOL *to the Popish Party (as he was call'd at his Tryal Dr. Sacheverel)* for as to his Sentiments of the *Revolution*, the Reign of King *William* and the *Present Government* built thereon Mr. *Ebertal* has made "Affidavit, that Dr. *Sacheverel* said, *That King* William *deserv'd to be De-Witted, and that he hop'd he should live to see it*; That other Saying of his is no less uncontestable, *that he cou'd forgive King* William *all that ever he did, but his cursed Legacy of the Hannover Succession.*---- "It has been an usual Phrase with him, to call a *Low-Church-man* or *Dissenter* a *damn'd Hanoverian.*---- A very grave Gentleman of a plentiful Estate, whose Word I durst venture my Life upon, told me, *he knew where he drank the Pretenders Health and was drub'd for it.* And the whole Town rings of the Story of Mr. *P----r* Register of the Prerogative Court at

" at *Can--ry*, who assur'd Dr. *Boyse*, that his Brother upon Discourse about Dr. *Sacheverel* " said to him, that *he had drank the Pretender's Health Several Times with him by the Name of* " James *the Third.* ---- *The Supplement to Faults on both Sides*, acquaints us with a higher " strain of Loyalty, *His drinking the Pretender's Health on his Knees.* ---- An English " Gentleman was at *Brussels* about the Time of the Doctor's Preaching at St. *Paul's*, and " the first New he hear'd of the Doctor or his Sermon, was from the Pope's *Nuntio*, who ask'd " him in Conversation, What New from *England*, the Gentleman answer'd, I hear none; " says the *Nuntio*, *you have heard of the Famous Doctor that preach'd in the great Church in* " *in London*? No Sir, says the Gentleman, I know nothing of the Matter; says the *Nuntio*, " *he's a bold honest Man, he has Preach'd up the Title of the* Chevelier St. George, *and will Stand* " *by it*; Sir said the Gentleman, that's impossible, *I have it* says he, *by good Intelligence, and* " *before you get into England, you'l find the Matter work well*, it will in the end, *bring in the* " *King*. This (says Mr *Bissett*) was told to one of the *Judges* this last Circuit, before some " Persons of the Highest Rank.

By all which I have fairly Proved, *that the Church is in Danger from our Preaching Jacobites* (*the Hereditary Canters*,) but more especially from Dr. *Sacheverel*.

This Preaching JACK *i'th' very* Church *does Rave*,
Perkin *his King, and he his Humble Slave*,
The Churches Danger *he can Plainly see*;
For all it's Danger *is from such as he*,
He's a meer LAUD *for* Pride *and* Bigotry.
These are the Priests *that Live at* Wrack *and* Manger,
And now Reduc'd, Weep for the Churches Danger,
Lament her Ruin, and deplore her Doom,
But wou'd you know what Church? 'Tis that of *Rome*.
'Tis that's the Church *they mean, 'tis that they Fear*;
For there's no other Church in Danger here,
Such Rebel Priests *do think't a Glor'ous Cause*,
Both to destroy our Liberty *and* Laws,
They Preach a Prince o'th' Blood *can ne'r do ill*,
That 'tis their Birth-right to have Power to kill.
They think a Monarch *has too great a Mind*,
To be by Justice, *or by* Law, *Confind*;
And this lasts Just so long as he is Kind,
Try but their PASSIVE GRACE, *but Hang their Friend*,
Their Non-Resisting Cant *is at an End*.
By these Blind Guides *the Tories are Misled*,
They so believe, *because they so were* Bred.
The Priest *Affirms* Hereditary Right,
And tho' 'tis all a Trick a PULPIT BITE.
The Snake *lies hid till* England's *Poyson'd quite*.

FINIS.

Whig Loyalty;

OR,

Mr. *John Dunton's*

PRIVATE LETTER to Queen *Anne.*

In which he offers to *Appear* and *Prove all his Diſcoveries* (incerted in his Two Narratives, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, and *Court-Spy*,) and ſeveral others of great Moment to *the Queen and Kingdom*, if her Majeſty will be pleaſed to grant her *Royal Protection* to Himſelf and Witneſſes.

The Second Edition Corrected.

Corpora magnanimo Satis eſt proſtraſſe Leoni *Ovid.*

In Engliſh.

A Noble Mind will ſpare him that ſubmits himſelf.

MADAM,

THE many *Royal and Chriſtian Virtues* that ſhine ſo eminently in your Majeſty, the tender Regard you have always ſhew'd for the Welfare of your Subjects, the undoubted Right all ſuch have of laying their Grievances before you, and imploring your Royal Protection in the Performance of their Duty, imboldens me, *the Humbleſt*

of them, to lay Myself and Case at your Sacred Feet: 'Tis, most gracious Sovereign, the Malice of my Enemies (I wish I cou'd not say your Majesty's and Peoples too) that forces me to make this *Address*, and by it my Case as publick as their Crimes; shall one Subject, not only with Impunity, but Encouragement, *betray and ruin*, as much as in him lies, his Prince and Country? and shall another not *dare to save 'em*, by exposing treasonable Practices? God forbid! No; Queen *Ann*, *that Wise*, *that Just*, *that Best of Princes*, in Spight of all her Enemies, still sits upon the Throne of *Great-Britain:* O may she long, long, very long do so, for the Happiness of these Kingdoms, and Good of *Languishing Europe*, which has but this one only Prospect left 'em to raise their sinking Hopes, and chase away their too well grounded Fears of *Universal Monarchy*, and its inseparable Attendant *Slavery*, the Worst of Slavery, under Arbitrary Power. If *Europe* groans with this single View of Misery, What must these poor Islands do, who have *not only* that *to dread*, *but* Popery *too*, *that Worst of Spiritual and Temporal Tyranny?* With what Grief and Amazement must every honest *British Protestant* look on, and see so many of their profest Enemies, *the Emissaries of* Rome, *and a Popish* Pretender, walking Openly and Barefacedly amongst us, swarming in all Parts of the Kingdom, and propagating their pernicious Doctrines against our Civil and Religious Rights; and what's still more melancholy, to see so great a Number of your Majesty's Subjects, and that *not only Papists*, *but profess'd Protestants*, joyning these Enemies of *God* and *Britain*, openly arraigning *your Majesty's Title*, *and conferring it upon a spurious* Pretender, bred up in all the Principles of Popery and Arbitrary Power, and not only so, but with the utmost Aversion both to our Persons and Religion: This Infatuation seems to pronounce us, *Doom'd to Destruction.*

Alas, *Madam!* When I behold you sitting upon the Throne of Glory, whereunto the Hand of God seemeth to have raised you by a *Miracle* (for such was the *Revolution*, as effected by King *William* of Ever Glorious Memory) fortify'd you by *Discretion*, and blessed you with so many *Prosperities*, I cannot chuse but remember, with the most tender Resentments of my Heart, the CALMS of the *First Eight Years*, when you took into your Hands the Stern of this *large Empire.* Who ever saw *divers Mettals* so happily commix'd, as we then beheld *different Nations* united in *one entire Body*, under your Authority? What Consent in Affections? What Correspondence in all Orders? What Vigour in Laws? What Obedience in Subjects? What Agreement in the Senate? What Applause among the People? What Policy in Cities? What good Fortune in Arms? (*under your ever Faithful and victorious General*) What Blessing in all the Success of your Affairs?

Seemed

Seemed it not, that God had affixed to your *Standards* and *Laws* ſome ſecret Vertue, which made the one triumph in War, and the other become proſperous in Peace; with ſo much *Terror* and *Reputation*, that even Things *oppoſite* of their own Nature, knit themſelves firmly together, for the Honour of your Majeſty, and the Good of your Subjects.

O, *Madam!* What is become of that *Golden Face* of your Government? Who hath metamorphoſed it into this *Leaden Viſage?* THE TRAITORS that did it, I have faithfully and plainly diſcover'd, in my Two Narratives, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, and *Court-Spy*; And as *there's no Law will hang a Man for ſpeaking the Truth*, if your Majeſty will pleaſe to grant your *Royal Protection* to Myſelf and Witneſſes, I ſhall accuſe thoſe Men in your *Royal Preſence*, that brought theſe Miſeries upon us. 'Tis true, *the ſacred Majeſty of Queens* ought not in Common Caſes to be approached by every little buſie Body, or frivolous Remonſtrance-maker; yet when our *Prince's Pallace is on Fire, and her ſacred Perſon in the midſt of Flames*, the meaneſt of her Subjects has the Privilege then to give her Warning of her Danger, and to *aſſiſt to quench the Fire*; and this I am afraid (*Madam*) is at preſent too near our Caſe, or I wou'd not have *aſſum'd the Boldneſs* (by a *Private Letter*) to diſturb your Repoſe, or have plac'd Myſelf ſo diſadvantagiouſly before your Majeſty, as I muſt expect to appear under the Character of a *Publick Cenſor* of the Manners of your Miniſters, and a petty *State-Reformer*. But what Neceſſity there is that ſome bold *Britain* (or true *Engliſhman*) ſhou'd thus venture his *Liberty* to ſave his *Country* (juſt now on the Brink of Ruin) I ſhall fully prove, in a *Speech* I intend to make in the *Pillory*, which I ſhall call—— *The Impeachment*; or, *Great-Britain's Charge againſt the P——t M——y:* And when I (thus) publickly *Impeach O——* and *B——* at the *Royal Exchange*, I ſhall make it appear to my *Pelting Auditors*, (if your Majeſty's *Princely Goodneſs* does not ſave me from that threatned tho' undeſerv'd Puniſhment) that in ſuch a *Juſt and National Cauſe* as I then ſuffer; that none but the *Jacobite Faction* (or *Sacheverel's Mob*) will hold up either Hand, or *Rotten Egg* againſt me. However *I have but one Life to loſe*, and in my ſuffering for detecting the Enemies to my Queen and Country, I think *Death it ſelf a Reward*; for to be *Martyr'd*, for a Good Cauſe, is *to die but once, and then to live for ever.*

Then let *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* do their worſt, for I fear nothing on Earth but *Sin*, and a *guilty Conſcience*; and did I not think I was above all Temptations to betray my Country (*as they have done*) I ſhou'd abhor Myſelf, tho' no Body in the World knew it: For the *Little Highway Thief* is a Saint, if compar'd with *a Brib'd M——ter of S——e*, who *robs a whole Nation at once* to enrich Himſelf and Family: For *the little Thief*

may repent, and make full Satisfaction for the Wrong he has done; but he that *ſacrifices his Religion and Country* for *Luidores*, ſhou'd he repent (as there's little Hopes of *ſo great a Thief*) yet he cou'd never repair the *Injuries he has done to a whole Kingdom*; for all Divines do aſſert, that without *Reſtitution there's no Salvation* for any Thief (be he great or little;) but what *Reſtitution* can he make (more than laying that HEAD on the Block that had contriv'd the Theft) that has rob'd a whole Nation of its *Honour*, and perhaps of its *Treaſure*, to purchaſe *ſuch a Parliament, and ſuch a Peace as will*——— But I dare not ſay what, but leave the reſt to the Diſcoveries I am ready to make of *the Hereditary Author*, G——g's T——n, *the new Jacobite Scheme, and other Cabinet Secrets*; which ſhall be all prov'd in your Majeſty's Royal Preſence, if your Majeſty pleaſe to command it.

But not to trouble your Majeſty with more than is abſolutely neceſſary for *my own Vindication*, and what's infinitely more dear to me, *your Majeſty's Safety*; permit me, *Madam*, to inform your Majeſty with the Occaſion of this *Humble Addreſs*.

The 23d of *November* laſt, ſome Perſons, who call'd themſelves *your Majeſty's Meſſengers*, came in my Abſence to my *Lodgings*, and after a ſtrict Search and much Fury, expreſs'd in *ſwearing, curſing, and other Violences*, departed, declaring they were ſent by the Lord Viſcount *Bolingbroke* to ſeize me, as Author of a Pamphlet, entituled, *Neck or Nothing*, &c. tho' it remains for his Lordſhip to prove me the Author; yet allowing I were ſo, What is there in that *Eſſay* which deſerves ſuch Treatment? *The Hereditary Author*, or rather Authors, met other Kind of Uſage: 'Tis true, the Notice taken of that Work by the ingenious Writer of *the Flying-Poſt*, and likewiſe by the Author of the *Pamphlet his Lordſhip is ſo angry with*, forced a Proſecution, both of Mr. *Bedford*, and the *Query Publiſher*; otherwiſe, 'tis probable, their Treaſon might have been winked at, as well as *Abel's and the Examiner's, with others I could name.* At leaſt I have Reaſon to ſuſpect it by the *no* Notice taken of the *Diſcoveries* offer'd in my *Neck or Nothing*, and *Court Spy*: All which, with much more, I am able and willing to prove, by undeniable Demonſtrations, and credible Witneſſes, when ever I have *your Majeſty's Commands to do ſo, and am aſſured of your Royal Protection*: But 'till then, 'twou'd be the Heighth of Imprudence to expoſe Myſelf, or any others of your Majeſty's faithful Subjects, to the Dangers that I know will attend ſuch *Loyalty*.

Whatever becomes of me, *may God preſerve your Sacred Perſon* from the Machinations of all your Enemies, Spiritual and Temporal, Eccleſiaſtical and Civil, *from his Holineſs at* Rome, *to his Friend at St.* Andrews Holbourn, that drinks the *Pretender's* Health on his Knees, and curſes the only human Security, next

to

to your Majesty's precious Life (which God long preserve) of our Religion and Liberties, *viz.* *The* Protestant Succession *in the Illustrious House of* Hanover.

Madam, as such *Disloyal Practices* as these tend to subvert the *present Constitution in Church and State*, they are certainly *High Treason*; and whoever is privy to such Practices, if they don't discover 'em to some Magistrate, they ought to be prosecuted for *Misprision of Treason*: For as my Lord *Bacon* observes, 'A 'Loyal Subject is a continual Centinel, always to stand upon 'the Watch to give his Prince true Intelligence; if he flatters 'him, he betrays him; if he conceals the Truth of those 'Things from him which concern his Justice, or his Honour '(altho' not the Safety of his Person) he is as dangerous a 'Traitor to his Crown, as he that riseth in Arms against him.'

These, *Madam*, are the Words of my Lord *Bacon*, and sufficiently shew, 'Tis the Duty of every Subject not only to obey 'his Prince, and to be faithful to him himself, but to give true 'and speedy Intelligence of all such Treasons and Conspiracies, 'that he can possibly discover against his Person and Govern-'ment.' And therefore, *Madam*, being *born of Blood that never learn'd to flatter*, I shall ever think it my Duty to be *bold and daring in my Fidelity to my Queen and Country* (as believing every cowardly, sneaking and covetous Whig, is as great a Scandal to his excellent Cause, as a Frenchify'd Tory is to his Country;) for no Man deserves the *Loyal Name of a Whig*, that fears either Men or Devils in Discharge of a good Conscience, or in the serving his Prince; for my own Share, I am the least and most unworthy of all that are HONOUR'D with the Title of WHIG, yet I always said, '*That our Lands and Lives* (*if we are loyal*) '*are the Queen's, and nothing we can call our own but* DEATH, '*whilst the Pretender lives, or your Majesty has one Enemy*;' and whoever be'nt thus Loyal, is no WHIG, but *a Traytor to his Queen and Country*, and I rejoice to find the most ingenious Man of the Age (the present GUARDIAN of *Stockbridge*) of this Opinion, for he tells the World, * 'Riches and Honour 'can administer to the Heart no Pleasure like what an honest 'Man feels, when he is contending for the Interest of his 'Country, and the Civil Rights of his Fellow Subjects.' This, *MADAM*, is Whig Loyalty, and what was never consider'd by Dr. *Sacheverell*, or his *False Brethren*, when they concerted their NEW SCHEME for bringing in the *Pretender*, as indeed how shou'd it, for 'tis impossible that *Priest* or *Subject*, (tho' he were a Lord *Treasurer*, or *Secretary* of *State*) that is false to his

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* *In his Book, entituled*, The Importance of *Dunkirk* consider'd.

God,

God, shou'd be true to his Prince, I mean in the Sense of that *Great and Good Emperor*, that turn'd away his profane Servants with these Words, '*How can he be faithful to me that is not* '*faithful to his God.*' True Loyalty, as well as true Religion, is nothing else but *an Obedience to God and the Queen, in the Observance of the Christian Laws of the Land*; by which it plainly appears, that he that is Loyal to your Majesty upon any other Score but Religion (and what Religion can he have that betrays his Country, or keeps a Whore?) is so upon an accidental Reason, and such as may alter, and so may be the contrary upon the same Reason; such a Subject may be *Whig or Tory, or Tory or Whig*, as these changeable Reasons (such as *Honour, or Interest, or Fashion*) shall determine him, when he that is Loyal upon *the Reasons of Religion and Conscience* is fix'd, and (like a TRUE WHIG) can never alter, till he deserts those Pious Principles which will always be, and continue the same: But we find (as our truly *Loyal and Ingenious* Patriot observes) '* When (for the Sins of a Nation) Men of poor and narrow 'Conceptions, Self-interested, and without Benevolence to 'Mankind, have had the Use of their Prince's *Favour* and *Prero-* '*gative*, they think only what they may do, not what they 'ought to do: Such *Ministers* use the Word *Prerogative* to 'frighten Men from speaking what they lawfully may upon 'publick Occurrences, and often cover and protect their Follies 'or Iniquities under that *awful* Word *Prerogative.*'

MADAM, such Arbitrary Notions as these tho' they have been very agreeable to the Lust of Princes, yet they have often prov'd fatal to their Thrones. 'I have thought (says a *Loyal* '*Divine* †) that the 30*th of January* Sermons, cost King *James* 'his Three Crowns. *Men of corrupt Minds* were still addressing themselves to his Humour, till they push'd him on to the 'Fate that became publick enough. And when they had cried 'up his Power as sacred, and told Him all his Actions were un-'controll'd, he no sooner took 'em at their Word, but they 'left him in the Lurch: And he judg'd extremely right in his 'Troubles, when he cry'd out, with a Concern that I should 'have pitied, upon seeing a Clergy-man, *Ah, Sir, it's the Men* '*of your Cloth that have brought me to this.* 'Twas the Unhappi-'ness of that Prince to believe those in their Sermons and Ad-'dresses who never believ'd themselves. They may talk of

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* Richard Steel, *Esq*; *a Member of Parliament for* Stockbridge, *and Author of that Celebrated Paper, entituled,* The Guardian.

† *In his late Sermon, intituled,* the Lawfulness of Resisting Tyrants.

Passive-

'*Passive-Obedience, Resignation, Meekness, and Patience*; but the 'General Filthiness of their Lives, and their Hastiness to Anger 'with all the World, make 'em a wretched Party for any King 'to trust in. The *Memorial of the Church of* England tells us 'indeed, that *Non Resistance* has been always their *Principle*; 'but they confess *Nature* is apt to *rebel* against *Principle*, and 'we believe 'em when they say, *That in those Cases the Odds 'are on Nature's Side.* Such a nice Distinction as this, do we 'find in the *Address* presented to the Queen some time ago by 'the *Clergy of* London: They call her Majesty's Authority *Irre-'sistible*, and yet the next Breath sucks that in; for they say, '*As they have withstood, so they will withstand again.*'—— So that 'tis clear, our High-Church Priests are no longer Loyal to their Prince, than he is *dignifying* their Ambition with *Lawn Sleeves*, or *feeding their Avarice with great Livings*; and therefore I shall presume to say, that Subject deserves most of your Majesty Favour, *that Loves his Queen because he Honours his God*, and his Loyal *because he is Religious.* This Man (be he *Whig* or *Tory*) is STEADY, and his Loyalty impregnable, no LUIDORES or DIAMONDS can tempt him to sell his Religion or Country, until they *convince him there is no God*; nor shake his Allegiance, until they can disargue his Faith: For he is a *Whig Loyalist*, that is, Loyalty becomes the very Nature and Soul of this Man; but it hangs very loosely *and uncertainly* upon all others, let 'em be as *High-Church or as Low-Church* as they please: But as no Man can properly be call'd a WHIG, that is not truly Pious and Loyal; so all the WHIG-LOYALTY, that is paid to your Majesty's Person and Government, *throughout your whole Dominions*, is (tho' our late *Glorious Deliverer* from Popery and Slavery, is now call'd a *Usurper*) chiefly founded on *Revolution Principles*, this is fairly acknowledg'd for *Orthodox Doctrine*, by all the *True Sons of the Church of* England (of which I boast my self an unworthy Member:) Nay, I dare appeal even to that *Toel* of the Jacobite Party himself (Dr. *Sacheverell*) if *Absolute Passive-Obedience and Non-Resistance*, was not decry'd as a false and ridiculous Doctrine, when the *Church of England* was touch'd in the sensible Part, I mean in her *Rights and Privileges*: For tho' 'we have a late Spawn of Writers * who 'represent that great Work [*of the Revolution*] as only the 'Rolling of a Multitude, yet it is well known that Persons of 'the first Quality invited the Prince of *Orange* over. The Paper 'call'd, *The Address of the English Protestants*, was sign'd by 'Dr. *Sancroft*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and the greatest Part

* *As is observ'd by the truly Loyal and Ingenious Author of the Sermon, intitled,* The Lawfulness of Resisting Tyrants.

'of

'of that Order; which ſhew'd what Spirit they were of in the 'Time of their Danger.' And it is of little Value with me, that they who made no Scruple to *Pray* to a Prince, ſhou'd make any to *Swear* to him; our *Nobility and Gentry* all over the Nation, declar'd the Right that was in 'em not to be undone, and *flock'd in to their Deliverer:* Nay, that which gave the greateſt Figure to the Deſign was, that your Majeſty (our Rightful and ever Glorious Queen) and your late Conſort, *Prince* George *of* Denmark, *lov'd your Religion and Country above any Ties of Blood*; your *Majeſty* began to be Glorious at *Nottingham* (as an Earneſt what your Name ſhou'd be in *Germany* and *Flanders*) by leading thoſe People as a *General*, which you ſhou'd afterwards command as a *Sovereign*. And tho' there are ſome who pleaſe themſelves with a Phraſe of *Thanking God* that they had no Hand in this *Glorious Revolution*, yet all the *Loyal Whigs* (or ſincere Proteſtants, for they are ſynonimous Terms) in your Majeſty's Realms, met on the Fifth of *November laſt*, (the Day King *William* Landed) to thank God that others had; and, to ſpeak the Truth, it's pity that they who hate the *Principles* of this Cauſe, ſhou'd *Roll in the Profits*; for 'tis a general Obſervation amongſt all thoſe Loyal Subjects that are call'd *Whigs*, that all the *Anti-Revolution Gentlemen* (or Enemies to King *William*) are *Abettors of the Pretender's Intereſt*, if not profeſt Jacobites.

Then may Heaven ever defend your Majeſty, and in that your Kingdoms, from *pretended Friends*, thoſe moſt dangerous Enemies, by *what Name or Title ſoever dignify'd or diſtinguiſh'd, from the BONA FIDE Monarch, to his* Vice-Roy *at* Barleduc, of whatever Denomination or Religion he may be at preſent, or next Week, together with all their *Adherents*, *Abettors*, *Well-wiſhers*, *foreign and domeſtick*, for ſuch Monſters there are amongſt us; but their *Perſons*, *Names*, *Deſigns* and *Practices*, are better known than they imagine, as they may one Day perhaps find to their Confuſion and Loſs.

After all, I can ſcarce tell how to ſuppoſe, that 'tis my Care for my *Religion's*, *Sovereign's*, *and Country's Safety*, *my Zeal for their Honour and Happy Eſtabliſhment*, that has ſo highly provoked ſome great Mens Diſpleaſure; but ſhou'd it be ſo, they may reſt fully aſſured, that neither the *Wrath nor Grandeur of any Fellow Subject*, tho' in never ſo highly exalted a Station, ſhall fright me from my Duty; their *Diſpleaſure and Malice wou'd be more juſtly plac'd, if the firſt were directed againſt themſelves, and the other againſt their Babling Tools*, ſuch as a certain WATER-MAN between *Chatham* and *Rocheſter*, who boaſts his former Owling Trade, tho' it coſt *the Partner of his Treaſon his Life*, and himſelf Nine Months Confinement, has now procured him a Penſion of Fifty Pounds a Year.

Alas

Alas poor GREGG! Were thy Treaſonable Merits ſo great, that neither a *Place*, *Title*, *Penſion*, nor *Garter*, could reward, that thou would'ſt die a *ſilent Martyr!* Had thy Fidelity to thy Sovereign been equal to that to thy *Maſter*, *how brightly had't thou ſhin'd in Story*; and now how black doſt thou appear to all honeſt Men! Thy *Brother Traytor on the* Thames *calls thee a Thouſand Fools*, and ſwears, before he wou'd have ſuffer'd a *Hempen Collar* to have been about his Neck, he wou'd have made Diſcoveries that had found Buſineſs for both *Axe* and *Halter*.

May thoſe be the Fate of all Diſloyal Subjects, eſpecially Queen *ANNE*'s, and all other Betrayers of their Country; may *the Hereditary Publiſher* be ſo honeſt as to confeſs *when*, *where*, *and by whom* that Work was carry'd on; who 'twas the CLUB appointed to ſearch Records for *Henry* the VIIIth's Will, and other Preſidents for Modern Facts; how much above 18*l.* that Search coſt; who was at that Charge, and with what View, except to a *certain young Gentleman at* Barleduc; not but that there are ſome faithful Subjects, who careful of your Majeſty's Perſon and Honour, their Country's Happineſs, and their own Liberties and Properties, *keep ſo vigilant a Watch on all thoſe Perſons*, whoſe Fidelity to your Sacred Perſon they have Reaſon to ſuſpect, as that none of all this *Myſtery of Iniquity* is a Secret to them; they are *ready and able to inform your Majeſty*, *in all theſe Particulars*, *and many more of the laſt Moment to your Majeſty*, *and Kingdom's Safety* (as appears by the many *ſeaſonable Diſcoveries* that have been ſent to me by *Perſons of great Quality*): But without your Majeſty's Encouragement, Command, and Royal Protection, the appearing in ſo dangerous an Undertaking, wou'd juſtly entitle them to the Character Dr. *Sacheverell*, and his Friends gave me, for the Diſcoveries in my *Neck or Nothing* and *Court-Spy*, *viz.* That of a *Mad Man*: I muſt do them all the Juſtice to own, that they were none of them ſo *mad*, as to ſuffer me to prove *the black Charge I exhibited againſt him*, and I am not yet ſo *mad*, as not to know the Reaſon of their Temper in this Matter; no nor ſo *mad* neither, as not to know Truth from Falſhood, Realities from Pretences, Traytors from Faithful Subjects, Popiſh Prieſts from Proteſtant Miniſters, Superſtition, Self-will Worſhip, and all other falſe Doctrines (even to that new one of *Re-baptizing*, new to the Church of *England*, tho' the Doctor who pretends to be a Miniſter of that Church, declares, 'tis what he'll preach and practice, forgetting, I ſuppoſe, that his Patron, my Lord T——r had no other than *Presbyter Baptiſm*, and conſequently, by his Rule, is *no Chriſtian*) from the Truth of Chriſt and his Goſpel: Nay, to go farther, I can likewiſe aſſure the *Reverend Doctor*, I have ſo much the Advantage of him, and his *deluded Followers*, *in Senſe as well as Faith*, that I can diſtinguiſh between a *Gracious Princeſs* governing

ing by Law, and an *Arbitrary Tyrant* acting againſt all Laws human and divine, between my *Rightful Sovereign*, and a *Sham Pretender*; and as with Joy, Love, and humble Duty, I ſhall obey the firſt, ſo I ſhall with all my Power, to my laſt Breath, reſiſt the other, whenever by the Advice or Aſſiſtance of ſuch *Falſe Brethren*, as the *Doctor* of St. *Andrew's Holbourn*, he ſhall attempt a ſecond Invaſion of your Majeſty's Dominions: In this hearty and loyal Reſolution, *I am ſeconded by all your faithful Subjects, and ſhall be not only by all your true Allies, but likewiſe all ſincere Proteſtants*; and whenever the *Hero* of the Doctor's Farce makes his next Attempt on *Britain*, he'll find it ſo to his Confuſion, and that of all his Invitors or Aſſiſters, at home and abroad.

To tire your Majeſty no longer, I beg leave only to repeat once more, that I am ready to prove *all my Diſcoveries of the Doctor and his Accomplices*, upon the leaſt Intimation of your Majeſty's Pleaſure, and Aſſurances of your *Royal Protection* for Myſelf and Witneſſes, who are all Perſons of unqueſtionable Veracity and Credit, of unblemiſh'd Reputation and Loyalty, faithful and affectionate Subjects to your Majeſty, and *true Friends to that Illuſtrious Houſe*, whoſe Succeſſion only can make your People able to ſupport the Loſs of ſo good a Queen, *whenever Heaven for our Sins, and your Majeſty's Happineſs, ſhall remove you from an Earthly to an Heavenly Crown:* Nor ſhall either Rewards or Puniſhments, the Frowns or Flatteries of any Creature hinder me from faithfully diſcharging the Duty I owe *my God, my Queen and Country*, to the utmoſt of my Power; as I wou'd not for *a Thouſand Worlds wrong any Man* by a falſe Accuſation, if I knew it to be ſo; ſo neither will I for *Fear or Favour conceal any Villany that comes well atteſted* to my Knowledge: This ever was, is, and ſhall be my Principle and Practice; *By this I'll ſtand, or fall, live, or die:* That Man I think ill underſtands his Duty to God, his Prince and Country, that will be *Bully'd* out of the Performing it, by any Man on Earth. This, I hope, will never be attempted towards me; but if it ſhou'd, 'twill be in vain: *For I wou'd willingly loſe for the Service of your Majeſty, as much as others get by pretending to ſerve you.*

May your Majeſty long Live *the Bleſſing of your People, and Support of the* Proteſtant *Intereſt, and the Liberties of* Europe; all of them *now* in the utmoſt Danger; may your Majeſty be *the Glorious Inſtrument of* Providence, to extricate them out of it: And to this End may God bleſs your Majeſty with *a wiſe Council, a faithful Miniſtry, and an obedient, loyal, affectionate, dutiful, united* People.----This is the hearty, zealous Prayers of,

Moſt Gracious Sovereign,

Your Majeſty's *moſt Humble, moſt Obedient, moſt Loyal, moſt Dutiful, and moſt Faithful Subject and Servant,*

JOHN DUNTON.

Mordecai's *Ramble to* COURT:

OR,

A Brief Detection of the *Avarice*, *Pride*, and *Ingratitude* of ſome Pretended Whigs now in the Miniſtry, to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, that has Ruin'd himſelf to ſave his Country.

WITH

Some Cutting *Reflections* on a Treaſonable Paper, intitled, *The Norwich Petition*, as they were ſent in a LETTER to Mr. *John Dunton*: By a Perſon wholly unknown to him.

——— *Adulator nullus amicus erit.* ——— OVID.
Nec retinent patulæ commiſſa fideliter aures. ——— HOR.

London, Sept. 17. 1718.

I Own, Mr. *Dunton*, it will be an Eternal Scandal to thoſe Glorious Patriots that now ſurround his Majeſty's Throne, (and which is yet worſe will bring a Reproach upon his Majeſty's *Royal Promiſe*, *Of never forgetting ſuch as diſtinguiſh themſelves in his Service*) if after you have ventur'd your Life and Fortune to ſecure the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Illuſtrious Houſe of *Hanover*, you ſhou'd be left to *ſtarve in a Jayl*, and that for no other reaſon but only detecting the *Pride*, *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude* of thoſe Court Whigs, whoſe Lives and Fortunes you ventur'd your All to ſave (for your early and ſucceſsful Diſcoverys of *Oxford's and Bolingbroke's Scheme to reſtore the Pretender*, defeating ſeveral *Jacobite Plots* in *London*, and ſeaſonable Detecting the *Enliſting of Men in* Ireland *for the Pretender's Service*, can't be ſaid to be of any leſs Conſequence) neither can any Man doubt the Truth of thoſe early Diſcoveries that furniſh'd out your celebrated Narrative, entituled, *Neck or Nothing*, ſeeing they were fully confirm'd in *the Report made by the Committee of Secrecy* Ten Months after you had publiſh'd them in that Loyal and Seaſonable Narrative. And therefore, Mr. *Dunton*, as you have oblig'd all his Majeſty's beſt Friends in telling the World

(in your *Secret History of St. James's*) that you had rather ſtarve in his Majeſty's Service, than live a diſtinguiſh'd Favourite to a Popiſh Uſurper. I ſhall now ſend you ſuch a treaſonable Libel (entituled, *The Humble Petition of the Mayor, Sheriffs, Juſtices, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of* Norwich, *to his Majeſty King* George) as will add greatly to your other National Services (and to that *Royal Bounty*, that the whole Kingdom will think you deſerve) if you either deliver it to his Majeſty with your *own Hand*, or publiſh it with ſuch *an Anſwer to it*, as may expel that Poiſon which 'tis fear'd will ſpread throughout all his Majeſty's Realms, if not ſpeedily ſuppreſs'd. And ſhould I inform you who makes this *early Diſcovery to you* (I call it ſo, as this *Norwich Petition* is not yet publiſh'd) both your ſelf, and the *Preſent Miniſtry*, would own great Regard ought to be had to it, or at leaſt ſo much as ought to *diſtinguiſh you in his Majeſty's Royal Favour*; for as your *Neck or Nothing* made ſuch early Diſcoveries of *Oxford*'s and *Bolingbroke*'s Treaſon, *as no Man ſave your ſelf was entruſted with, or had Courage enough to publiſh while the Traitors accus'd govern'd the Nation*, ſo I can aſſure you, your timely ſending this *Treaſonable Petition to the Preſent Miniſtry* will not be leſs meritorious than your former diſtinguiſh'd Services to *the Houſe of* Hanover; for tho' that Reverend Clergyman that writ *Mordecai's Memorial* has done great Juſtice to your *diſtinguiſh'd Loyalty and Affection to King* George, yet nothing can be of greater Service to his Majeſty, than the Suppreſſing, or at leaſt *Anſwering this* Norwich *Petition.*

Mr. *Dunton!* all the true Friends to the Houſe of *Hanover*, rejoice to hear that his Majeſty has done you that great Honour as to beſtow on you *a Gold Medal* (as an Acknowledgment that your Publick Services were well approv'd, and as a Mark of his Royal Favour;) but as your *Loyal and Expenſive Hazards* in detecting his Secret Enemies are ſo univerſally known and diſtinguiſh'd as to make the Jacobites ſwear *John Dunton* ſhall be the firſt Man they will hang at *Tyburn*, if ever their Popiſh Idol is crown'd King: For this reaſon we can't but be greatly concern'd to ſee *pretended Whigs* (or Weathercock-Tories) that have done little or nothing to ſet the Crown on his Majeſty's Head, advanc'd to *conſiderable Places or Penſions* (by having Friends at Court, or Money to purchaſe them) whilſt *Honeſt Dunton*, who has ſpent his All in his Majeſty's Service, is left to *ſtarve in a Goal*, only for want of having *his Caſe told to the King.* But Mr. *Dunton*, your preſenting this Treaſonable Petition to his Majeſty will be ſuch *a new and convincing Proof* of your ſteady Loyalty to his Royal Perſon and Government, as, 'tis hop'd, will bring to mind all *your former unrewarded Services*: And therefore, tho' ſome Court-Whigs may perhaps have been your Enemies (for your detecting that *Pride*, *Avarice* and *Ingratitude*,

tude, you have found in them; for *touch a gall'd Horſe on the Back, and he will certainly wince*) yet if they have but Two Grains either of Honour or Gratitude in them, they will now be as much your Friend as you can deſire; for that *treaſonable Petition* I have here ſent you, if timely and ſharply anſwer'd, will prevent the *Papiſts* (or *High Churchmen*, for they are ſynonimous Words) poiſoning the Nation with Jacobite Lyes, and conſequently will ſecure to our Court Whigs thoſe *High and Profitable Places* they now moſt deſervedly poſſeſs. And therefore, Mr. *Dunton*, if that Diſcovery this *Norwich Petition* makes of his Majeſty's Enemies meet with a Generous Reception at Court (I mean ſuch a Reception *as ſhall as much diſtinguiſh the Author of* Neck or Nothing *in his Majeſty's Favour, as he has diſtinguiſh'd himſelf in his Service*). I reſolve if poſſible to procure and ſend you *the Pretender's new Declaration to the Subjects of* Great-Britain (which as I'm told by a FALSE BROTHER to the Jacobite Party, with whom I have contracted a great Friendſhip) is every Word of it *High Treaſon*, and therefore you muſt never expect to know from what Hand theſe *treaſonable Libels* come, for I receive thoſe Diſcoveries I ſhall ſend to you from a Papiſt of great Quality that is *nearly related to me, and whoſe Name I have promis'd ſhall be ever a Secret.* However (as Fifteen Hundred Pound will pay all your Debts, and clear your whole Eſtate from Incumbrance) *the great and ſignal Service* you will again do to your King and Country by theſe early and ſeaſonable Diſcoveries, can't miſs of that *noble Reward* from our Grateful and ever Glorious Sovereign; for if you have *any Enemies at Court* (as 'twould be a great Diſhonour to it ſhould ſuch a Loyal Subject as *John Dunton* have one Enemy there) it is only ſuch *Whig Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Baronets*, that have ſcandaliz'd themſelves as well as their Country by their baſe *Pride, Avarice*, and *Ingratitude* to ſuch that (like *John Dunton* our *Britiſh Mordecai*) have *ruin'd themſelves to ſave their Country.* However, if *Pride, Avarice*, and *Ingratitude* be bad in a Tory, they are ſo in a Whig, and therefore *Dunton*, as your great Fault (or rather matchleſs Honeſty) lies only in calling *a Spade a Spade*, your plain dealing in detecting the *Pride, Avarice* and *Ingratitude* of ſome Court Whigs can never exclude ſuch a *Neck-Adventurer* in his Majeſty's Service from partaking of his *Royal Bounty*, for thoſe eminent Services you have done the Crown; for God be thank'd, we have *a King too wiſe to be impoſed on by Favourites* (whatever the *Norwich Petition* ſays to the contrary) to good to forget any Faithful Service done him and a Miniſtry (whilſt the Glorious *Stanhope, Craggs, Sunderland, Parker, King, Letchmer, and Hampden*, ſit at Helm) too upright, honeſt and faithful, to leſſen or conceal any Fellow Subject's Merits. Our *Mordecai's* need only to be ſet in a true Light to

theſe,

theſe, which *you will do in your own* Perſon, if you have Loyalty and Courage enough to preſent this *Norwich* Petition either to the King, or the preſent Miniſtry, with your own Hand. However I ſhan't ſcruple to ſay at parting (I have *ſo much regard to his Majeſty's Honour, and the Reputation of the preſent Miniſtry*) that I'm almoſt as much concern'd as the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, that his deſperate and ſucceſsful Hazards in ſerving the Publick han't yet partak'd of that *Royal Bounty* which the whole Nation ſays he deſerves. Or, Mr. *Dunton*, (as I ſaid before) if you have any Enemies 'tis only thoſe Court Whigs whoſe *Pride*, *Avarice* and *Ingratitude* you have moſt juſtly expos'd, and ought further to laſh in a Satyr I would have you entitle, *Neck for Nothing*.

Mr. *Dunton*, I ſhall only add, if our *Court Whigs* continue ſtill to wince at that known and remarkable Juſtice you have done to their *Proud*, *Covetous* and *Ungrateful* Character, (and for that reaſon ſtill continue to conceal or miſrepreſent your *diſtinguiſh'd Services to our Grateful Sovereign.*) I reſolve to publiſh this LETTER (with *the Norwich Petition* encloſed in it, anſwer'd Paragraph by Paragraph) that all my Fellow Subjects may ſee how much I am *his Majeſty's*, *Your*, *and the Kingdom's* true (*tho' unknown*) Friend, and Faithful Humble Servant, *&c.*

Mordecai

Mordecai *Kneeling at the King's Gate;*

OR,

Mr. *JOHN DUNTON*'s Humble Petition

To His Majesty's Royal Honour, Justice, Gratitude, and the rest of his *Princely Vertues*, that he might not be left *to starve in a Jayl*, for want of that *very Money* which he freely spent out of his *own Pocket* in detecting *the Enemies to his Sacred Person and Family* in the Worst of Times, *His Majesty* having promis'd in His First *SPEECH* from the Throne, *Never to forget his Obligations to those that have distinguish'd themselves in his Service.*

Et bene apud memores veteris stat Gratia facti.——*VIRG.*

To the KING's most Excellent Majesty.

The Humble Petition of JOHN DUNTON, *Citizen of* London,

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioner with very great *Charge and Expence* in Writing and Printing to secure *the Protestant Succession in your Majesty's Illustrious House*, especially by Printing his Narrative, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, and his *Court-Spy*, and other *Pamphlets*, which he at his own *Cost and Charge* dispers'd throughout your Majesty's Dominions, did thereby *distinguish himself* in your Majesty's Service by defeating your Enemies in their secret Schemes to bring into your Realms the Pretender.

For which Services your Majesty was pleas'd to bestow on him *A Gold Medal* as an Acknowledgment that your *Petitioner*'s Services therein were well approv'd.

That your *Petitioner* did make such *Discoveries* that no Man (save himself) was intrusted with, or had *Courage* enough to publish whilst the *Traitors accus'd govern'd the Nation*, and by his early Discoveries of *Oxford*'s and *Bolingbroke*'s Scheme to bring in the Pretender, and by his detecting that *Jacobite Plot*

that

that was then carrying on in the *Royal Palace* they were thereby wholly defeated, as alſo the *Two Jacobite Plots of Lifting Men in* Ireland for the Pretender's *Service, and that Plot in* Southwark *for his Reſtoration* (of which your Petitioner gave the late Biſhop of *Salisbury* a full Account from time to time as he had it from a *Papiſt* that was privy to it, as the Reverend Mr. *Will. Clark* is able to teſtify) had in all likelihood both taken Effect had not thoſe *early Diſcoveries* that your *Petitioner* made in his ſaid Pamphlets prevented the ſame, which the then Miniſtry to conceal gave your Petitioner *the Title of Madman*, tho' for no other reaſon (as all that know him aſſert) but his daring to charge *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* with a Deſign to Reſtore the Pretender when they were *Two Royal Favourites*: And as this was the only Colour they had for telling the World your Petitioner was *mad*, and all the Proof of his Madneſs; ſo 'twas all the Confutation they could produce of his Intelligence. I muſt confeſs, that *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude*, that I have obſerv'd and found amongſt *ſome Whigs at Court* is enough to make the moſt *Rational Man* in the World MAD; but your Petitioner, is ſo far from being in the leaſt *Craz'd* (or *Lunatick*) that if your Majeſty, (or any of thoſe faithful Patriots that now ſurround the Throne) deſire this Aſperſion might be further clear'd, your Petitioner is *ready to ſtand the Teſt before the whole Colledge of Phyſicians upon this undeſerv'd Slander*; or was he really a *Madman*, he is ſtill the greater Object of your Majeſty's *Royal Bounty:* But your Petitioner has fairly prov'd (in a *Satyr* now ready for the Preſs, intitled, *Neck for Nothing*; or, *Mordecai's Dying Groans from the* Fleet-Priſon) that he is a *MAD TORY*, or a *MAD WHIG*, that either thinks or calls him a *Madman.*

Your *Petitioner's* early and bold Diſcoveries (call'd *Neck or Nothing*) having done that Service to your Majeſty's Intereſt as to open the Eyes of many Thouſands to ſee the Danger the *Proteſtant Succeſſion* was in which they did not before ſuſpect, it engag'd 'em to exert themſelves in the following *Elections of Parliament Men* for its Security: 'Twas for this Reaſon that your Petitioner ran the Hazard of being made *a Priſoner in Newgate by a 'Scape Warrant* to Vote for thoſe Four *Candidates* in the City of *London* that he knew were zealous for the *Hanover* Succeſſion, and to engage *ſeveral of his Fellow Citizens* in the ſame Glorious Cauſe, and made him refuſe his Vote and Intereſt (tho' both were earneſtly ſolicited by the Lord *Fermannah*) to the Tory Members that ſtood for Knights of the Shire for *Bucks*, where your Petitioner often went at a great Expence as knowing his Intereſt could engage many Hundreds for Mr. *Hampden* (his own Eſtate in ſeveral Parts of that County joyn'd to the good Character

facter his *Reverend Father and Grandfather* had in thoſe Parts, having given him a conſiderable Influence over the Electors) and your *Petitioner* never grudg'd either *Time or Charges* (ever ſince the Crown was ſettled on your Majeſty's *Sacred Perſon and Family*) in chuſing ſuch Members to ſit in Parliament as he knew were *hearty Friends to your Majeſty*, and to the Proteſtant Succeſſion in your Illuſtrious Houſe, as was well known to the late Marquiſs of *Wharton*, who Honour'd your *Petitioner* with a Diſtinguiſhing Mark of his Friendſhip for theſe Publick Services (as is well known to Mr. *John Peny*, now living in the City of *London.*)

Neither was your Petitioner leſs zealous in detecting your Enemies in the *Iſle of Thanet*, when (of late) they were Plotting to reſtore the Pretender by a *Swediſh Invaſion* (or a Deſign of Landing *Twenty Thouſand* Men in that Iſland for the Pretender's Service) which Diſcovery your Petitioner receiv'd from a worthy Gentleman of the *Iſle of Thanet*, who aſſur'd him, that neither he nor your Petitioner could be ſeen in it, but at the *utmoſt Hazard of their Lives.* However, as your Petitioner never valued either his *Life or Fortune* where he could do your Majeſty any Service, he immediately ſent this Diſcovery to that truly Faithful and Generous Patriot the Lord *Stanhope* then Principal Secretary of State, and your Petitioner will always be thus zealous to venture his ALL in Defence of your Majeſty's *Juſt Title* to the Britiſh Crown, tho' he ſhou'd never partake of any other Reward than the *Satisfaction of having done his Duty* to his Rightful and Ever Glorious Sovereign: Of which the Diſcoveries that your Petitioner ſent but a few Weeks ago to the Right Honourable the Lord *Stanhope*, and Mr. Secretary *Craggs*, (by a *French* Miniſter) of a Deſperate *Jacobite* Plot then hatching in *London*, *Oxford*, *Somerſetſhire*, and other Parts of the Kingdom, is a late and undeniable Proof.

Your *Petitioner* cou'd proceed to inform your Majeſty of many other *Deſperate and Succeſsful Hazards* that he has run of his *Life* and *Fortune* in detecting the *Jacobite Enemies* to your Royal Perſon and Family in the Worſt of Times; but that he might not be *too Tedious*, he will at preſent only further Diſcover to your Majeſty that *Jacobite Impudence* (or Treaſonable Libel) that was *ſecretly diſpers'd* throughout all your Majeſty's Realms, but more eſpecially in the City of *Norwich* (on purpoſe to blacken your Majeſty's *Glorious Reign*, and every Branch of your *Illuſtrious Houſe*) and was thus intitled, *viz.*

THE HUMBLE PETITION *of the Mayor, Sheriffs, Juſtices, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of* Norwich, *to His Majeſty King* GEORGE.

Which *Petition* I no ſooner Receiv'd (*from a Perſon wholly unknown to me*) but I immediately ſent it to a *Gentleman* of *Diſtinguiſht*

gainſt Honour and Loyalty (well known to your Majeſty) who ſent this *Treaſonable Petition* to ſeveral Lords of your Majeſty's *Privy-Council*, who all commended my *Great Diligence*, *Courage* and *Fidelity* in detecting your Majeſty's Enemies, and had not the *unknown Gentleman* that ſent this *Petition* greatly Reflected upon the *Preſent Miniſtry* for letting my *Early*, *Expenſive*, and *Succeſsful Hazards* to ſerve the Publick go ſo long unrewarded, 'tis believ'd, *by ſeveral Eminent Citizens*, that this ſeaſonable Service to the Crown had bin long ſince Rewarded by your *Majeſty's ſpecial Order*.

Your Majeſty will not wonder then that ſuch *Seaſonable and Expenſive Services*, and a *Five Years* almoſt as Expenſive an Attendance upon Courtiers (ſome of which promiſed your Petitioner *to ſeek all Occaſions to inform your Majeſty of his many ſucceſsful Hazards in detecting your Jacobite Enemies* without any regard to their Promiſes) have reduced him to ſo *extream a Neceſſity*, as either to lay in this preſuming Manner himſelf at your *Sacred Feet*, or ſtarve out the Remainder of his Life in a Priſon. *Strange!* that the *Tories* ſhou'd never fail to Inrich thoſe that do all they can to Ruin their Country, when the Author of *Neck or Nothing* is left to ſtarve in a *Jail*, by thoſe very LORDS (your Petitioner bluſhes to think they are Whigs) that once call'd him *the* Patriot *of Great-Britain*, for venturing his All to ſave it (as he was aſſur'd by that Perſon of Honour who ſent him all thoſe *Early Diſcoveries* of *Oxford*'s and *Bolingbroke*'s Treaſon that furniſh'd out *Neck or Nothing*.)

All which has occaſion'd your Petitioner's Expence of a Plentiful Fortune to ſave his Country, and aſſert *your Majeſty's Succeſſion* and Right to the Crown of theſe Realms; for which he muſt now unavoidably *periſh in a Goal* (tho' the ſmall Sum of *Fifteen Hundred Pounds* would pay all his Debts, and clear his whole Eſtate from Incumbrance) unleſs reliev'd by your Majeſty's *Royal Bounty* (or ſuch an *Annual Penſion* as ſhall make his future Life a little Eaſy and Comfortable) his Two Hereditary Diſtempers the *Stone and Rheumatiſm* rendring him unfit for any Publick Place, unleſs ſuch a one as he may Diſcharge by a *Deputy*.

The Truth of theſe *ſeveral Diſcoveries*, and of many others incerted in your *Petitioner's Four Narratives*, intitled, ——— *Neck or Nothing*, ——— *Court-Spy*, ——— *Queen Robin*, ——— and, *The Impeachment*. ——— Shall be fully prov'd in your Majeſty's *Royal Preſence* if your Majeſty Pleaſe to Command it, and that not only by a *Worthy Clergyman*, and other Perſons of undoubted Veracity that were Privy to them before they were made Publick, but alſo by a *Fellow Sufferer* with him for diſperſing vaſt Numbers of his *Neck or Nothing*, at the very time when there was *Six Warrants* in Purſuit of him for Writing of it. And as your Petitioner was thus threatned

with

with Ruin by the late Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*, then Principal Secretary of State, and forced to abscond at a great Charge for near *Two Years together* (and that only for daring to detect your Majesty's Jacobite Enemies, that were then Reigning Favourites, and Plotting even in the Royal Palace to defeat *the Protestant Succession*, as that *Person of Honour* that writ the *Key to Neck or Nothing* proves at large) so *Hang'd* he had certainly been, had the *Pretender* succeeded in his late Cursed Rebellion, and perhaps by those very Jacobites that lately promised him *a great Reward* (as is well known to that worthy Gentleman Mr. *John Hunter* of *Wapping*) if he'd publickly Recant of proving *the Pretender a Popish Impostor, and all his Adherents Knaves and Madmen*; but as the Cause of the *Whigs* is Just and Glorious, as 'tis the Cause of Religion and *English* Liberties, (*tho' their Souls are little and selfish*, and he might add very ungrateful, if compar'd with *the Generosity of the Tories* to all such as Attempt to Ruin their Country) your Petitioner will never desert *either them or their Honest Principles*, tho' they should suffer him to starve in Defence of them, for no Temptation of either *Honour or Riches* shall ever corrupt your *Petitioner*'s Whiggish Principles (or *distinguisht Affection* to the House of *Hanover*, and its *true Friends*) and was he not now in a *starving Condition*, by the Necessity he lies under of *Pawning* his *Medal*, *Plate*, *Library*, and other Things of considerable Value, and by Consigning over his *whole Rent to a necessitous Creditor* (that buys the very Bread on which he subsists) He had neither troubled your Majesty with this Detection of *Tory Gratitude*, to such as would ruin their Country (by restoring *a Popish Pretender*) nor with this *Secret History of Whigish Ingratitude* to such as venture *Neck or Nothing* to save it; but your *Petitioner* can't but own to your Majesty that it greatly afflicts him, that after being *Born a Gentleman, and bred a Scholar, and Heir to an Estate* of *Five Thousand Pounds* in Land, that he must now be forc'd to spend (or rather starve out) his few remaining Days in a Prison for want of that very Money which he *freely spent out of his own Pocket* in the Service of his King and Country; but your *Petitioner* don't fear continuing long under these pinching Wants, if this *Narrative of his Case and Sufferings* be read to your Majesty as he's promised it shall by that *Person of Honour* that delivers it to your Majesty with his own Hand, considering how fully your Majesty makes good that Gracious Promise made us in your first Speech from the Throne, '*Never to forget those who have distinguished themselves in your Service*.' And therefore as *Dunton*'s being always neglected (after this *Petition* is read to your Majesty) would be a *manifest Breach* of your Majesty's *Royal Promise* made from the Throne, to such that (like the *British Mordecai*) have ventur'd their ALL to secure *the Protestant Succession*, so 'twou'd be a great Discouragement for the *future* to all Loyal Subjects *to distinguish themselves in your Majesty's Service*; and 'tis for that Reason that *all your Majesty's best Friends* do so heinously Resent it, that your *Petitioner*'s Publick Services have gone *Five Years unrewarded*, and that not only to the Reproach of the *Present Ministry*, but even of *Religion* it self; for I am ready to prove in your *Majesty's Royal Presence*, that if your *Petitioner* must go unrewarded for his Publick Services, (or be called an *Impudent Fellow*)

only

only for being *ſincerely Honeſt and Loyal* (that is for ſcorning to flatter *the greateſt Duke or Earl in the Kingdom* in his ſcandalous *Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude*, &c. meerly to gain his Favour) the very *Name*, as well as the *Practice* of Vertue will be wholly *loſt throughout all your Majeſty's Realms*, but more eſpecially in the *Britiſh Court*. 'Tis therefore thought the *Ingratitude* of Impriſoning the Author of *Neck or Nothing* for Debts contracted in the Service of the Royal Family, is wholly unknown to your Majeſty; for tho' your *whole Reign has been Bright and Spotleſs*, yet your *Petitioner* don't ſcruple to ſay, That if *your Majeſty excels in one Vertue more than another, 'tis that of nobly Rewarding ſuch as deſerve it*, as is ſeen in the Inſtance of that Celebrated Patriot Sir *Richard Steel*, who (as the Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memorial* has fairly prov'd) never ran the *Fortieth Part* of thoſe deſperate Hazards which your *Petitioner* did in the late Reign to detect your Majeſty's Enemies, yet (after receiving *a Royal Bounty* to pay his Debts) 'tis reported he now poſſeſſes above *Two Thouſand Pounds* a Year in Places, and is ſtill in purſuit of *Greater Preferment*. And in the Inſtance of Mr. *George Ridpath*, who tho' a *Diſſenter* from the Eſtabliſht Church, yet his diſtinguiſht Loyalty was no ſooner made known to his *Grateful Prince* in an humble Petition (after being near Four Years neglected, through the *Avarice and Ingratitude* of the Whigs at Court) but the great Services he had done by his *Flying Poſt* againſt the Enemies to the preſent Government were rewarded *by a Patent* for furniſhing the Offices in *Scotland* for Forty Years with *Blank Books, Paper, and Stationary Wares*; which 'tis ſaid will bring him in (and his two *Bookſeller-Partners* in the ſame *Patent*) *Nine Hundred Pounds per Ann.* 'Tis therefore hop'd by all your Majeſty's true Friends of the *Church of England*, which you have always protected and encourag'd, and in *whoſe Communion* your *Petitioner* reſolves to live and die, that the unrewarded Author of *Neck or Nothing* will not meet with worſe Succeſs than a *Diſſenter* did (for that wou'd prove *the Church of England is in Danger indeed!* which 'twill never be, whilſt either your Majeſty, or any Branch of your Illuſtrious Houſe, ſits on the *Britiſh* Throne) by laying his Caſe at your Majeſty's Feet, as 'tis moſt *humbly ſubmitted* to your Generous Compaſſion by a *Noble Patriot*, who is both an Eye and Ear Witneſs to your *Petitioner*'s deplorable Condition, by reaſon of Debts contracted in the Service of your *Royal Perſon and Family*. Your Petitioner don't ſpeak this out of Reſpect to His own Advancement; for he can with truth affirm, he had no Rewards in view when he firſt ventur'd his Life, and incumber'd his Fortune to ſerve your Majeſty, and (next to paying his Debts, and dying with a good Conſcience) he only deſires his Loyal Hazards may be rewarded, that your Majeſty's *Royal Gratitude, and a Whig Miniſtry*, may be no longer cenſur'd on his Account, and he thinks no Man can doubt this that reads *Mordecai's Memorial* where the Rev. Author tells the World, 'I had never con-'cern'd myſelf in Mr. *Dunton*'s Affair now, did I not think, nay 'know *the King's Honour as well as the Miniſtry's* concern'd in re-'warding his Publick Services. *The Body of Diſſenters* (who to a 'Man are all hearty Lovers of King *George*) nay all our *Country*

'*Whigs*,

'*Whigs* murmur at his being neglected, his Reputation stands so fair
'in the *British* World, that 'twill look ill not to regard the Man,
'and therefore (continues the Reverend Author of this *Memorial*)
'I have in the best Manner I was able pleaded the *Cause of the Poor*
'*Man who saved the City, and whom no Man remembered*, tho' his
'*Neck Adventures* to serve the Publick are become such a *Vox Populi*,
'that 'tis the earnest Desire of the whole Nation they should be
'*Nobly Rewarded*, as appears by *the frequent and General Reports*, that
a Royal Bounty and Pension has paid all your Petitioner's Debts, and
given *Him a generous Subsistance* for Life (as Mr. *Robert Tookey* the
Printer of the *Flying-Post* is able to testify, who once brought your
Petitioner this *joyful News*) which, upon a thorough Inquiry,
prov'd only a *bare Amusement or false Report.* But if it be the De-
sire of the whole Nation that *Mordecai's distinguisht Loyalty* should
be rewarded (as he can prove it is by *Letters he has received from*
all Parts of the British Dominions) they can be no real Friends to
your Majesty (let them be either *Whig or Tory*) that by concealing
or misrepresenting his *Neck-Adventures* to serve the Publick, do all
they can to prevent it, and thereby blemish your Majesty's *Impar-*
tial Rewards to all your Loyal Subjects of *Great-Britain*, though
without any manner of Reason for the Neglect of Rewarding *Dun-*
ton's Publick Services lies wholly at their Doors who have neither
wanted Opportunity nor a full Conviction of the Truth of his Services
and Sufferings, which is a most aggravated Ingratitude in those Court
Whigs who have raised their Fortunes by your Petitioner's *Loyal*
Hazards to serve the Publick; and therefore as the whole Nation
is become his Debtor, he neither wants nor asks their *Charity* (as
a certain Ungrateful DUKE was pleas'd to call it) but only that
Common Justice and Gratitude that is due to the meanest Subject that
has spent his ALL in the Service of his KING and COUNTRY,
as his CREDITORS will shew at large (*in a Weekly Peti-*
tion to your Majesty's Royal Honour, Justice, Gratitude, and the rest
of your Princely Vertues) if this Petition (or Abridgment of Whigish
Ingratitude) addrest to your Majesty is not bless'd with that *good*
Success as all his Fellow Subjects (that are sincere Friends to the
House of Hannover) both expect and hope for. And thus I have
ventur'd NECK FOR NOTHING (as I have largely prov'd to
your MAJESTY) in *a Satyr upon the Avarice and Ingratitude of those*
Whig Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Baronets that suffer the Author of
NECK OR NOTHING *to starve in a Jail, that has ruined himself*
to save his Country; and as he had *the Honesty and Courage* to pub-
lish this *Heinous Charge* (and to offer to prove it in your Majesty's
Royal Presence) 'tis only for this Reason that the Earl of *S*——,
and some other *Pretended Whigs* (now in the Ministry) are become
his (MOST) ungrateful, and (WHOLLY) undeserv'd Enemies,
which (your Petitioner *humbly conceives*) does fully prove to your
Majesty, that he lies under a Necessity of Publishing this *Narrative*
of Whigish Ingratitude, were it for no other Reason but to shew what
a little, mean, beggarly Soul has tarnisht the *Honour* of some GREAT
MEN now in the British Court, and to raise Compassion in his
Fellow Subjects, that they might make such A GENERAL PURSE
as will pay all his Debts (or at least keep him from starving;) but

as

as this wou'd be ſome Reflection *on your Majeſty's Royal Bounty and Goodneſs*, he hopes he ſhall partake of it in ſo *Generous a Manner*, as will prevent his publiſhing *Neck for Nothing*, and for the future make all *Whigiſh Ingratitude and Avarice* to be as much abhorr'd as 'tis now practis'd *at Court* (tho' to your Majeſty's Eternal Honour, without either *your Knowledge or Conſent*) and therefore *your Petitioner* now flings himſelf at your *Royal Feet* in this *Humble Addreſs*, not only as you always were *a Common Father to all your People*, but a Prince of that *diſtinguiſht Humility and Goodneſs*, as to be always willing to liſten to *a juſt Complaint*, though made by the Meaneſt of all your Subjects, and therefore your Petitioner preſumes to ſay, If DEBTS contracted in ſerving *your Majeſty's Illuſtrious Houſe*, and the great Wants he now GROANS under upon that Account, will give him a juſt Title to *the Royal Bounty of a Generous Prince*, your *Petitioner* don't fear to obtain it in few Days; for he aſſures your Majeſty at preſent *a near and diſmal Proſpect* of being buried Alive (or ſtarved to Death) in the *Fleet-Priſon*, is all the *Honour* and *Dignity* that the BRITISH MORDECAI has yet got for venturing *Neck or Nothing*, to detect the Enemy to your Majeſty's Royal Perſon and Family.

The Premiſſes conſidered, your *Petitioner* moſt humbly Prays, your Sacred Majeſty's *Bounty* towards his Relief, in ſuch Manner as your Majeſty in your great Wiſdom ſhall think fit.

And your *Petitioner* (as in Duty bound) ſhall (whether at *Liberty or in Priſon*) ſtill remain in the Integrity of his Soul to *Love, Honour, and Serve your Majeſty* to the utmoſt *Capacity of a Loyal, Dutiful, and Affectionate Subject*.

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22 JY 69

Mordecai's Memorial:

OR, THERE's

Nothing done for him

PROIVNG

The ſeveral *Early*, *Expenſive*, *and Succesful Diſcoveries in*

Mr. *John Dunton's* NECK ADVENTURES

To ſecure the *Proteſtant Succeſſion* in the Illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover, to be all Matter of Fact.

And that He is a Parallel Inſtance to the *PERSIAN MORDECAI*, for his diſtinguiſh'd (tho' as yet unrewarded) Services, in detecting the *Jacobite Plots* againſt his Majeſty's Royal Perſon and Family, both in the late, and preſent Reign.

WRITTEN

By a Reverend and Diſſintereſted CLERGY-MAN.

And moſt humbly Inſcrib'd,

To His Royal Highneſs the Prince of *WALES*, when GUARDIAN of theſe Realms.

The Second Edition Corrected.

ESTHER VI. 2, 3.

And it was found written that Mordecai *had told of* Bigthana *and* Tereſh, *two of the King's Chamberlains, the Keepers of the Door, who ſought to lay Hand on the King* Ahaſuerus; *and the King ſaid, What Honour and Dignity has been done to* Mordecai *for this? Then ſaid the King's Servants that miniſtred unto him,* **There is Nothing done for Him.**

LONDON:

Printed for *S. Popping*; and are to be Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1719.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO HIS

ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCE of *WALES*,

When *GUARDIAN* of these Realms.

GREAT SIR,

IN the Absence of Your Royal Father, there is none to whom I cou'd, with more *Hopes of Succes*, inscribe *MORDECAI's MEMORIAL*, than to Your Self; Tho' perhaps this Address may carry an *Air of Presumption*, yet I am satisfied, every Equitable Judge, and every Sincere and Faithful Friend to the Protestant Succession, will acquit me.

In the Pages that follow, Your *Royal Highness* will find a just and moving Representation of *very signal and unrewarded Services and Sufferings in the Glorious Cause of Religion and Liberty, and of the Succession of Your Royal and Illustrious Family to the Throne of these Kingdoms.* When all these were in imminent Hazard, and ready to be sacrificed at one Blow, to the *Pope* and the *Pretender*; *when the Vengeance of an* abandon'd Ministry *was the certain Effect of revealing their Treason, and controuling their Measures*; if in these Circumstances, there was a *Man* of *Honesty* and *Courage*, to whom their Plots and Contrivances were reveal'd, who, with *the utmost Freedom, Risqued his Estate, his Liberty, and his Life*, by a most seasonable Publication of the wicked Designs that were then on the Anvil. who propos'd *to make good his Charge in open Court*, if he cou'd have obtain'd the *late Queen's* Protection for Himself and his Witnesses, who, in *Twenty Books*, publish'd at his own Expence, alarm'd the blind and deluded Subjects in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, and who thereupon was pursu'd with the keenest Resentment of a *Secretary of State*; who, when he cou'd serve his Country, and promote the Security of the Succession of Your *Illustrious House*, in no other Capacity, made

his *Weekly Appearance* under the Title of his own *Ghoſt*; What Reward ſhall he not be thought to deſerve? The Errand upon which this Application is made, is to acquaint Your *Royal Highneſs* that Mr. *John Dunton* is the Man, after all his *Service, his Hazards and Succeſs*; and after large Aſſurances were made him, in Caſe the *Proteſtant Succeſſion* ſhou'd obtain, He has been Five Years neglected, and left to ſtruggle with an Incumbrance of near *Fifteen Hundred Pound* Debt upon his Eſtate, and *expos'd to the Confinement of a Priſon.* 'Tis none of my Intention to inſinuate *a Charge of Ingratitude*; for the only Reaſon that can be imagin'd of this Neglect, is the *Backwardneſs* of thoſe to recommend Mr. *Dunton*, who have neither wanted Opportunity, nor a full Conviction of the Truth of his *Services* and *Sufferings*. *'Tis poſſible for great Merit to lie a long Time conceal'd*, and that Men of *better Fortunes* ſhall engroſs the Rewards, while *the Poor Man dyes in Poverty and in Priſon*, whoſe Courage and Loyalty *ſaved his City and his Country.* It wou'd be thought an invidious Undertaking to compare the Service and the Hazards of thoſe who have had *large Shares* in the Favours of their Prince, with the known Adventures of Poor Mr. *Dunton.* The Difficulties and Straits into which his *Zeal and his Loyalty* have thrown him, are ſo preſſing, that *He muſt dye a Martyr in the Cauſe of his Country, and of the Royal Family*; If Nothing be done for him; ſhall it ever be ſaid, that under *a Reign of ſo much Lenity, even to Rebels ſeiz'd in open Rebellion*, there was an Inſtance of one *who ſuffer'd for his Loyalty* who loſt his Liberty, his Eſtate, and his All, *by ſaving the Liberties of his Country*, and venturing his *Neck for Nothing?* Shou'd this be the ſad Event, *an Everlaſting Reproach will lie at their Door*, from whom *a juſt and Generous Repreſentation* of Mr. *Dunton* to *His Majeſty* and Your *Royal Highneſs*, was due. Shall it be thought too much, that *an Inſtrument of our Common Deliverance* be render'd capable, *by* Public Gratitude, *to ſpend the Reſidue of his Days* in Liberty, in Credit and Eaſe, freed from a Load of Debts contracted in Public Service? *Shall it be judged too great a Favour* to bear a Poor Man's Expence *in our late Deliverance?*

As nothing was wanting, but a *Faithful Repreſentation of the Caſe*, I have thought it neceſſary to put *Mordecai's Memorial* into Your *Royal Highneſs's* Hand; and that not only as all His Majeſty's Loyal Subjects in that Part of *North-Britain*, where I perform my Sacred Function, are greatly concern'd that *Poor Mordecai* is not yet *(Nobly)* Rewarded for his ſeaſonable Venture of *Neck or Nothing*: But as 'tis the joint Opinion of all thoſe *Clergymen, and Men of Figure* that I have convers'd with, ever ſince King *George's* happy Acceſſion to the *Britiſh* Throne; That Mr. *Dunton* has done more to open the Eyes of the ſtupid and deluded *Jacobites*, during the late Miniſtry (by daring to

Publiſh

Publiſh thoſe Early Diſcoveries of *Oxford*'s and *Bolingbroke*'s Treaſon, which he entitles *Neck or Nothing*) than all the Subjects of *Great-Britain* beſides. Then ſhall not Poor *Mordecai* (who has ventur'd more to ſave his Country from Ruin, than *any one Man in it*) be Rewarded, when his Deſires are ſo *juſt and reaſonable*, they riſing no higher than *to be out of Debt*, and (by *Fifteen Hundred Pounds*, and a *handſom Penſion*) to be put in *a future Capacity, to ſerve King* George *and his Native Country*, by Publiſhing ſuch *further Diſcoveries* of the Enemies to the Proteſtant Succeſſion, that he is promis'd from Time to Time by that *Perſon of Honour* that ſent him all thoſe *Jacobite Secrets* that he formerly and lately Publiſh'd with ſuch great Succeſs.

In a Dedication of this Nature, it may be expected that I ſhould have enter'd upon the juſt Praiſe of Your *Royal Father*, and Your *Highneſs*; but I am determin'd, that *even Envy* ſhall leave no Foundation to ſay, that the Succeſs of *this Memorial* was attempted by Flattery; I ſhall only ſay, and upon certain Evidence, that Your *Illuſtrious Houſe* has contributed more to the very Name of *Proteſtants*, and the Preſervation of the *Reform'd Religion*, than any other *Family* in *Europe*. When the Emperor *Charles V.* procur'd a Decree from a Majority of the Princes and States aſſembled in the Dyet of *Spire* 1529, againſt the Reformation, a *ſolemn Ptoteſt* was entred in Oppoſition to it, by *ſix Princes*, who made a Glorious Stand in that *Great Criſis*, and two of thoſe *ſix Princes* were of Your *Illuſtrious Houſe*, Duke *Erneſt* (His Majeſty King *George*'s Great Grandfather) and Duke *Francis*, His Brother. And it is the Glory of His *Majeſty* and Your *Royal Highneſs* to ſupport *the Reform'd Religion* with the ſame Zeal, equal to that of Your *Great Anceſtors*, and 'tis part of Your Reward that there is an Augmentation of *Juſt Power* in Your Hands for its Defence.

I ſhall add, that the ſafeſt Method *to tranſmit the Crown* of theſe Kingdoms *down to Your Self, and Your Poſterity*, is to make an Effectual Diſtinction betwixt *the known Friends of the preſent Settlement*, who upon Principles which no Times can change, are inviolably attach'd to it, and *the open Enemies* of it, who are and will remain ſo upon *oppoſite Principles*.

I am,
May it pleaſe Your Royal Highneſs,
Your moſt Devoted,
and moſt Faithful Servant,

PHILO-PATRIS.

Mordecai's

MORDECAI's Memorial:

OR,

There's Nothing done for Him.

BEING

A SATYR upon Some-body, but I Name No-body, &c.

THere goes a Story of a Country-Gentleman, who, upon the Reſtoration of King *Charles* the Second, having footed it to Town, took up his Station in St. *James's Park*, where he was daily upon the Watch, warming his Mouth with a Pipe of Tobacco, and diſcharging his Glands of that Sort of Phlegm, which the Poor and the Diſappointed are uſually troubled with. The King paſſing frequently that Way, the Gentleman and his Pipe were conſtantly in the very ſame Place, where He wiſh'd His Majeſty good Sport, if he was goiug a Hunting, or a pleaſant Day, in caſe He was taking the Air. At laſt this conſtant Attendance upon Duty having render'd Him a little remarkable, the King made Enquiry aſtar the *Man with the Pipe*; and, being inform'd He was a Gentleman who had ſunk a plentiful Fortune, and ruin'd his Family in the Cauſe of the *Royal Martyr*, His Majeſty order'd him to be call'd, and directed him to apply to a certain Office, and demand a very comfortable Place in the King's Name. I need not deſcribe his Joy, for I believe every Body is ſenſible what his own Tranſports would have been upon the ſame Occaſion. The Gentleman having got his Directions by Heart, goes immediately to the Office, and ſtrikes with the great Hammer, demanding in the King's Name to be inſtantly, and with all due Formalities, admitted into his Poſt. But, for Anſwer, He was told,

told, there cou'd be no Regard paid to the Meſſage he had deliver'd, without a Round Sum of Money for the neceſſary Writings, Fees, *&c.* This was an effectual Repulſe, for the Man had no Money, nor was it lawful to Coin; therefore away he goes with his Steel and his Flint, his Pipe and Tobacco-Box, and reſumes his Old Station in the Park. The next Turn the King took that Way, He found him upon the Spot, and making a Stop, enquir'd, Why ſtill at his Old Trade? And the Gentleman having acquainted his Majeſty with the Reaſon of his Diſappointment, was order'd to go a Second Time npon the ſame Errand, and to demand the Place without a Farthing of Expence: But, in ſhort, the Coſts of Writings, the Fees, *&c.* were inſiſted on, ſo that no Good cou'd be done. The Man, upon this, returns to the Park as diligently as the Beggar to his Stand, and ſmokes away the Time 'till the King came back, who ask'd him the Succeſs he had met with. The Gentleman gave his Majeſty a Thouſand Thanks for his Gracious Intentions towards him; adding, *That he did not at all blame his Majeſty, for he had done all that he cou'd for him; but the Money was ſtill demanded, without which he cou'd not be put in Place. All that I can do for thee, Man!* ſaid the King, *and thou ſhalt know I am able yet to do more*; and ordering a Noble Lord to go immediately, and get the Buſineſs diſpatch'd upon Pain of the higheſt Reſentment, the Gentleman was moſt agreeably convinc'd, that *a grateful King can do much.*

That I may come a little cloſer to Buſineſs, There is a poor honeſt Man, in *GREAT-BRITAIN*, who has done as Eminent Services for his King and his Country, to the ruin of his Fortune, and at the manifeſt Peril of his Life, as ever *Mordecai* did for the King of *Perſia*, and far more than the Man in the Story had ever done for K. *Charles* the Firſt, And yet this Poor honeſt Man is an unrewarded Sufferer for his Courage and his Loyalty; and by Contributing to ſave the Liberties of theſe Kingdoms, He's become incapable to keep Himſelf out of Priſon; where he may ſpend the Reſidue of his Days in Affliction, without any other Support, than an inward Serenity of Mind, the bleſſed Effect of being at good Terms with his God and his Conſcience.

I ſhall confine this Memorial to the following Particulars, and repreſent,

I. In a general View, the hazardous and unrewarded Services of this poor Man.

II. I ſhall alledge the Reaſons why *there's Nothing done for Him.*

III. Shew the Reaſons why this Man muſt not go without his Reward.

Firſt; I am to repreſent his hazardous and unrewarded Services. In performing this firſt Part, I ſhall take it for granted, that the Proteſtant Succeſſion was one of the moſt Valuable Proſpects

Proſpects the True Proteſtants of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland* had in View, ever ſince the Happy Settlement of the Crown of theſe Realms upon the *Proteſtant Line*. Upon this Proſpect alone, the Providence that Rules the World, had placed their Religion, their Liberties, their Fortunes, their All in this World, in a ſtate of manifeſt Dependance; upon that *Succeſſion* therefore their Eyes, and Hopes, and Hearts were fix'd, and for this they conſtantly pray'd with the utmoſt Importunity, and with all the poſſible *Ardors* of Devotion, that God would render it effectual.

I ſhall alſo preſume, that every honeſt Man, in his right Mind, is fully convinc'd, that a *moſt wicked, perfidious*, and *treaſonable Scheme*, was contriv'd by a Sett of Men (whom God for the Puniſhment of theſe ungrateful Lands, permitted, by the blackeſt Arts, to Engroſs the Favours of the *late Queen*, and with whom their own Advancement and Revenge were more dear than the Religion and Liberties of their Country) in order to ſet aſide the Proteſtant Succeſſion, and to place *an attainted Popiſh Pretender upon the Throne*.

Every Body knows this accurſed Scheme was laid with all the Secrecy, which the Guilt of it call'd for, and which the Nature of the Deſign made poſſible. The particular Steps taken in it were myſterious; and thoſe who knew the Men and their Meaning, were afraid to bring upon their own Heads the powerful Reſentment of the Miniſtry. In this Poſture of Affairs, when General Inſinuations in public Prints were unable to cure the Lethargy of theſe Lands, there was a poor, honeſt, zealous Man, to whom the Men in Power, and their Deſigns, with the particular Steps they had taken to introduce the Pretender, were reveal'd, but not without an Article of Secrecy expreſly made with Reference to the Party that diſcovered them.

Being furniſhed with theſe Materials, this Man of Zeal and diſtinguiſh'd Loyalty, without any Regard to Life, Liberty, or Eſtate, immediately publiſhed the Treaſon, gave the World an Account of the very Names of thoſe engag'd in the horrid Plot, the Meaſures concerted and carried on, and this without concealing his Name, being fully determin'd to *wreſtle* (and I ſay it with a ſerious Mind) *againſt Fleſh and Blood, againſt Principalites, againſt Powers, againſt the Rulers of the Darkneſs of this World, againſt SPIRITUAL WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES.* He purſued the *Traytors* with one Book after another, 'till the Number, as I take it, amounted to twenty, or upwards; and it remains as a Monument of the Integrity of the Man, that he publiſh'd AN ADDRESS to HER MAJESTY, in which he undertook to appear and prove all the Diſcoveries he had made, to be Matters of Fact, provided his own Perſon, and his Witneſſes, might be taken under the *Queen's Protection*. It is farther very notorious how ſucceſsful his Endeavours were. His free and

plain

plain Manner of Writing was wonderfully adapted to the Service of those who wanted the most to be deliver'd from the Arts and the Colours under which the Treason of that Time was hid; and were there a strict Scrutiny, I doubt not but his Converts would appear as numerous as Sir *Richard Steel*'s. He turn'd his common Friendship and Acquaintance with Papists into Means of Enlarging his Discoveries, by which Method he came acquainted with the Contrivances of the Papists and the Jacobites both in *England* and *Ireland*, and gave so plain and timely Intimations of their Designs, as effectually prevented them.

These Endeavours, with a manifest Success that attended them, drew upon their Author, the Resentment of the Court, and he was pursued with half a dozen Warrants which *Bolingbroke* issued to seize his Person and his Papers. Had he been seiz'd, suppose there had been a possibility to escape with his Life, yet he would certainly have been either Pilloried or Whipt, and the whole Fury of the *Jacobite* Mob had been let loose upon him.

When it was therefore no longer adviseable to appear with Materials about him, he laid them aside most facetiously, and appear'd under the Title of a *Ghost*, in which Capacity he was out of the Reach of the Ministry, and the Messengers they employ'd. Thus has he labour'd in every Form and Shape, to rescue the Protestant Succession, Religion and Liberty from the most imminent Hazards.

His Circumstances in the World were narrow and incumber'd before, and he was reduc'd, in order to do Justice to his Creditors, to a small Part of the mean Profits of his paternal Estate, scarce sufficient to keep him from Starving, and even of this Relief, the only Support he had left, has he voluntarily depriv'd himself, by giving away great Numbers of his Books for the publick Service, and by reason of unavoidable Expences, when he was pursued by the Vengeance of those who cou'd not bear to be counter-acted in their Measures.

The Verbal Assurances he had, of a rich Reward, from those who encourag'd him in his Work, and furnish'd him with Facts, *&c.* in case the *Protestant Succession* shou'd ever take Place, were many, and great, and positive.

Who, upon the Whole, can believe, without a Genours Sense of Pain in his Breast, it being now the Fifth Year current since his Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne, *that these Services are unrewarded, and that there's Nothing doue for him?* One Reward, indeed, he has got; for when the late Ministry were unable to apprehend him, they and their Friends, gave him out for a *Mad-man*, and who was able to help it, for Men and Things were then whatever they pleas'd. This puts me in Mind of the Story of a certain Person who was once upon a Visit to the Mad-folks, and taking particular Notice of one amongst the rest,

who ſeem'd a little more ſober than his Fellows, ask'd him with an Air of Gravity, What he was *in* for? *Why*, ſays he, *We live in a Mad-World, and the Mad-Men are too many for us, and have put all the ſober People in* Bedlam.

I leave the Application of the Story to the Underſtanding and Fancy of the Reader. But ſuppoſe a Man were forward to ſecure the *Proteſtant Succeſſion* even to Madneſs Four Years ago, what ſhould hinder, but he who was out of his Senſes in the laſt Reign, may be of a ſound Mind in this? Farther, ſuppoſe the Man's Zeal had overthrown his Underſtanding, it is certain the Nation was then in a Lethargy; and have you never heard how happily one Man in a raging Frenzy, and another in a ſtupid Lethargy cur'd each other? Why, in ſhort, 'twas adviſed to put 'em in Bed together, where the Man in the Frenzy fell unmercifully upon the Bones of his Bed-fellow, and by kicking and cuffing made him open his Eyes, and reſtored him to a wakeful Condition; and the Mad-man fatigu'd with the Diſcipline which he had beſtow'd very heartily, fell aſleep, and was cur'd of his Frenzy. There's undoubted Evidence from Fact, that if the poor Loyal Man, whoſe Services and Sufferings I am now repreſenting, were ever out of his Senſes, yet he has laid about him ſo effectually, as not only to perfect his own Cure, but that of his Country, unleſs it ſhut its Eyes wilfully, in which Caſe who can help Eye-ſight?

Thus I have finiſh'd the firſt Part of *MORDECAI*'s MEMORIAL, and upon a Review, am really aſhamed the Repreſentation ſhould fall many Degrees ſhort of the Merit I recommend; for if I leave the Reader unmov'd, without Tears, and with a diſcompaſſionate Heart, I have neither done what I ought, nor what I wiſh.

II. I am to alledge the Reaſons why *there's Nothing done for him.* The Reader won't miſtake me ſo far, as to imagine I am a going to offer Arguments to juſtify the Neglect of ſo eminent Services in the Cauſe of Religion and Liberty. It were well for ſome I could name, who ſhare in the Guilt of this Neglect, if any ſuch Arguments could be produced. I mean no more than to offer the Reaſons, which are ſuch in Fact, *Why there's Nothing done for him.*

I. The Death of one *Spiritual*, and of another *Temporal Lord*, whoſe Intereſts in their *King*, while they liv'd, were deſervedly the beſt, is one Reaſon, in Fact, why ſo great Services are yet unrewarded. Every one will inſtantly imagine, I mean the late Biſhop of *Salisbury*, and the Marquiſs of *Wharton*. I am now performing a Task, which their Lordſhips, had they liv'd, would have done more effectually, and have ſpared me the Trouble. But tho' their Tongues now cleave to the Roofs of their Mouths, yet ſhall it be thought that Gratitude was buried

in their Grave, and that there are not Men enough alive, who have more generous Sentiments than to ſuffer the poor Man who ſaved the City to be unremembred?

II. Another Reaſon, in Fact, is the Ingratitude of Mankind. Who could have imagin'd Four Years ago, that an eminent Inſtrument of our Deliveranne from the Apprehenſions we then had, ſhould be above Four Years forgotten, and Nothing done for him? When our Fears were upon us, what Reward would not have been aſſured to One who ſhould ſucceſſively diſcover the treaſonable Conſpiracies then formed, and help to ſecure the Proteſtant Succeſſion. How wonderfully ſincere are Men when they Promiſe upon a Pinch, but when poſſeſs'd of Deliverance and Enlargement, how ungratefully backward are they to perform! Their Promiſes are then the Matter of their Repentance, and being made in a Storm, they do not bind Conſcience when in Safety a-ſhoar. This Thought refreſhes my Memory with the Story of *AMBS ACE*. There were Two Malefactors, under Sentence, to throw the Dice for their Lives; the firſt threw only *Deux Ace*, which put him inſtantly into ſuch a Fit of Repentance, Vows, Promiſes, and Reſolutions, that a more ſincere Penitent was never ſeen upon the Face of the Earth. While he was in the midſt of his Reformation, the t'other throws *Two Aces*. The Dice were no ſooner upon the Table, but up ſtarts the *young Convert* from his Knees and his Prayers, with a bloody Oath in his Mouth, *Ambs Ace by G——d*, ſays he.

When the Proteſtant Succeſſion had the Dice thrown for it, as it were, and nothing but *Deux Ace* coming up, what endleſs Gratitude would have been enſured for Deliverance? What Rewards would have been thought too great for the bold and charitable Hand that ſhould ſave us? But when the late Miniſtry had thrown a *pair of Aces* for the Pretender and Popery, there muſt be nothing done for him, who had ſaved us at the Hazard of his Life, and the Expence of his ALL.

III. A farther Reaſon why *there's nothing done for him*, is, in plain Terms, the *Selfiſhneſs* of thoſe who have it in their Power, and can never long want an Opportunity to make a juſt Repreſentation of his hazardous Services and Sufferings at Court. How unwilling are Men to drain the Streams of that Bounty which they think inſufficient to quench their own thirſt! How little Satisfaction ſhould a Set of Men take in the Poſts and the Penſions they now enjoy, whoſe Fellow-Labourer and Sufferer *this poor Man* was, whoſe Cauſe I now plead, whilſt there is nothing done for him? How little Reliſh ſhould they find in their Eaſe, and their Affluence, when *Mordecai* ſits neglected at the *King's Gate?* Where, in ſhort, is the Generoſity, or even the Humanity of this Return? The *King* muſt of Neceſſity hear with

other Men's Ears, and ſee with other Men's Eyes, and reward in Proportion to the Accounts he receives; and 'tis impoſſible, had the Caſe of *poor Mordecai* been faithfully repreſented, that Nothing ſhould at this Day have been done for him. Muſt his Faith and his Patience be tried, till a particular Providence ſhall wonderfully interpoſe, as in the Behalf of *Mordecai the Jew*, Esther 6. 1. *On that Night could not the King Sleep, and he commanded to bring the Book of Records of the Chronicles*, Verſ. 2. *And it was found written that* Mordecai *had told of* Bigthana *and* Tereſh, *two of the King's Chamberlains, the Keepers of the Door, who ſought to lay Hand on the King* Ahaſuerus. That Grant was under a Divine Conduct, that the Servants ſhould fall upon that very Section, where the Service of *Mordecai* was Recorded. The *latter Targum* tells us, that *Shimſtæus*, who opened the Book, and ſeeing *Mordecai*'s Story offer it ſelf, turned over the Leaves, and would have entertained the King with a Subject of more Importance; bnt the Leaves flew back, and he was obliged to read that very Story. Were there Diaries kept in *England* of particular Services done by Subjects for their King and their Country, as there were in *Perſia*; and were it there recorded of a poor obſcure Man that he had ventur'd *Neck or Nothing* to ſecure the *Hanover* Succeſſion, might it not be fear'd, when the *Diary* ſhould be read to the King, that ſuch a Paſſage as this would be paſſed over with Silence! *Joſephus* indeed tells us, That the Servants of *Ahaſuerus* had read what Services ſeveral other Men had done, and what Preferments or Gifts had been beſtowed upon them, which moved the King to enquire, when they came to the Story of *Mordecai*, what had been done for him? Were there *Diaries* of this Natnre kept in *Great-Britain*, to be read before his Majeſty *King George*, he would then be inform'd of a N—— L——d, who for contriving a perſecuting Bill againſt a Body of Men, the moſt inviolably attach'd to the Intereſt of his Majeſty, had a Penſion of ſome Thouſands a Year allow'd him; that others, for very eminent and glorious Oppoſition made againſt an enſlaving Peace, and a treacherous Miniſtry, had been ſuitably Rewarded; that particularly one had been honourably prefer'd, in regard he had wonderfully upheld the Proteſtant Succeſſion for Four Years together by a ſeaſonably repeated Shrug with his Shoulder, which was by no means actionable, and ſupplied the want of the Gift of Utterance; that a Country Lawyer had been ſenſibly oblig'd with a Patent-Office at *Newcaſtle* upon *Tyne*, worth 400 l. *per Annum*, becauſe he had been Council for a *late Sollicitor G——l*, at an Election for Burgeſſes to ſerve in Parliament; and laſtly, that a certain Gentleman had been preferr'd to more Places than one, and of very comfortable Importance, becauſe his Name began with a particular Letter of the Alphabet.

IV. There's

IV. There's Nothing done, thus far, for *Mordecai*, becauſe of his POVERTY. 'Tis really Matter of Fact, and I cannot conceal it, that let the poor Man's Services and Merits be what you pleaſe, yet he has certainly the Plague about him. Poverty renders a Man ridiculous, and there's no Advocate to plead his Cauſe; as if the Curſe were upon him, *Let him that is Poor, be Poor ſtill.* Shall this be judg'd an Imitation of the Deciſion in the Parable that can be juſtified, *Take the Talent, and give it unto him that has Ten.*

V.--And,--Laſtly, There's Nothing done for *poor Mordecai*, becauſe of his *Modeſty*. This unlucky Qualification is a kind of natural Impotence; ſo that when a favourable Opportunity offers, the Impudent ſtep forth and prevent him. This one Reaſon has done him more Prejudice than any one, than all thoſe I have mention'd before. The IIId and laſt Particular of the Method propos'd, was, to offer the Reaſons why *Mordecai* muſt have ſomething done for him.

III. There's yet one Part more of this *Memorial*, which was propos'd in the Method, and that is, *to offer Arguments why poor* Mordecai *muſt by no Means be forgotten.* I am now to plead a Cauſe, in which I would as unwillingly miſcarry, as ever *Memmius* would. when he pleaded the Cauſe of *Roman Liberty*. Before I enter upon the Arguments, methinks I have a very moving Occaſion before me to make a ſolemn Pauſe, and enquire, Is it poſſible, that after the *Proteſtant Succeſſion* has taken Place; that after all our Fears have been diſappointed; our very Hopes out-done; our devout and moſt importunate Prayers remarkably anſwer'd; the Conſpiracy of *a Miniſtry* defeated, whoſe very Memory will be the Diſgrace of *Great-Britain*, ſo long as any Records of Time ſhall remain? Is it poſſible, that after the *Reform'd Relizion* has been ſecur'd, the *Civil Liberties of theſe Lands* ſav'd and reſcu'd from Slavery, that a FAITHFUL INSTRUMENT, who freely ventur'd his Life, and his All, in ſo Glorious and dear a Cauſe, ſhould need in this publick Manner to be recommended? I could heartily wiſh I were in a Dream, for the Credit and Reputation of the Government. But alas! are not four Years expir'd, and Nothing done for *Mordecai?* Have not theſe very Men, who are now at the Helm, expreſſed their deep Senſe of his Services in ſeveral *Golden Preſents?* Is there not a Conſcience within them, that pleads more effectually for him, than all the other Orators in the World are able? Tho' I muſt indeed own, that all Arguments I can offer, will be in the Nature of ſo many Reproofs, yet that is none of my Fault; I wiſh as much Glory to his Majeſty King *George*, and as laſting an Eſtabliſhment of his faithful Miniſtry, as any Man alive; and therefore I had rather the Reaſons I have to offer, ſhould imply a very *modeſt and humble Reproof*, than that the Neglect of the

poor

poor Man, who has ſav'd the City, ſhould be at laſt their *Reproach*.

I. There muſt be ſomething done for *Mordecai*; for his Majeſty King *George* ſtands oblig'd, I won't ſay in Gratitude, but by the Faith of a moſt publick and expreſs Promiſe to do it. In his Majeſty's firſt Speech from the Throne, he has aſſur'd us, THAT HE WOULD NEVER FORGET THE OBLIGATIONS HE HAD TO THOSE THAT HAD DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES BY THEIR ZEAL AND FIRMNESS TO THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION, AGAINST ALL THE OPEN AND SECRET PRACTICES THAT HAD BEEN USED TO DEFEAT IT. I am now bold to ſay, there is not a Subject in *Great Britain*, that has diſtinguiſhed himſelf more by his Zeal and Firmneſs for the Proteſtant Succeſſion, againſt all the open and ſecret Practices that have been uſed to defeat it, than Mr. *DUNTON* has done, his Capacity and Station conſider'd. He expos'd his Life to the Power and Enmity of the late Miniſtry, in a moſt publick Detection of their Treaſonable Scheme to introduce the Pretender. He was perſecuted and hunted by 'em like a Partridge; and, when he found it expedient, he turn'd *Ghoſt* to ſecure the *Proteſtant Succeſſion*, and defeat the Hopes of the Pretender. Could I ſay as much for my ſelf in this Regard, as I can with an unreproving Conſcience for Mr. *Dunton*, I would not exchange Merit with Sir *Richard Steel*. 'Tis certain Mr. *Dunton* has a juſt Claim upon the Foot of this Promiſe, never to be forgotten by his Majeſty King *George*. I have not entertain'd ſuch a Thought, that a Promiſe made by a Prince ſo famous for the punctual Obſervation of his Word, and eſpecially the firſt Promiſe he ever made from the *Britiſh Throne*, will lye forgotten or unperform'd to one, whoſe Services have had their Succeſs in raiſing him to *that Throne*.

II. *Mordecai* muſt have ſomething done for him, otherwiſe the *Loyal Whigs*, now in Place, would be exceeding ungrateful. When Mr. *Dunton* engag'd in his hazardous Undertakings, in which he has met with moſt remarkable Succeſs, he might have had Security, from the Men now in Power, that in Caſe the Scheme laid to bring in the Pretender, and defeat the Settlement of the Crown upon *the Peoteſtant Line*, ſhould effectually be detected and overthrown, and themſelves plac'd where they are, that he ſhould never want a Share in their Fortune; that every Office in their Power ſhould, tho' unask'd, be employ'd to raiſe him above Straits, to make him eaſy thro' the remainder of his Days; And now that his Endeavours have ſucceeded, and been the Means to raiſe and ſet them in the Saddle, the poor Man, to whom in good Meaſure they owe their Poſts and their Honours, has been above Four Years forgotten, and nothing done

done for him. It has been thought, that Generosity, Gratitude, and good Faith, were the glorious and distinguishing Characters of the Whigs; and whether indeed they are so, the Success of this publick Remonstrance will go a great Length to determine. The Prime Ministers of State in the Kingdom of *Persia*, are chargeable to this Day with Ingratitude, that *Mordecai* had Nothing done for him, tho' by his Means the Plot of Assassination was revealed and defeated. Had *Ahasuerus* been murder'd by his *Chamberlains*, 'twas a Hundred to One they had all lost their Places. 'Twas owing to *Mordecai* that the Ministry in *Persia* was not turn'd out, and 'tis very much owing to Mr. *Dunton* the present Ministry was *turn'd in*.

III. Mr. *Dunton* must have something done for him, for there wou'd otherwise be the most unequal Distribution of Favours. Most notorious *Jacobites*, notwithstanding the repeated Representations of the known Friends of the present Government, have not been turned out of their Places. Upon this Head, I cou'd give both great and small Instances. Has not the present Collector of *Pool*, in public Company, procured the Tune of, *The King shall enjoy his own again*, to be play'd? and when he was oppos'd, Did he not Cane a poor loyal Doctor of *Physick?* Did he not thereupon express himself in these very Terms, *Let the King take my Place from me, I value it no more than the Dirt under my Feet*,

This open Insult upon his Majesty's Title to the Crown, by one who has eat plentifully of his Bread, was represented once and again to two Secretaries of State, to the late Solicitor-General; but nothing was done 'till Mr. *W*—— was made first Commissioner of the Treasury; and even then, all that cou'd be effected, was the Removal of the Man to a much warmer Climate, and then giving him the *Collection of Pool*. By the Way, the Brother of this Collector, was the Man who drew off the *Posse* of *Cumberland* from *Penreth-Fall*, when the Rebels were advancing, declaring the *High-Sheriff* had no Power by his *Warrant* to call the People together, and to engage them in any such hazardous Enterprize.

Have not many Hundred Places of Profit been fill'd with those, who Four Years ago, were as vile *Tories* as any in *Britain?* And shou'd an Enquiry be made concerning the *Whigs*, who have been comfortably *plac'd*, since his *Majesty*'s happy Accession, what their particular Services were in the late Times of Danger, towards the Rescue of Religion and Liberty from Popery and Slavery; What sorry Accounts wou'd many of them be able to give. It wou'd probably appear that one has got a Patent-Office worth 300*l.* a Year, because he smil'd and frown'd three or four Years successively upon the right Side; another was difficultly perswaded to Vote half Right at an Election, *i. e.* one Voice was given

given for *G*——, and the other for *S*——. A third being very providentially the Nephew or near Kinſman of *B*—— *S*—— has been made Phyſician to *Ch*——*y C*——*ge*. A Fourth having his Head broke by a *Tory* for foul Play; there has been Care taken of him for Life. By theſe Intimations I wou'd however by no means be underſtood to inſinuate, that all Places, Preferments and Favours have been thus beſtow'd without Merit: I know, and am able to give a very agreeable Account of Rewards well plac'd, and with which every honeſt Man is pleas'd. But, in the mean time, every one, ſenſible of what Mr. *Dunton* has done and ſuffer'd in the Cauſe of his Country, muſt be pain'd at his Heart when he hears there is nothing done for him. Shall it ever be ſaid that an *Engliſhman* and a *Proteſtant*, who by his own Inclination, and at the Inſtance of Men now in Power, has run himſelf into Debt, and expos'd his Life to moſt imminent Hazards, and when his honourable Undertakings have met with moſt viſible Succeſs; ſhall it ever be ſaid under this Government and Miniſtry, when the Memory of our Deliverances is freſh, that this Man has nothing done for him, that he lies forgotten under the Load of his Debts, expos'd to the Mercy of his Creditors, and muſt finiſh his Days and rot in a Jail? If this be the Price, and this the Reward of ſaving our native Country from the awful Judgments of Popery and Slavery, not only in this, but we hope in Ages to come, bleſſed be God Mr. *Dunton* has been the Man, who both chearfully paid the Price, and can with a Chriſtian Patience and Submiſſion accept even this Reward. This being the Caſe, it is ſo far from being below the greateſt Men in *Britain* to eſpouſe the Cauſe of poor Mr. *Dunton*, that they could not do themſelves more Honour, it is no leſs than their Duty, the Debt of Gratitude they owe, and the Neglect of it would render them diſhouourable and mean. I may very aptly put them in mind, ſhould *Mordecai* have nothing done for him, that *Job*'s Plea wou'd not be theirs, *Job* 31. 13, 14, 15, 17, 22, 23. *If I did deſpiſe the Cauſe of my Man Servant, or of my Maid Servant* (*i. e.* the Cauſe of my meaneſt Slaves) *when they contended with me, what then ſhall I do when God riſes up? And when he viſits what ſhall I anſwer him? Did not he that made me in the Womb make him? And did not one faſhion us in the Womb?* —— *If I have eaten my Morſel my ſelf alone, and the Fatherleſs hath not eaten thereof* —— *then let my Arm fall from my Shoulder Blade, and mine Arm be broken from the Bone*, i. e. *let it fall off at the Elbow; for Deſtruction from God was a Terror to me, and by reaſon of his Highneſs I could not endure.* S. *Hierom*'s Paraphraſe upon *Eccleſ.* 9. 14, 15. concerning the poor wiſe Man, whom no one remembred tho' he had ſaved the City, deſerves to be quoted. "It has been often ſeen, ſays he, that a "ſmall City and few Inhabitants being beſet by an Army of in-

"numerable

" numerable Enemies, and ſtraitly beſieged, and if by no other " means, yet ready to periſh by Famine, have been on a ſud- " den, contrary to all Mens Expectation, delivered by a *mean* " *Perſon*, who having more Wiſdom than all the wealthy, " great, powerful and proud Citizens, thought of a Way to " ſave them, when they gave themſelves for loſt, and accom- " pliſhed a Deliverance, of which they utterly deſpair'd. *And* " *yet, O THE UNGRATEFULNESS OF MANKIND!* " after the Siege was raiſed, after the Liberty of their Country " was reſtored, there was no Body thought of this poor Man, " no Body gave him Thanks for their Safety, but all of 'em ho- " nour'd the Rich, who in their Danger could do them no Ser- " vice." This Paraphraſe needs no Application, for every one that reads it will make it, and with a Degree of Reſentment, which it will both raiſe and juſtify in every honeſt Mind.

The Lord *Bacon*'s Obſervation upon this Paſſage of Scripture, *Lib.* 8. *de Aug. Scient. C.* 2. *Par.* 21. is this: " It repreſents, " ſays this noble Author, the depraved and malignant Nature " of Mankind, who in Extremities and Straits commonly flee " to Men of Wiſdom and Courage, whom before they deſpis'd; " but ſo ſoon as the Storm is over they became unthankful " Wretches to their Preſervers. *Machiavel*, his Lordſhip far- " ther obſerves, not without reaſon, propounds the Queſtion, " Whether ſhould be moſt grateful to well deſerving Perſons, " the Prince or the People? But in the mean time he taxeth " them both of Ingratitude; tho' this does not ariſe meerly " from the Ingratitude of the Prince or the People alone, but " there is added too oft to this the Envy of the Nobility, who " in ſecret repine at the Event, tho' happy and proſperous, be- " cauſe it proceeded not from themſelves, for which cauſe they " extenuate the Merit of the Act, and depreſs the Author.

Mr. *Dunton*, tho' he was *born a Gentleman*, (*a*) *bred a Scholar*, *and is Heir to a good Eſtate*, (*b*) and was ever diſtinguiſh'd (as the *Flying-Poſt* lately obſerved) " *for his ſincere Loyalty to King* " George, *Generous Carriage to Men in Diſtreſs*, *and ſtrict Juſtice* " *to all the World*, yet with all theſe *excellent Qualities* he ne'er was *ſo Proud or vain* as to put in for the Character of an *extra- ordinary wiſe Man*: (No! —— I know no *Phœnix* in this Age, except it be the immortal *STANHOPE*) yet I may affirm, and with Truth, in his Favour, that in our late Times of Blindneſs and of ſtrong Deluſion, when the common People, as a Puniſh- ment for our Sins, were given up to believe Lies, in thoſe very

(*a*) Being the fourth *John Dunton* in a Lineal Deſcent from the *Tribe of Levi*.

(*b*) Viz. *Five Thouſand Pounds in Land*.

Times Mr. *Dunton* was Eyes to the Blind, and Ears to the Deaf, he had then the Courage to be loyal, when the Condition and State of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland* might have been moſt aptly repreſented by *Ezekiel*'s *Viſion of the Valley of dry Bones*, cap. 37. Had the ſame Queſtion been ask'd, with reference to our dreadful and almoſt hopeleſs Circumſtances, verſ. 3. *Can theſe dry Bones live?* The Reſolution of it muſt have been referr'd to him, who had the Power to to bring about the Event, *O Lord God, thou knowveſt.*

Should it here be objected, that under this Head, inſtead of pleading the Neceſſity of rewarding Eminent Services for the Publick, I have rather ſhewn that no ſuch Reward can, with Reaſon, be expected from the Ingratitude of Men; I ſhall only enquire, And is Mankind that very ſame Monſter at this Day? If this Acknowledgment muſt either be made, or Mr. *Dunton* be rewarded, I have brought the Cauſe, which I plead, to the very Iſſue I wiſh'd.

IV. Mordecai *muſt have ſomething done for him*; that by making him an Inſtance of *Royal Gratitude*, others may be encourag'd to perform the ſame hazardous Services, whenever they are call'd upon to the Reſcue of Religion and Liberty. 'Tis moſt certain the Government could not better ſecure it ſelf, than by giving undeniable Evidence from Matter of Fact, that thoſe who freely venture their All for its Service, ſhall not die unrewarded. By this Means the *Royal Family* and *Preſent Miniſtry*, would find every Subject in *Great-Britain* as much devoted to their Service, as if kept in actual Pay. Men may do much upon the Score of Principle and Conſcience; but if Hope languiſh under Diſappointment, the Spring of Mens Endeavours is let down, and they will begin to demurr upon difficult Undertakings. There are few have the Zeal and the Honeſty not to make *Phædria*'s Reflection in *Terence*, *It is better my Bedefits ſhould be loſt, than that I ſhould be loſt together with them.* Rewards which are not the Object of Faith, and under reſerve till a future Life, but which are the Object of Senſe, will do moſt Execution in this World, for Men are generally great Unbelievers. This Argument therefore hath two Faces; If bold, and hazardous, and expenſive Services be rewarded, Multitudes will be charm'd to contribute, with a glorious Emulation, the beſt Endeavours they are able for the Safety of the Government: But if ſuch Services are neglected and forgot, even good Men will grow ſlow and unactive.

All Governments have it in their Power, not only to reward Men in this Life; for that would render them Cowards, ſhould the Loſs both of Life and Reward go together; but their Re-

wards

wards can reach them, in ſome Senſe, in their Graves. *Salluſt* (*a*) the *Roman* Hiſtorian, has recorded a famous Inſtance to this Purpoſe: "When the *Carthaginians* had ſpread their Power "over the greateſt part of *Afric*, the *Cyrenians* were alſo Great "and Rich. Betwixt their Dominions lay a vaſt Field of Sand, "without any Mark of Diſtinction, there being neither River "nor Mountain to determin the Limits. This Affair engag'd "them in a long and expenſive War. After various Fortune on "both Sides, their Legions and their Fleets being ſucceſsful, and "beaten by Turns, and their Strength and their Riches a little "exhauſted, they were afraid a Common Enemy might take "the Advantage upon them both. By means of a Truce, they "made an Agreement, that Meſſengers ſhould be ſent upon a "Day that was fix'd, both from *Carthage* and *Cyrene*, and the "Place where they ſhould meet, was to be the common Boun-"dary to both Nations. Two Brothers, *Philæni* by Name, "were diſpatch'd upon this Errand from *Carthage*, and they "made good uſe of their Legs. The *Cyrenians* advanc'd with a "much ſlower Pace, whether thro' Idleneſs, or by Accident, "is uncertain. Beſides, 'tis frequent in thoſe Places for Tem-"peſts to hinder Travellers, juſt as your Storms do Paſſengers "at Sea; for when a ſtrong Wind blows over thoſe naked "and vaſt Plains, where no Plants grow, the Sand is raiſed and "driven with Violence thro' the Air, and the Proſpect of Tra-"vellers cut off. The *Cyrenians* ſeeing themſelves prevented, "and in danger of Puniſhment, charg'd the *Carthaginians* with "having ſet forward before the Time that was fix'd, and rais'd "an obſtinate Squable. The *Philæni*, upon this, propos'd that "ſome Expedient might be fallen upon for Peace; and the "*Greeks* conſented, that either the *Carthaginians* ſhould be bu-"ried alive where they ſtood, or they would go forward, and

(*a*) Non indignum videtur, egregium, atque memorabile Facinus duorum Carthaginienſium memorare. Qua tempeſtate Carthaginienſes pleræque Africæ imperitabant, Cyrenenſes quoque magni, atque opulenti fuere. Ager in Medio arenoſus, una ſpecie; neque Flumen, neque Mons erat, qui Fines eorum diſcerneret: quæ Res eos in magno diuturnoque Bello inter ſe habuit. Poſtquam utrimque Legiones, item Clapes ſæpe, fuſæ, fugatæque, & alteri alteros aliquantum attriverant; veriti ne mox victas, victoreſque defeſſos alius aggrederetur, per inducias ſponſionem faciunt, uti certo Die, Legati Domo proficiſcerentur: quo in loco inter ſe obvii fuiſſent, is communis utriuſque Populi finis haberetur. Igitur duo fratres Carthaginæ miſſi, quibus Namen Philænis erat, maturara vera iter pergere; Cyrenenſes tardius fere, *&c. C. Criſp. Salluſt. Bellum Jugurthinum*, *Page* 304, 305.

lay

" lay down their Lives where they wiſh'd the Limits might " be ſettled. The *Philæni* approv'd the Propoſal, beſtow'd their " Lives upon the Common-wealth, and were buried upon the " Spot. The *Carthaginians* rais'd Altars over their Graves, and " decreed them Honours at Home.

How glorious an Adventure was this! Methinks the *Philinæni* with their poſthumous Rewards, make a more charming and agreeable Figure in Hiſtory, than even *Alexander* or the *Cæſars*. Had the City of *Carthage* been inſenſible of this Service; had they beſtow'd upon them no immortal Honours, nor rewarded them in the way they were able, it would have remain'd upon Record as a monſtrous Inſtance of Ingratitude till the End of the World; and upon thoſe Terms, the Encouragement had been ſmall for the future, *to be buried alive*. But when *conſecrated Altars* are ſeen growing out of the Graves of thoſe who died for the Service of their Country, what Breaſt can be ſuppos'd ſo cold, as to be unwarm'd with a generous Ambition to die *ſo glorioufly? Pulchrum eſt pro Patriâ mori*, would be a *Motto* univerſally coveted.

And ſhall Men deſerve immortal Rewards for purchaſing *a Deſart of dry Sand* by their Death, and ſhall Nothing be done for *One* who has generouſly hazarded his Life and his All to ſecure the Religion of Proteſtants, and the Liberties of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland?* Shall that Man dye in a Priſon, his Name be forgotten, and the Debts be unpaid, that were contracted by ſerving the Publick? Had *Carthage* been laid under half the Obligation, he had never been forgotten either in Life or in Death.

V. *MORDECAI muſt have ſomething done for him*; for 'tis the Will of Heaven to have it ſo. How remarkably did the Providence of God diſpoſe Affairs, that the *King of Perſia* ſhould have his Memory refreſh'd with the Obligation he was under to *Mordecai* for preſerving his Life? Whoever reads and obſerves that Hiſtory with an ingenious Mind, will acknowledge that the Will and the Wiſdom of God were as certainly concern'd in the ſecret Diſpoſition of Circumſtances, which pav'd the way for *Mordecai*'s Advancement, as if he had been rewarded by *Miracle*. And ſhall it be thought we are now fallen into Times, when the manifeſt Will of Heaven ſhall have no Regard paid to it? I am bold to affirm it, that the publick Thankfulneſs to God for our late Eſcapes, is notoriouſly defective, while Mr. *Dunton*'s Services are unrewarded.

VI. Mr. *Dunton* muſt have ſomething done for him, for he has really been at conſiderable Expence in calling upon the *Publick* for Relief. Being deſtitute of Friends that were willing to ſolicit at Court, he was oblig'd to ſolicit in *Print*; and this he has done in very moving Addreſſes. This Expence comes upon him, thro' the Neglect of others; and, as I doubt not but he will carry his Cauſe, *Shall not COSTS be recovered.*

VII. *Mr.*

VII. *Mr.* Dunton *muſt have ſomething done for him*, or the Opportunity will be loſt: There is no Proſpect that he can long enjoy the Gratitude of his King or his Country. His Age, his Infirmities, his Diſappointments and Sufferings, won't ſuffer him to hope to ſee many more Days. He has been expecting for ſome time, when God would *change his Countenance and ſend him away*. I would therefore humbly ask, whether the preſent Miniſtry, who have been Witneſſes of his Service, and themſelves well provided by Means of his Succeſs, can endure the Thought that he ſhould Rot in a Priſon, when there are a thouſand Ways to relieve him?—But, indeed, of all the other Ways, in which he is capable of Relief, a *handſome Penſion* would make him moſt eaſy, or a *Patent-Office* that may be executed by a *Deputy*, in regard his *frequent Attendance upon an ill State of Health*, unfits him to execute an Office.—I have now pleaded the poor Man's Cauſe *by whom the City was ſav'd*, and whoſe Services and Sufferings cannot miſs of a *Noble Reward*, if there be either *Honour*, *or Conſcience*, *or Gratitude*, upon the Face of the Earth.

FINIS.

NATIONAL

NATIONAL THANKS:

OR,

The *Grateful Senſe of* the whole Kingdom upon Mr. *John Dunton's* NECK-ADVENTURES to ſerve the Publick, as 'twas ſent in *ſeveral Letters*, Directed to *Robert Walpole* Eſq; when *firſt Lord Commiſſioner of the Treaſury* (and to Mr. *Dunton* himſelf.)

WRITTEN BY

The Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*,—By that *Perſon of Honour* that Diſcovered all thoſe Jacobite Secrets that compos'd *Neck or Nothing*.—By Sir *R*——*nd G*—— Baronet —— By Sir *J*——*n G*—— Kt. —— By *B*——*n C*—— Eſq; late *High-Sheriff* for the County of *B*—— and by other Illuſtrious Patriots.

Omnia dixeris, ſi ingratum dixeris.

INgratitude! (I confeſs Reader) I can hardly name that *ſcandalous Sin* without Bluſhing: To render *Good for Evil*, is Divine; To render *Good for Good*, is Humane; To render *Evil for Evil*, is Brutiſh; but to render *Evil for Good*, is Deviliſh: Yet is ſuch *Impudent Treatment* as is often given by *Men that clime into High Places*, for no other End but to inrich themſelves and their Families; for I find by my being ſtill Unrewarded for my *daily Expenſive and ſucceſsful Hazards* in defending the Spotleſs, Conduct of ſome *Whig-Dukes*, *Earls*, *Lords*, and

and Baronets, now in the Miniſtry, (as is ſeen by what I ſay of their *Honour and Juſtice* in my *Neck or Nothing*, and ſhall be further prov'd before *the King and his Council*, if his Majeſty pleaſe to command it) that the leaſt *preſent Intereſt* to an ungrateful Man, cancels *all former Obligations*; it ſeeming to many, that *even Benefits* ſuffer PRESCRIPTION by the Length of Time; and being once grown old, do no longer *bind to Gratitude:* But will any but a MONSTER, (for ſuch I think that *Pretended Court Whig* that dares call me an *Impudent Fellow*, or ſuffers me to STARVE in a Jail for having *Honeſty and Courage* enough to call his *ſcandalous Avarice*, and *Ingratitude* by their right Name, with his Heel *kick me under Water*, while I hold up his Chin to ſave him from Drowning? But ſuch *Whig Monſters* there are, as you'll find by *the following Letters*, ſome of which were directed to Mr. *Walpole*, (when Firſt Lord Commiſſioner of the Treaſury) and ſome of 'em were ſent to me both by *the General and Penny Poſt*, and all plainly Hint at that Great *Avarice* and *Ingratitude* I have found in ſome *pretended Whigs* now in the Miniſtry.

Lycurgus, the *Lacedemonian* Lawgiver, wou'd make no Law againſt *ungrateful Perſons*, becauſe it cou'd not be imagin'd that any wou'd be ſo IMPUDENT (to uſe the Word of a certain WHIG EARL to a *French Miniſter*, my Faithful and Generous Friend) as not to *recompence one Kindneſs with another.*

And *the Old* Romans *decreed*, That ſuch *Miniſters of State*, as were found *Ungrateful* to thoſe that had ſerv'd their Country, ſhou'd be caſt alive to the *Cormorant* to be pull'd in pieces and devour'd. Were ſome of our *Ungrateful Court Whigs* treated in this cruel Manner, what wou'd become of the Covetous DUKE of ——, the Proud EARL of ——, the Whoring LORD——, Reverſion W——, and ſeveral other *Pretended Whigs*, whoſe Names and Characters the World may expect at Length (in my Satyr call'd *Neck or Nothing*) if thoſe *Real* (i. e. *Generous*) Patriots now in the Miniſtry, will allow of its Publication.

However there ſeems to be a great deal of Reaſon that *Ungrateful Perſons* ſhou'd be ſeverely puniſh'd; for under this *Monſter Ingratitude* have all Vices been comprehended.

Omnia dixeris, ſi ingratum dixeris.

Queen *Elizabeth* told *Henry* the IVth of *France*, *She believ'd Ingratitude to be the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt.*

But tho' *Ingratitude* makes all Things black, yet I won't carry the Sin ſo high as to ſay, *'Tis the Sin againſt the Holy Ghoſt*: But certainly the *Ungrateful Perſon* is moſt rightly figur'd in *Swine*, who eat the *Acorns*, but never look to the Tree; or rather he may be compar'd to the *Stag* in the Fable, which ſhroudded himſelf under the Branches of the *Vine* in a Time of Neceſſity, which being paſt, he fell a *Brouzing* and *Eating* thoſe Leaves which preſerv'd

ſerv'd him: So that a *pretended* (or *ungrateful*) *Court Whig*, (for a *real Whig* was ever both Generous and Faithful) is like *a Mouſe in a Satchel, or a Snake in one's Boſom*, who do but ill requite their Hoſteſs for their Lodging; acting in this like the *Spaniel*, who as ſoon as he gets to ſhore *ſhakes of that Water which ſupported him*: The True (or Generous) *Whig*, like the *Bee*, brings Honey to the *Hive*, and then like the Bee, is murder'd for his Pains.

Reader; One would hardly think there were ſuch MONSTERS as *Ungrateful Perſons*; but if you look into Hiſtory you'll find the *Syracuſans* baniſh'd *Dion*, by whoſe *Wiſdom* and *Valour* they recover'd their Liberty; and being afterwards repeal'd they kill'd him. We find *there was nothing done for the Perſian Mordecai* that had ſav'd the Life of King *Ahaſuerus*, 'till that grateful Prince ask'd, *What Honour and Dignity had bin done to him?* And if you look into *Sacred Writ*, you'll ſee the POOR MAN that ſav'd the City (like the AUTHOR of NECK or NOTHING) was not remember'd by any one of thoſe Rich Men whoſe Lives and Fortunes he preſerv'd by his *diſtinguiſh'd Courage, and Wiſdom.* And to come to *our own Times*, What better Treatment have *Biſſet, Clark, Harrington, Ridpath*, or *Dunton* met with (that ventur'd their ALL to ſave their Country) from ſome *pretended* (or *ungrateful*) *Whigs* now in the Miniſtry? However the ingenious *Feltham* tells us, *That to a Grateful Perſon the Remembrance of old Favours will live even in the Blows of Injury.* Then ſure I am our GENEROUS AND FAITHFUL PATRIOTS (*Sunderland, Parker, Stanhope, Craggs, Hampden, Lechmere*, &c. who are no ways reflected on in theſe Sheets) won't forget to Reward my *Neck-Adventures* in the glorious Cauſe of Religion and Liberty, as they are now reaping the Benefit of 'em themſelves in thoſe HONOURABLE AND RICH PLACES they now moſt deſervedly Enjoy, except my daring to ſpeak the Truth of *the Avarice and Ingratitude* of ſome of their *Court Friends* can UNMAKE that Service I've done not only to them, but the whole Kingdom beſides (by my early Venture of *Neck or Nothing* to ſave *Great-Britain* from *Tyranny, Popery* and *Slavery*) as is acknowledg'd by *ſeveral Perſons of Quality* in the following LETTERS, which were all ſent either to Mr. *Walpole*, or to *John Dunton*; By the Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*,---By that *Perſon of Honour* that diſcover'd all thoſe Jacobite Secrets that compos'd *Neck or Nothing*, By Sir *R——nd G——*, Bar.—— By Sir *J——n G——*, Kt.---By *B——n C——*, Eſq; late High Sheriff for the County of *B——*, and by *other Illuſtrious Patriots.*

The

The Letter writ by the Clergyman (Author of Mordecai's Memorial*) 'twas directed to Mr.* Walpole, *and was this following.*

SIR,

MOrdecai's Memorial may ſeem a very odd Sort of a Preſent; but your Generous Temper, and the juſt Senſe you have of Mr. *Dunton*'s Services and Sufferings, have brought this Trouble upon your ſelf.

I have, in the beſt Manner I was able, pleaded the Cauſe of the poor Man who ſav'd the City, and whom no Man remember'd. His Difficulties are ſo many, and his Diſtreſs ſo great, that I am ſure, were they underſtood, they would draw Compaſſion from every Humane Breaſt. I am a *Clergyman*, and have had the Honour to be mobb'd and burnt in Effigie in the End of the late Reign, tho' I plead no Merit, nor expect a Reward; but when the kind Providence of God wrought ſudden and ſurprizing Deliverances, brought his Majeſty King *George* in Safety to the Throne, I was mov'd with a Generous Reſentment, that poor *Mordecai* ſhould have *Nothing done for him.* I ſaw him periſhing under his Load of Debt, contracted in the hazardous Service of his Country; I was not unacquainted with the large Aſſurances made him by the late Marquiſs of *Wharton*; I was convinc'd he was able to compare Notes with the real and eminent Services done, with many whom the Favour of their Prince has bountifully diſtinguiſhed. This being his Caſe, I was ſenſibly touch'd with it.

Non duris genuit me cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæve admorunt Ubera Tigres.

I am, Sir, intimately acquainted with your Generous Service for poor Dr. *B*———*gs*, when the late Marquiſs of *Wharton*, and other Perſons of Quality refus'd to undertake for him; and I cannot doubt your Readineſs to roll away the Reproach from the preſent Government and Miniſtry, which Mr. *Dunton*'s rotting in a Priſon would unavoidably caſt upon them.

With all poſſible Importunity, I beg it of you (and ſo do thoſe other Clergymen, and Perſons of Note, who engag'd me in this juſt Remonſtrance) that you'd take a proper Opportunity to preſent one of theſe *Memorials* to the Prince, and ſupport the juſt Intention of it with the ſincere Concern, which you know in Honour and Conſcience, is due to it.

I am,
SIR,
Your much oblig'd, and
Affectionate, Faithful
Humble Servant, &c.

The Letter writ by that Perſon of Honour *that diſcover'd all thoſe* Jacobite Secrets *that compos'd* Neck or Nothing, *'twas directed to Mr.* Walpole, *and was this following.*

SIR,

WERE it proper to put my Name to this, you wou'd, I'm ſure believe no Man in *England* more heartily rejoices in *your Recovery*, or more ſincerely wiſhes you perfect Health; but theſe Things aſide, I come now to the Occaſion of this Letter.

The Bearer, a very *honeſt Gentleman*, and my particular Friend, has, to the Surprize of all, both Friends and Enemies to the Government, *been ſo long neglected*, that I am forced, tho' unwillingly, to put him into your Hands, in a Manner, I confeſs, *a little odd*; but 'tis ſuch, as for many good Reaſons, is the only one I can well make uſe of at preſent.

I will not tire you with a Repetition of his Services, ſince, when you know his Name is *DUNTON*, the other will of Courſe occur to your Memory: 'Tis enough for me to tell you, that he printed and publiſh'd, nay diſpers'd, at his own ſole Coſt and Charge, many uſeful Pieces of Intelligence relating to the Conduct of the Prime Miniſters in the laſt Four Years of Queen *Anne*, for which the then Secretary *Bolingbroke*, was in purſuit of the Man for ſeveral Months; I leave you to judge whether that was a uſeful Service to the Proteſtant Succeſſor, I am ſure 'twas both an expenſive and hazardous one to the Performer, the late Lord *Wharton*, and I, found them very uſeful ones, in our parts of *Britain*. There were Reaſons why I could not then appear in thoſe Diſcoveries (for I receiv'd 'em from Papiſts of Great Quality, that were nearly related to me, and whoſe Names I promiſed ſhould be ever a Secret) and thoſe Reaſons, at leaſt many of them, ſtill ſubſiſt, which muſt excuſe your nameleſs Correſpondent for this unuſual Way of Addreſs.

In ſhort, I had never concern'd my ſelf in this Affair, now, did I not think, nay know, the King's Honour as well as the Miniſtry's, concern'd in Rewarding ſuch Services. The Body of Diſſenters, nay, all our Country Whigs, murmur at his being Neglected; his Reputation ſtands ſo fair in the *Britiſh World*, that 'twill look ill not to Regard the Man: And as I am pleas'd with every Thing that adds to your Glory, I ſhould be better pleaſed you were Inſtrumental in conveying theſe Truths to his Majeſty's Ears, than that any other Perſon Living ſhould do ſo.

The Book he Preſents you, is, indeed, my Senſe, tho' not my Words; they are thoſe of a very Worthy Miniſter, who I made uſe of on this Occaſion, being taken up with other Affairs my ſelf.

Had

Had not my Letter ſwell'd already to too great a Bulk, I ſhould have told you, that did not my Friend's Neceſſities preſs hard, and that I am aſhamed the Government ſhould ſuffer a faithful Servant to ſink under Debts, the greater Part of which were contracted in its Defence, I would not have taken this Freedom with you, Sir, and under a Diſguiſe too. I leave the reſt to his own Relation, and will only add, tho' his ill State of Health makes him incapable of the Fatigues of a Place, yet a Sum of Money to clear his Paternal Eſtate, at preſent Incumber'd, and the Addition of ſome yearly Penſion, as it would make the Remainder of his Days eaſy, wou'd be a *Real Glory* to the King, and an Encouragement to other Subjects to exert themſelves in his Service.

Adieu. I wiſh you *every Happineſs* Life affords, and to be always what you now are, the *Honour of our Iſle*, and am my ſelf, in every Shape,

Entirely Yours.

The Letter writ by Sir R—— nd G—— *Bart. 'twas directed for Mr.* John Dunton, *at Mr.* William Lutwiches's *Houſe in* New-ſtreet, *near* Fetter-Lane, *and was this following.*

London, Feb. 10. 1715.

SIR,

THE KING hath not ſaid any Thing to me of Baron *Bothmar's* preſenting your Book, [intitled, *(a) The Golden Age,*] to his Majeſty; but I ſhall ſeek all Occaſions to ſerve you.

I am, Sir, your moſt obedient, and moſt humble Servant,

R—— G——

I am ſorry for your Indiſpoſition.

Sir R—— nd G——'s *Second Letter to the Author of* Neck or Nothing, *farther Promiſing to inform the King of his* Publick Services.

London, March 2*d.* 1715.

SIR,

I Have received your Letter, and will uſe my beſt Endeavours to ſerve you, as you deſire: I ſhall be glad to ſee you at any Time, when your Health will permit. *And am,*

Sir, your moſt Obedient, and moſt Humble Servant,

R—— G——

(a) Note, *Baron* Bothmar, *upon doing me the Honour to preſent three of theſe Books,* (*intitled,* The Golden Age) *to the* King, Prince, and Princeſs, *his* Majeſty *order'd me a* Gold Medal *of conſiderable Value.*

The

The Letter writ by Sir J——n G—— *Kt. 'twas directed to Mr.* John Dunton *(to be left with Mr.* Robert Tookey *in St.* Chriſtopher's Court *in* Threadneedle-ſtreet) *and was this following.*

Mr. *Dunton*,

I Was in hope that you would have favour'd me with your Preſence at my own Houſe; but I am willing to believe, that your Indefatigable Care and Induſtry to ſerve the Publick (for which I heartily Hope you will have a ſuitable Reward) hath prevented you. And now, Sir, I underſtand you have other Things in Hand (*viz. The Secret Hiſtory of the Reſtoring Clergy*; and ſuch *a Manifeſto* againſt *the Pretender*, as proves that *Popiſh Impoſtor* was not born of *the Body of Queen* Mary) which I believe will ſpeak ſuch *Plain Engliſh*, as will Merit a profound Reſpect from all *good Men, and true Proteſtants*, and in particular from *your hearty well-wiſher, aſſured Friend, and moſt humble Servant*,

JOHN G——.

The Letter writ by B——n C—— *Eſq; late High-Sheriff for the County of* B—— *'twas directed to the Author of* Neck or Nothing *(to be left with Mrs.* S. Popping *in* Pater-noſter-Row*) and was this following.*

April 22. 1718.

Mr. *Dunton*,

I Thank you for that great Service you have done King *George* (by your *Neck Adventures*) who being (as you ſet him forth, *Hanover Spy*, P. 58.) '*A Diſcerner of Spirits*', muſt be very conſcious of your *Great Merit*, and being alſo a Prince of the greateſt *Gratitude, Generoſity, and Ability, can*, and no doubt will, upon your *Petition*, ſoon ſet you above the want of any Thing: *I am in the mean time*,

Your affectionate Friend, and humble Servant,

B——n C——

And in another Letter Juſtice C—— *of* C—— *has theſe Expreſſions.*

Mr. *Dunton*,

'YOUR having done the Government great Service, and 'your preſent want is, in my Opinion, a Reflection 'upon all the Friends of King *George*; and therefore an Eſſay 'from Mr. *Dunton*, upon TORY GRATITUDE, to their 'Friends and Adherents, they having greatly diſtinguiſh'd 'themſelves by that excellent Quality, will no doubt be very 'entertaining to the Publick, *&c.*

Reader,

Reader, to these *Five Letters* I cou'd add, at least, *Two Hundred more*, all written by PATRIOTS of distinguish'd Loyalty to the *House of Hanover*, and farther shew the Grateful Sense of *the whole Kingdom* upon my *Neck-Adventures* in the Glorious Cause of *Religion and Liberty*, but for want of Room to insert *so large a Packet of Letters* in this Place, I must reserve 'em for *a Second Part of National Thanks for my Publick Services*, If this *First Part* miss of that kind Reception at Court, that I have just Reason to hope for, and in the mean time I'le confirm the Truth of what my GENEROUS FRIENDS say in these FIVE LETTERS of my Successful Hazards in detecting his Majesty's Enemies, by the very Confession of some that hate me: For the Reverend and Learned Dr. *Jonathan Swift*, tho' a great Jacobite, and as such my avowed Enemy, yet does me the *Honour* to call my *Neck or Nothing*, A CUTTING SATYR *upon the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke*; and to affirm, *It gall'd 'em more than any other Pamphlet had done, during their whole Reign.* And for that Reason, neither *Queen Robin* nor his *Brother Traytor* durst Attempt to Answer it, any other way, than by giving out, The Author of it was STARK-MAD. If any Man doubt whether that noted Jacobite Dr. *Swift* has thus clear'd me of all that *Madness* that some ungrateful *Whigs* (as well as the Rascally *Tories*) have charg'd me with, Let him read his Treatise, intitled, *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*, where (in Page 3.) he'll find these Words: 'Mr. 'Dunton's famous Tract, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, must be 'allow'd to be the Shrewdest Piece, and written with most Spi-'rit of any which has appear'd from that side since the Change 'of the Ministry: It is indeed a most *Cutting Satyr* upon the 'Lord Treasurer, and Lord *Bolingbroke*, and I wonder none 'of our Friends ever undertook to Answer it. I confess, I was 'at first of the same Opinion with several good Judges, who 'from the Style and Manner, supposed it to issue from the sharp 'Pen of the Earl of *N-ting--m*, and I am still apt to think it 'might receive his L——dsh——p's last Hand; for Mr. *Dun-'ton* has set before us the Proceedings of the Queen and her 'Servants, in a much clearer Light than the Author of the '*Crisis* has done, tho' he hath Qualities enough to denote him 'a First-Rate Author.

But (notwithstanding what Dr. *Swift*, my avow'd Enemy, here says in my Favour) if my Generosity in serving the Publick both with my Person and Fortune, must be call'd *Madness* (to excuse the Avarice and Ingratitude of those Court-Whigs that wou'd not give Six-pence out of their own Pockets, either to save the whole Kingdom from Drowning, or their own Fathers from being Hang'd) 'twill then follow there's never a Loyal or Noble Whig in the King's Dominions, but what's

as

as much a Lunatick as *JOHN DUNTON*; ſo that you ſee, Reader, theſe *Five Letters* (or NATIONAL GROANS) not only clear me of *the ſpiteful Charge of Madneſs* (and of other IMPUDENT Reflections *as undeſerv'd as that*,) but ſhew *the Grateful Senſe of the whole Kingdom upon my Neck-Adventures to ſerve the Publick*, And alſo prove that even my *Tory Enemies* as well as my *Whig Friends* do all own that I ventur'd to ſet '*the Pro-*'*ceedings of the late Queen and her Servants in a much clearer* '*Light* than even the Celebrated (or KNIGHTED) *Criſis* (*a*) (or any other Author beſides) had done; and conſequently both my *Friends* and *Enemies* are equally amaz'd that inſtead of my being *the firſt Man rewarded for my diſtinguiſht Services to King George* (as the whole Nation expected upon his *Majeſty's firſt Acceſſion to the Britiſh Throne*) that I ſhou'd be the laſt; and which is *yet more ungrateful*, be left to ſtarve in a Jail for want of that very Money which I freely ſpent out of my own Pocket to ſave THOSE VERY WHIGS from the AXE and HALTER that (like BOB HUSH, alias W——L——P——LE) have no other *Merit* or *Gratitude* in 'em but what they derive from their bare Pretence to WHIGHISM, as is ſeen by (the whole Kingdom ſo heinouſly reſenting) my having receiv'd no other Reward as yet for my *Publick Services*, but that GLORIOUS ONE of having done my Duty *to ſecure the Proteſtant Succeſſion* in the Worſt of Times; but tho the whole Nation is greatly concern'd and aſtoniſht that ſome *pretended Whigs* now in the Miniſtry ſhould be thus *ungrateful* to the Author of *Neck or Nothing* that has ruin'd himſelf to *inrich them and their Families*; yet this ungrateful Treatment is no wonder to me, for my ſelf once oblig'd *a Clergyman* beyond all Poſſibility of Requital (*as he had acknowledg'd in ſeveral Letters*:) but upon the firſt Misfortune that befel me, he was ſo far from *requiting the Favours I did him*, that he not only Challeng'd me to Prove I had *e'er oblig'd him*, but is now *the Greateſt*, *Baſeſt*, and *moſt Unjuſt* Enemy I have in the World, as is ſeen in *the Ungrateful Inſtance* of the *DNMB* Rector of *E*---, who for Privately Slandering Innocent *Dunton* by Hearſay, is now as unjuſtly call'd a *Cuckold* himſelf.

But as *ungrateful* as this Age is at preſent, their have been Men of *a grateful Temper*; *PHILIP* the French King put one of his *Soldiers* out of Pay becauſe he was *Ungrateful*, and caus'd him to be mark'd in his Forehead with the Word UNTHANKFUL.

Creſus being reliev'd before he came to his Kingdom by one *Pamphaes*, afterward in Token that he had not forgotten this GOOD TURN, he ſent him *a Chariot full of Silver*.

(*a*) By *Criſis* is here meant Sir *Richard Steel*, who publiſh'd a very Excellent and ſeaſonable Treatiſe, which he intitul'd, *The Criſis*.

Pyrrhus

Pyrrhus was exceedingly griev'd for the Death of a Freind, who died before he had requited his *many Favours.*

By this it appears there have been *Grateful Persons* in former Ages; but, Reader, (except *King George*, and the Royal Family) I challenge thee to shew me *a Grateful Person* in the present Age: 'Twas said indeed of Archbishop *Cranmer*, *Do him an ill Turn* (he was so ready to forgive) *and he'd be your Friend ever after.* But Men are grown so *brutish* in this Age, that now-a-days to oblige any Man more than ordinary is the Way to have him your Enemy (as is prov'd---By that *Avarice* and *Ingratitude* I have found from some PRETENDED WHIGS now in the Ministry—— By the ill *Requital* I have had for *Suretiship*--By the *Twenty Guineas* I gave to Col. *F*—— to adorn Dr. *Smirk* with a Chaplain's Scarf, and-By *several Ingrates* that liv'd upon me in their greatest Streights) so that *all's lost* that is laid out upon an *unthankful Person*; he burys Benefits as the barren Earth doth the Seed. And, Reader, as the *ungrateful Man* is a MEER VIPER, so he is A WICKED MAN; and therefore our Saviour fitly Yokes them together, *To the Unthankful, and to the Evil*, Luke 6. 3. But as here (and in *other Places of this Book*) I only reflect upon *pretended Whigs*, I humbly Hope that the *real Whigs now in the Ministry* will upon the Perusal of this (NATIONAL and) *just Complaint* inform his Majesty that *Nothing is done for Mordecai*, and that he has gone FIVE YEARS unrewarded for venturing *NECK OR NOTHING*, in detecting *the Jacobite Plots* against his Royal Person and Family. 'Tis true, those *prejudic'd Tories* will think this *a great Presumption*, that dare Affirm a *Whig Ministry*, censure *MERIT* as a Popish Doctrine in all but their *own Creatures*, (by which they mean either such MEN as can purchase Preferment, or such WOMEN as will *sell their Virtue*) but IMPARTIAL MEN, that find the REAL WHIGS in the British Court, are all Patriots of *a truly Generous and Spotless Character*, will always be of another Opinion; for tho *a pretended Court Whig*, (like QUEEN-ROBIN) is a meer *Janus-Monster*, or (as Dr. KER was won't to call the present Earl of OX——RD) '*The worst Creature on this side Hell*; yet such Noble and Faithful Patriots as *Sunderland*, *Parker*, *King*, *Stanhope*, *Craggs*, *Hampden*, *Lechmere*, &c. have always thought that the chief Thing valuable in *Greatness and Riches*, is the Power they give 'em *to serve their Country, and Reward* such as have distinguisht themselves in his Majesty's Service; or if any *Jacobite or High-Churchman* (for they are *synonimous Words*) be still of another Opinion, they are desir'd (once more) to read *the Five Letters* directed to Mr. *Walpole* and *John Dunton*; for there they'll find that all the REAL WHIGS in the King's Dominions are *greatly concern'd*, (and I may add *asham'd*) that the Author of *Neck or Nothing* is left to starve in a Jail, after *ventring his Life,*

and

and ſpending a great Part of his own Eſtate in the Service of his King and Country.

And now (Reader) having FIRST ſet *the black Ingratitude of ſome Court Whigs* in a true Light, and NEXT ſhewn (by FIVE LETTERS, and the Free Confeſſion both of *my Friends and Enemies*) *the grateful Senſe of the whole Kingdom upon my Neck-Adventures to ſerve the Publick* (or in plainer *Engliſh* how *very heinouſly* all his Majeſty's *beſt Friends* reſent it that my *ſucceſsful Hazards* in detecting his Jacobite Enemies have gone *Five Years* unrewarded.) I ſhall now conclude theſe *Neck-Adventures* with THE SHORTEST WAY to cure *the foul Diſeaſe* of INGRATITUDE, whether found in a *Whig Duke, Earl, Lord, or Baronet*.

So that I am here to ſhew THE SHORTEST (being a New) WAY to make *Ungrateful Miniſters of State* Generous to Thoſe that have *ſerv'd the Publick*.

The *Pretended Court Whig* (or *Ungrateful Stateſman*) is one I have a particular Reſpect for; and having bin often trickt by him, I have now an Opportunity to make even with him.

I have read of one who *advancing his Friend* was himſelf put out of Office by his own *Beneficiary*; whereupon he made a Preſent of an Emblem to *the Ungrateful*; which repreſented the SUN eclipſed by the Moon, with this *Motto, Totum adimit quo ingrata refulget*: She obſcures the Source of her own Light. This *Inſcription* was witty and ſatyrical enough, but yet 'twas *too mild for the Sinner*.

I'd have the *Ungrateful Perſon* (whether *Whig Duke, Earl, Lord, or Baronet*) puniſh'd as the *Heathens* were accuſtom'd to puniſh him who had *injur'd the Reputation of another*, they wou'd not condeſcend to ſpeak to him, nor ſhew him *the leaſt Office of Humanity*: They would not ſell him *the very Neceſſarys of Life*, nor ſo much as ſuffer him to draw Water.

Now I ſhall endeavour to bring home this *Puniſhment* to the preſent Purpoſe (I mean ſo as to cure that *foul Diſeaſe of Ingratitude* that I have lately found amongſt *ſome Pretended Whigs* NOW IN THE MINISTRY) and there wants nothing but that his Name UNGRATEFUL ſhould be inſcrib'd on his Forehead, that People may know him: And after this, he that ſhews him the leaſt *Civility*, that either *Trades* with him, or *Supports* him, ſhould have *his Eſtate* made a Forfeiture to the Crown.

By theſe means *the Ungrateful Wretch* (tho' as RICH and COVETOUS as a certain *Duke, Earl, Lord, and Baronet*) muſt be forc'd to wander like *Cain*, and ſo be cut off from all Communication with Mankind, he muſt travel in Deſarts and in Solitudes, and there converſe with *wild Beaſts and Monſters*; which yet are not *ſo Impudent, Frightful* and Monſtrous as himſelf; and this is the SHORTEST (and moſt Infallible) WAY that

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I can preſcribe to Cure *the foul Diſeaſe of Ingratitude* in all Ranks and Degrees of Men, *(from the Duke to the meaneſt Subject)* and doubtleſs wou'd the *Neck-Adventurers*, in his Majeſty's Service, put this SHORT WAY in Practice, and make all *Ungrateful Miniſters of State* (but more eſpecially thoſe *Pretended Whigs* now in the Miniſtry) *Generous to all thoſe that have ſerv'd the Publick*; I have only to add, that THE MARK ſhould be fixt upon the *Ungrateful Perſon*, by the Friend againſt whom he has committed the *Ingratitude*, and (if 'twere the Author of *Neck or Nothing*,) the Words writ on his Forehead ſhou'd be *NECK FOR NOTHING* this wou'd add to the Solemnity of the Puniſhment.

F I N I S.

There is now Ready for the Preſs, *and will be Publiſhed in* few Days *(except Authority command the contrary)* Three New Eſſays, *written by the Author of* Neck or Nothing, *which are thus intitled,* viz.

(1) NECK FOR NOTHING; or a Satyr upon *the Avarice, Pride and Ingratitude* of thoſe pretended Whigs *(now in the Miniſtry)* that ſuffer the Author of *Neck or Nothing* to Starve in a Jayl, that has ruin'd himſelf to ſave his Country. Written by Mr. *John Dunton*, Author of that *Neck Adventure*, and INSCRIB'D to *the Honourable*, &c. —— To whom this SATYR was ſent. With *an Humble Requeſt* that it might be immediately delivered either to *the King*, or to that TRUE (*i. e.* Generous WHIG-STATESMAN, *Charles*, Earl of *Sunderland.*

—— —— —— *Pro talibus auſis*
Di (ſiqua eſt cælo pietas quæ talia curet)
Perſolvant grates dignas, & præmia reddant.
Debita———— Virg. Æn. 2.

Thus Paraphras'd by an Ingenious Gentleman.

YE Gods, if *Gratitude* be your Delight,
If *Honour, Juſtice*, have not left you quite;
If 'twas a *Vertue* in the worſt of Times,
T' expoſe the *worſt* of Men, and *worſt* of Crimes,
Look back on that we *Neck or Nothing* call,
You'll own the Author ventur'd *Neck and All.*

His Majesty's first Speech from the Throne.

I Will never forget the Obligations I have to those that have distinguish'd themselves by their Zeal and Firmness to the Protestant Succession, against all the Open and Secret Practices that have been used to defeat it.

(2) MORDECAI'S DYING CROANS FROM THE FLEET-PRISON; or, *The Second Part of Neck for Nothing*; being a farther *Satyr* upon *the Avarice*, *Pride*, and *Ingratitude* of those *pretended Whigs* (now in the Ministry) that have no Regard to his Majesty's *Honour*, their own *Reputation*, or the faithful Discharge of that *great Trust* the KING has reposed in 'em for the good of all his Subjects, as appears by their letting *JOHN DUNTON*, (the *British Mordecai*) go *FIVE YEARS UNREWARDED*, for his *distinguish'd Services to his King and Country*. To which *Satyr* is prefix'd, The Character of a TRUE (*i. e.* Generous) WHIG-STATESMAN, also the Character of *a Pretended* (or False) *Whig* when advanc'd to a Place of *Honour or Profit*, Publish'd that the *Loyal Subjects of Great-Britain* may be no longer deceiv'd by false Appearances, (or in plainer *English*) may be able to know a *Faithful Minister of State* (whether styled *Whig or Tory*) from his Opposite, the KNAVE. The Whole Inscrib'd to that *Truly Honest*, *Wise*, *and Immortal Whig-Patriot*, The EARL STANHOPE.

ESTHER vi. 2, 3.

And it was found written, that *Mordecai* had told of *Bigthana* and *Teresh*, Two of the King's Chamberlains, the Keepers of the Door, who sought to lay Hand on the King *Ahasuerus*. And the King said, What Honour and Dignity hath been done to *Mordecai* for this? Then said the King's Servants that Ministred unto him, *There is nothing done for him.*

Magna est veritas prevalebit.

(3.) NECK OR NOTHING IN VERSE; or, A Packet of Treasonable Poems (that have bin privately dispersed throughout the British Dominions in Favour of *the Pretender*) with *Answers to 'em in Rhime*, proving King GEORGE our Rightful and ever Glorious Sovereign, by Mr. *John Dunton*, Author of *Neck or Nothing*, *in Prose*, and Inscrib'd to that *Person of Honour*, from whom he receiv'd all those Early Discoveries of *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Treason that furnish'd out that *Narrative Part* 1.: To which is added, *Fair Warning to the Whigs*, or an Essay upon *the Fiery Trial*, being a Detection of that Bloody Per-

Perſecution that all his Majeſty's Loyal Subjects (the *Low-Churchmen* and *Proteſtant Diſſenters*) muſt expect, if ever that *Popiſh Pretender*, that (*Impudently*) Stiles himſelf *James the Third*, ſhou'd be crown'd King of *Great-Britain*.

Cauſa patrocinio non bona, pejor erit. OVID.
Cauſa jubet melior ſuperos ſperare ſecundos. LUC.

There was lately Publiſh'd,

MORDECAI's LAST SHIFT; or, A moſt Humble Addreſs to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, (but more eſpecially to the Preſent Truly, Faithful and Glorious Miniſtry) being *Propoſals* for Printing by Subſcription new and ſurprizing Thoughts upon all Manner of Subjects, to be intitled, *The Athenian Library*; or, A Univerſal Entertainment for the *Lovers of Novelty:* Containing Two Thouſand diſtinct Treatiſes in *Proſe* and *Verſe*. Written by Mr. *JOHN DUNTON*, the firſt Projector of the *Athenian Oracle*, a Member of the *Athenian* Society, and Author of thoſe Early Diſcoveries of *Oxford*'s and *Bolingbroke*'s Treaſon, call'd *Neck or Nothing*. To which is added, Mr. *Dunton's Farewell to Printing*, in ſome ſerious Thoughts on thoſe Words of *Solomon*, *Of Making many Books there is no End*; *and much Study is a Wearineſs of the Fleſh*. With his *Effigies* (curiouſly) Drawn and Grav'd to the Life, by thoſe Celebrated Artiſts *Knight* and *Vandergucht*. Alſo *Two Alphabetical Tables*, the firſt for the ready finding any *Novelty* in this Project; and the other containing *the Names* of all thoſe Noble Patriots who (to Reward Mr. *Dunton*'s diſtinguiſht Service to his King and Country, and *hard Study for Thirty Years* in compiling this *Athenian Library*) ſhall Generouſly Subſcribe towards that Great Charge 'twill Coſt in fitting it for *Publick View*, to the *Firſt Part* of this *Athenian Library* (for 'twill be Publiſh'd in Parts at 2*s.* 6*d.* each 'till the whole Undertaking is compleated in that Method, except 3000 be Subſcrib'd for by next *Lady-Day* according to the *Firſt Propoſals*) will be prefixt *A Poem*, intitled, *The Generous Subſcribers*——— The *whole Work* Reviſed, Corrected, and Approv'd by the ſeveral Members both of *the Old and New Athenian Society*, and Intermixt, and compleated with ſome of their *Neweſt and Beſt Thoughts*, and the moſt Refined Part of their Writings.——— Theſe *Propoſals* are to be had of *S. Popping*.

The Forty Political Tracts *(a) mention'd in* Pag. 2. *of* MORDECAI's MEMORIAL, *Written by Mr.* John Dunton, *Author of these* Neck Adventures, *and most of 'em Publiſh'd when* Oxford *and* Bolingbroke *were* Two Reigning Favourites; *and the reſt ſince his Majeſty's Happy Acceſſion to* the Britiſh Throne, *and are theſe following:*

(1.) NEck *or Nothing*, in a Letter to the Earl of *Oxford*, being a Supplement to the ſhort Hiſtory of the Parliament.

(2.) *Queen Robin*, or the Second Part of *Neck or Nothing*, detecting the Secret Reign of the Four Laſt Years of her late Majeſty Queen *Anne*.

(3.) *The ſhorteſt Way with the King*, or plain *Engliſh* ſpoke to his Majeſty; being the Third Part of *Neck or Nothing*.

(4.) *The Impeachment*, or *Great-Britain*'s Charge againſt the late Miniſtry, in Sixty Articles.

(5.) *Whig-Loyalty*, or a Private Letter to her late Majeſty (*Queen Anne*) by Mr. *John Dunton*, in which he offers to appear and prove all his Diſcoveries in his Narrative, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*.

(6.) *The Golden Age*, or a Viſion of the Future Happineſs of *Great-Britain*, under the Glorious Reign of King *George*, and his Illuſtrious Houſe to the World's End.

(7.) *The Medal*, or a Loyal Eſſay upon King *George*'s Picture, as 'twas Preſented to Mr. *John Dunton*, by his Majeſty's Order.

(8.) *Dunton's Ghoſt*, or a Speech to the moſt Remarkable Perſons in Church or State, written by the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, whilſt he was Number'd among the Dead.

(9.) *The Hereditary Baſtard*, or the Royal Intreigue of the Warming-Pan fully deteſted, in a Sermon upon theſe Words; *And a Baſtard ſhall dwell in Aſhdod*, Zech. 9. 6.

(10.) *Ox*——, and *Bull*——, or a Funeral Sermon for the two Beaſts that are to be ſlaughter'd on *Tower-Hill*, next Seſſion of Parliament, upon theſe Words; *But theſe, as natural Brute Beaſts, made to be Taken and Deſtroy'd*, 2 Pet. 2.

(11.) *King Abigail*, or the Secret Reign of the She-Favourite, detected; and apply'd in a Sermon upon theſe Words: *And Women Rule over them*, Iſa. 3. 12.

(a) *For tho they are ſaid to be* Twenty, *through the Printer's Miſtake, their Number is* Forty.

(12.)

(12.) *Bungy*, or the False Brother (Dr. *Sacheverel*) prov'd his own Executioner: In a Sermon preach'd on these Words; *And went and Hang'd himself*, Matt. 27. 5.

(13.) *Frank Scammony*, or the Restoring Clergy Detected in their Names, Haunts, Plots, Heresies, and Leud Conversation: In a Sermon upon these Words; *Her Priests have violated my Law, and I am profaned among them*, Ezek. 22. 16. Occasion'd by a certain Bi——ps swearing, *We'll have the* Pretender *by G--d.*

(14.) *Seeing's Believing*; or, King *George* Prov'd a Us——per, and his whole Reign one continu'd Act of *C——ty* and *Op——n*, and other *Notorious Failings.* Written by a Subject to the Lawful King. The whole Essay being *a Satyrical Irony*, to prove King *George* the *most Rightful and Glorious Prince* that ever sat on the *British Throne.*

(15.) *The Devil's Martyrs*; or, Plain Dealing: In Answer to the *Jacobite* Speeches of those Two Perjur'd Rebels *William Paul*, a Clergyman, and *John Hall*, a Justice of Peace; *fairly proving*, No British Subject can be *a true Son of the Church of* England, that dies asserting the *Pretender* has any Right to his Majesty's Crown.

(16.) *Royal Gratitude*; (or King *George*'s Promise never to forget his Obligations to those who have Distinguish'd themselves in his Service) critically consider'd, In a Letter to *Robert Walpole*, Esq; occasion'd by a General Report, That Mr. *John Dunton* (Author of *Neck or Nothing*) will speedily be Rewarded with a Considerable Place or Pension.

(17.) *King* George *for Ever*; or, *Dunton*'s Speech to the Protestant Associators of *Great-Britain:* But more especially to those of the *Tower Hamlets.*

(18.) *The Manifesto of King* John *the Second*, (*alias* Mr. *John Dunton*) declaring he has fairer Pretensions to be Sole Monarch of these Kingdoms, than that Popish Impostor that Stiles himself, *James the Third.*

(19.) *The Mob War*; or, A Detection of the present State of the *British Nation:* Containing such Discoveries (in Church and State) as were never Publish'd before.

(20.) *King William's Legacy*; An Heroick Poem. In Two Parts. Containing —— (1.) The Celestial Coronation; or, The Joyful Acclamations of the Blessed in Heaven, on the same Day on which our Glorious *George* was Crown'd Monarch of *Great-Britain.* (2.) *No Pretender*; or, The General Thanksgiving on Earth: Being a Comment in Prose and Verse upon all the Rejoycing Sermons that were preach'd June the 7th, upon the Total Defeat of the *English* and *Scotch* Jacobites.

(21.) *Burnet and Wharton*; or, The Two Immortal Patriots: An Heroick Poem. Inscrib'd to all True Lovers of their King and Country; but more especially those that had the Honour to

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be Perſonally known either to the late Biſhop of *Salisbury*, or late Marquiſs of *Warton*.

(22.) *The Pulpit Lunaticks*; or, A Mad Anſwer to a Mad Report, made by a Committee of Mad Prieſts, againſt *Benjamin*, Lord Biſhop of *Bangor*, and moſt Humbly Inſcrib'd to that Truly Pious, Learned, and Immortal Prelate.

(23.) *The Bull-Baiting*; or, *Sacheverell* Dreſs'd up in Fire-works: Lately brought over from the *Bear-Garden* in *Southwark*, and Expos'd for the Diverſion of the Citizens of *London*, at *Six Pence a-piece*.

(24.) *The Conventicle*; or, A Narrative of the Diſſenters New Plot againſt the preſent Conſtitution, in Church and State. Written by Way of *Irony*, proving the Proteſtant Diſſenters, and Low Church-men, his Majeſty's moſt Loyal Subjects, and Beſt Friends. Price 1 *s.*

(25.) *The Hannover Spy*; or, Secret Hiſtory of St. *James's*, from the Reign of Queen *Robin*, down to the late Miſunderſtanding in the Royal Palace.

(26.) *Dunton's Recantation*; or, His Reaſons for Deſerting his *Whigiſh Principles*, and turning *Jacobite:* Being *a Loyal Irony, or Bite for the Jacobites.*

(27.) *The High Church Gudgeons*; or, A Day's Ramble to catch the Fooliſh *Jacks* with their own Treaſon: Being a Key to that Loyal Irony, intitled, *Seeing's Believing*; or, King *George* prov'd a Uſ——per. For writing whereof Mr. *Dunton* was Three Times carry'd before a Magiſtrate the ſame Day, and as often Acquitted, for a Loyal Subject and Honeſt Man.

(28.) *The Ideal Kingdom*; or, A Deſcription of what Court *John the Second* reſolves to keep, and in what Manner he intends to *Reign*, in Caſe (after the Death of *King* George, *and the ſeveral Branches of his Illuſtrious Houſe*) he ſhould Defeat his *Popiſh Rival* for the Britiſh Crown, and be choſe *Sole Monarch of* Great-Britain.

(29.) *The Paſſive Rebels*; or, A Satyr upon the High Church Impudence of wearing Oaken Boughs on the Reſtauration-Day, Rue and Thyme on the Thankſgiving-Day, and White Roſes on the Pretender's Birth-Day.

(30.) *The Pulpit Trumpeter*; or, The Subſtance of all the Treaſonable Sermons that have been preach'd at White-Chapel by that Preaching Rebel Dr. *Welton*. Atteſted by Two of his conſtant Hearers.

(31.) *The High Church Martyrology*; or, The True Character of all thoſe that have dy'd by the *Ignominious Death* of the Halter, for Rebelling againſt their Lawful Sovereign King *George*.

(32.) *The Pulpit Bite*; or, A Satyr on the Hereditary (or High Church) Fools (*however Dignify'd or Diſtinguiſh'd*) that wou'd Reſtore a Popiſh Pretender under a Falſe Pretence that *the Church is in Danger* under his preſent Majeſty. (33.)

(33.) *The Pretender*; or, Sham King: A Trage-Comedy. As it was Acted upon the Theatre of *Great-Britain* during the late Curſed Rebellion. *Price* 1 *s.*

(34.) *God Save the King*; or, A Speech to our Rightful and Ever-glorious Sovereign upon his firſt Landing at *Greenwich:* Giving him a hearty Welcome to his New Dominions.

(35.) *The Proteſtant Noſegay*; or, A Panegyrick upon the *Royal Orange*, and upon all Things dignify'd with an Orange-Colour, as 'tis to King *William* we owe the Invaluable Bleſſing of the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover.

(36.) George *the Second*; or, The True Prince of *Wales:* An Heroick Poem. Dedicated to that Truly Loyal and Thoughtful Patriot, who was the firſt Propoſer of that *Bleſſed Legacy*, the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the *Illuſtrious Houſe of* Hanover.

(37.) *The Queen by Merit*; A Paradox fully prov'd in the Illuſtrious Character of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of *Wales.*

(38.) *The Royal Pair*; or, A Panegyrick upon Conjugal Love: Inſcrib'd to (that Matchleſs Inſtance of it) the Prince and Princeſs of *Wales.*

(39.) *The Unborn Princes*; An Heroick Poem: Inſcrib'd to the Royal Iſſue of the *Illuſtrious Houſe of* Hanover, not yet in being; but is more particularly Addreſs'd to Prince *Frederick George*, and the Two Young Princeſſes, more lately arriv'd at the *Port of Life.*

(40.) *All's at Stake*; or, The only Way to Retrieve the Loſt Glory, Honour, Piety, Morals, and Unanimity of *Great-Britain*, is by the Choice of a good Parliament.

Theſe *Forty Political Tracts*, (except thoſe of 'em that are out of Print) are all ſold by *S. Popping* in *Pater-noſter-Row*, and moſt Bookſellers in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland.*

There is now preparing for the Preſs (by Mr.* John Dunton, *Author of* NECK OR NOTHING*) Forty new Eſſays, Intitled,

(1.) THE *Moderate Clergyman*; or, A True Son of the Church of *England:* Exemplified in the *Holy Life and Triumphant Death* of that Eminently Pious, Learned and Charitable Divine Mr. *John Dunton*, late Rector of *Aſton Clinton* in *Bucks.* Written by his Eldeſt Son Mr. *John Dunton* (Author of *Neck or Nothing*) and now publiſht as a fit Pattern, by which *the Highflying Clergy* may Reform both their *Principles and Morals*, and alſo

to

to *Perpetuate* the Memory of *the best of Fathers*: Inſcrib'd to the Author's Siſter Mrs. *Elizabeth Dunton*, alias *Guiſe* (now living in *Hertford*) himſelf being the only Perſon that is *now left of his whole Family bearing the Name of* Dunton.

(2.) *The Parſon's Son*; or, An Eſſay upon the Honour of deſcending from *the Tribe of* Levi: Being a Congratulatory POEM to the Miniſters Children on their *Annual Feaſt* at *Merchant-Taylors-Hall*. Written by Mr. *John Dunton*, Son, Grandſon, and Great, Great Grandſon to *a Clergyman*.

(3.) *Heaven upon Earth*; or, A Critical Eſſay upon the Life, and Nonconformity of that Famous Caſuiſtical Divine Dr. *Samuel Anneſley* (formerly Miniſter of *Cripplegate*, and Publiſher of that Celebrated Work, intitled, *The Morning Exerciſe.*) Written by his Son-in-Law Mr. *John Dunton*, and conſiſts chiefly of his *own Obſervations* upon Dr. *Anneſley*'s Illuſtrious Vertues (or Diſtinguiſht *Piety*, *Learning*, *Humility*, *Juſtice*, *Charity*, &c.) for near Forty Years. NOTE, This Spotleſs, and moſt Exemplary Life of Dr. *Samuel Anneſley* (whom ſome have call'd *a Second St. Paul*, as upon him was the Care of all the Diſſenting Churches) is Inſcrib'd to Dr. *Edmund Calamy*, Author of *The Abridgment of Mr.* Baxter's *Hiſtory of his Life and Times.* In which *Dedication* will be prov'd at large (as 'twas to Dr. *Anneſley*'s Intereſt in Mr. *Sylveſter*, that Mr. *Dunton* owes the juſt Title he has to the Copy of *Mr.* Baxter's *Life in Folio*, or to any *Abridgment* that is made of it by *his Partners in that Hiſtory*) the great Wrong that is done to Mr. *Dunton* by that *Abridgment*, and by whom this *Dammage ought in Honour and Conſcience* to be Repair'd.

(4.) *An Angel in Fleſh*; or, The Heavenly Life, and Character of that Excellent Chriſtian, and Beſt of Wives, Mrs. *Elizabeth Dunton* (Daughter to the Famous Dr. *Samuel Anneſley*) who, as her Father told her Husband, *never once diſobey'd him in her whole Life*, and as Mr. *Dunton* affirms, *never ſaid, or did a mean or unkind Thing for the Sixteen Years he was marry'd to her.* Being an *Original Manuſcript*: To which is added, The Pious Letters Mrs. *Dunton* ſent to her *Relations*, *Servants*, *and Friends*, during her long Sickneſs of *Forty Weeks*. Alſo a DIARY of her *Chriſtian Experiences* for about Twenty Years (both mention'd by the Reverend Mr. *Timothy Rogers*, in the Sermon he preacht at her Funeral, Intitled, *The Character of a Good Woman*; which being ſcarce is Reprinted, and added to this *Narrative of her Life writ by her Husband.*) Alſo an *Elegy* upon her much lamented Death, in *Milton*'s Verſe, in a Dialogue of Angels, with *the Epitaph* that's engrav'd on her Tomb-Stone in *the New Burying Place*, where her Bleſſed Aſhes now reſt expecting a Glorious Reſurrection. The Whole publiſh'd by her Husband Mr. *John Dunton*, and conſiſts (chiefly) of his *own Experience* of her

MATCH-

MATCHLESS Performance of the Conjugal Duties of *Love, Fidelity, Domeſtick Government, Obedience, Diſcretion, Chaſtity,* &c. for the Sixteen Years he was Marry'd to her.

Many Daughters have done vertuouſly, but thou excelleſt them all, Prov. 31. 29.

(5.) *Dunton's Innocent Art of Procreation*; or the Way to Spiritualive the moſt Carnal Act in Wedlock (*viz.* that of *Enjoying the Body of a Vertuous Wife*) being *a Satyr* on ſuch Brutiſh Husbands as turn *the Chaſte and Allowable Freedoms in Marriage* into a Sort of Adultery, by their undue and unſeaſonable Enjoyments.

(6.) *The Loſt Rib Reſtor'd*, or an Eſſay attempting to prove, the Relation between Man and Wife is not diſſolv'd by Death, but abides for ever; and that thoſe Virgins who die unmarry'd, are yet related to Husbands, and will be united to 'em in the other World.

(7.) *An Eſſay, proving we ſhall know our Friends in Heaven*; writ by Mr. *John Dunton*, upon the Death of his firſt Wife (Mrs. *Elizabeth Anneſley*) and Dedicated to her Dear Memory. Being a Subject never handled before in a diſtinct Treatiſe.

(8.) *Black Bartholomew*; or the Diſſenting Doctors. A *Poem.* ontaining *a Character in Verſe*, of all thoſe Nonconformiſt Miniſters of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, that either had or deſerv'd the Title of *D. D.* for the laſt Sixty Years. Being Dr. *Edmund Calamy*'s Abridgment of Mr. *Baxter's Hiſtory of his Life and Times*, turn'd into Metre, with *a New Eſſay* both in Proſe and Verſe upon the Life of each Diſſenting Miniſter deceas'd, with his *Elegy* and *Epitaph*, Intermixt with *a True Character* of ſuch *Divines* as are ſtill Living to make it *a Compleat Hiſtorical Poem of all the Diſſenting MINISTERS that have bin Eminent for either* PIETY *or* LEARNING ever ſince that Twice unhappy *Bartholomew-Day*, 1662. (when *Two Thouſand Faithful* Miniſters were turn'd out of their *Livings meerly for their* Nonconformity) down to this preſent Year 1719. *NOTE*, This whole *Poem* will be compleated in *Twenty Parts.*

(9.) *The Co-temporary Brethren and Siſters*, or a moſt Friendly Exhortation to all ſuch *Gentlemen* and *Ladies* that were Born in the Year 1659, that they wou'd ſet apart *ONE HOUR* every Day *Seriouſly*——*To Review the Actions of their paſt Lives*——*To Meditate upon the near Approach of Death and Judgment*——*And ſo to ſpend theſe few Days they have yet to live, that* (*as Time is a Dreſſing Room for Eternity*) when ever they *go the Way of all Fleſh*, they may Exchange *this Life for a Better.* With, *A Propoſal* for a Weekly Meeting of *Twenty Citizens* Born in the Year 59, to be call'd, *The Co-temporary Club*, for the promoting *Brotherly Love* amongſt Proteſtants of *all Denominations*, a Religious and Strict *Friendſhip* amongſt themſelves

as *Brethren* of the ſame Years, and Experience. And a *Generous Charity* to all Men in Diſtreſs, but more eſpecially to *Aged Perſons*, *Poor Houſekeepers*, and *Fatherleſs Children.*

To this *Cotemporary Project*, is prefixt, *The Double Life* (a Paradox) or a New Way to Redeem the Time, by Living over to Morrow before it comes.

ALSO, *The Superanuated Engliſh Man*; or a Remarkable Account of, *The Long Life*, *Conjugal Chaſtity*, *Exceſſive Sleepineſs*, *Bodily Strength*, And much Lamented Death of that very, very, very *OLD MAN Thomas Parr*, who liv'd *one Hundred and Fifty Years.*

THE WHOLE WRITTEN by Mr. *John Dunton*, who was born *May* 4. 1659, and Inſcrib'd to his *Old and Dear Friend Mr. PATRICK CROW*, an *Apothecary* in *Leadenhall ſtreet*, who was born *Aug.* 5. in the ſame Year, and to all other Perſons whatſoever (*of either Sex*) that *firſt drew their Breath in the Year* 59.

Tempus edax rerum, tuq; invidioſa vetuſtas,
Omnia deſtruitis. ——— OVID.

Time and Age deſtroy all Things.

And all the Days of *Methuſelah* were Nine Hundred Sixty, and Nine Years, and he died, *Gen.* 5. 27.

The Days of our Years are Three Score Years and Ten, and if by Reaſon of Strength they be Four Score Years, yet is their Strength Labour, and Sorrow: For it is ſoon cut off, and we fly away, *Pſalm* 90. 10.

We ſpend our Years as a Tale that is told, Pſam. 90. 9.

(10.) *The Hiſtory of Ingratitude*; or *Dunton*'s Experience of pretended Friendſhip (both in Kindred and common Acquaintance) throughout the whole Courſe of his Life, confirm'd by many Hundred Meſſages, Letters, and Receipts, and Dedicated to that Fawning Prieſt (or Summer Friend) Dr. SMIRK.

(11.) *Look at Home*; or the Conſcientious Detracter, a Paradox, ſhewing the Way to Satyrize (or Reflect upon others) with Honour, Juſtice, and Friendſhip. Inſcrib'd, To that *Magotty Parſon* (young SMIRK of *Weſtminſter*) who does *Patrizare* in *Tory-Impudence*, *Baſe Ingratitude*, and *Slandering Innocent Perſons.*

(12.) *Perfect Charity*; or a Panegyrick upon Marrying an Old Maid.

(13.) *The Platonick Wedding*, or an Eſſay upon the Marriage of Souls, where the Body can't innocently Share in the Union.

(14.) *The Seventh Son*; or a Legacy left by Mr. *John Dunton* to his Godſon Mr. *John Dunton Dove* (the 7th Male Child of Mr. *John* and Mrs. *Eleanor Dove*) containing Inſtructions for the Conduct of his whole Life, collected from his own Experience of Perſons and Things, from his Childhood to the preſent Year 1619. Inſcrib'd to this *7th Son*, and to the reſt of Mr. *John Dunton*'s Godſons and God-daughters, bearing the Name of *Dunton*, which (if he Lives out his 60th Year) will be *Ten in Number*, who by a Clauſe in his Will (if he dies without a Child of his own begetting

getting) are to have *a Gold Ring* (with this Text of Scripture grav'd in it. *And the Angel which redeemed me from all evil Bleſs the Lads, and let my Name be named on them, and the Name of my Fathers, and let them grow into a Multitude in the Midſt of the Earth*, Gen. 48. 16.) Provided they Chriſten their Firſt born *John Dunton*, (if it be a Boy) and *Lydiah Dunton* (if it prove a Girl) to perpetuate the Memory of his *Reverend Father*, and (Eminently) Pious Mother, whoſe Names were *John*, and *Lydiah Dunton*, written by the Fourth *John Dunton* in a *Lineal* Deſcent from the Tribe of *Levy*.

——— *Tu ſemper amoris*
Sis memor & chari comitis ne abſcedat imago.
Remember me when you do not ſee me.

(15.) *Upon this Moment depends Eternity*; or Mr. *John Dunton*'s ſerious Thoughts in a *Fit of Sickneſs*, that was judg'd Mortal, in Five Parts, intitled,

I. *A Satyr upon Life*; or the Tempting Features of Honour, Riches, Pleaſure, *&c.* in the Time of Youth, compar'd with their frightful Looks on a *Death-bed*, being an Experimental Eſſay, conſiſting only of *Dunton*'s own Obſervations upon *the Vanities and Miſeries of either Sex on this ſide the Grave*, but more eſpecially thoſe that Relate to his own Perſon, from his Birth, to his late dangerous Sickneſs.

II. *Dunton's Creed*; or the Religion of a Low Churchman, written in Imitation of Dr. *Brown*'s *RELIGIO MEDICI*, and contains ſuch *a New Scheme of Moderate Principles*, as few like in Time of Health, but all agree too, and wiſh they had practis'd when they come to die.

III. *GOD be Merciful to me a Sinner*; or *Dunton* at Confeſſion, in which he Diſcovers *the ſecret Sins of his whole Life*, with his *ſincere Repentance* for having ran aſtray either in *Thought, Word, or Deed*: To which *Confeſſion* is added his *Reſolutions* in what *devout Manner* (by the Help of God) he'll ſpend the few Remaining Days he has yet to live.

IIII. *Deſires without Endeavours*; or the Wiſhes of a *Great Sinner* on his Death-bed: Being *Dunton*'s Meditations on theſe Words, *Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my Laſt End be like his.*

V. *Heaven, or Hell*; or a ſerious Thought on the laſt *Moment* I have to live, (a *Moment* of that vaſt Importance that an *Eternity* of Joy, or Torment, depends upon it.) To which is added, *Dunton's Laſt Prayer* (or thoſe very *Petitions* to Almighty God) with which he hopes to expire.

NOTE, The TITLES to the Remaining TWENTY FIVE NEW ESSAYS now preparing for the Preſs, (which were to make up THE FORTY mention'd in *p.* 23.) for want of Room, can't be incerted here as was intended; but ſhall be finiſh'd and ſent to the Preſs with all poſſible Expedition.

TO THE

LOVERS of NOVELTY.

THIS is to give Notice,——*To the Lovers of Novelty*——that on the First *Friday* in JUNE next will be Publish'd (by *S. Popping* in *Pater-Noster-Row*) A WEEKLY PACKET, intitled,

The Athenian Spy:

Or, A Detection of such *secret, odd, and uncommon* Transactions in *Church and State* (but more especially in *the Royal Palace*) as are wholly omitted by other News-Writers; with *A KEY* (or some *Free Thoughts*) to all such *secret Occurrences* that want Explanation. The Design of this *Athenian Spy* being to Entertain the VIRTUOSI of *Great-Britain* with *Discoveries out of the Common Road of News*, or with ESSAYS upon such *nice and curious Subjects*, as were never handled before.

To which is added,

DUNTON's MADHOUSE,

For the Cure of Spiritual Lunaticks:

Or, *A Philsophick-Amusement*, (to Divert and Reform the Age) proving, that all the People of *Great-Britain* (the *King* and *Present Parliament* only excepted) are RUN DESTRACTED, but more especially *the Masquerading Sinners of Quality*, from that Whoring Duke (*James* D. of *O--nd*) down to that *Mad Priest*, Dr. *S——rell*. And *the First Patients Dr.* Dunton attempts to Cure are——*The* Pretender, *Lord* Bolingbroke, *Dr.* W——ton, *the* Convocation Scriblers *against the Bishop of* BANGOR, and the Ladies with HOOP'D PETTICOATS——*The Whole Packet* is written by Mr. *John Dunton*, the First Projector of the *Athenian Oracle*, a Member of the *Athenian Society*, and Author of those *Early Discoveries* of *Oxford*'s and *Bolingbroke*'s Treason, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*. NOTE, This *Athenian Spy* will be Printed in *Quarto*, upon a very large Half Sheet of Extraordinary Good Paper, and will be publish'd every *Friday* (or as often as Mr. *Dunton* has some State-Secrets, or Thoughts that are wholly new to impart to the World) at *Two Pence Price*, 30 Numbers to compleat the *Volume*; To each of which will be added, *A General Title, Preface*, and *Index*, and the Whole Inscrib'd to that First Rate *Wit* and *Poet*, the Immortal ADDISON. This is further to give Notice, (to all *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*) That whatever *New Discoveries* (relating to Church or State) or *nice*

and

and curious Essays (in Prose or Verse) that are sent to Mr. *William Lutwich* in *New street* near *Fetter-lane*, if Directed to Mr. *John Dunton* (and the Postage paid) they shan't fail to be inserted in his *Athenian Spy*; of which a more particular Account shall be given in *Numb.* I. that so nothing may be sent, or inserted in *Dunton's* WEEKLY PACKET, but *secret and uncommon Transactions, or such new and curious Subjects*, as will be fit to entertain his *Athenian Readers, and the* Virtuosi *of* Great-Britain.

For all the Athenians and Strangers that were there spent their Time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new Thing, Acts 17.21.

DUNTON's *ADVERTISEMENT.*

TO all such *Honest Booksellers* that wou'd not Print *Stoln Copies* themselves, or (which is full as *Bad*) wou'd not Encourage *such Theft* in others.

Whereas I am inform'd, that *several Pyrating Booksellers and Printers* intend to Reprint my *scarce* Copies (intitled, (a) 'Neck 'or Nothing. *Hazzard of a Death-Bed Repentance. Second* 'Spira. *Bloody Assizes. Secret History of Whitehall. Ab-* 'dicated Prince, *a Tragedy. Late Revolution, a Comedy. Bishop* 'Barlow's Genuine Remains, in One Hundred distinct Essays, 'Theological, Philosophical, Historical, *&c.* The Excellency 'of a Publick Spirit: Being a Sermon preach'd at the Funeral of 'that truly Pious, Learned and Charitable Divine, Dr. *Samuel* 'Annesley, with a Brief Account of his Life and Death, written 'by Dr. *Williams.* The Lord Delamere's Works: To which is 'prefixt his Advice to his Son, now Earl of *Warrington.* Mr. 'Turner's History of all Religions in the World, from the Cre-'ation down to this present Time. Advice to those who never 'receiv'd the Sacrament: Written in a different Method from 'any thing publish'd on this Subject; By a Person of Honour. 'The whole Parable of Dives and Lazarus, explain'd and apply'd: 'By the Reverend Mr. *Joseph Stephens*, Lecturer of *Cripplegate* 'and *Lothbury* Churches. Poems on several Occasions: Written 'by the Ingenious Pindarick Lady. *Malbranche's* Search after 'Truth, done out of *French* from the last Edition, by Mr. 'Richard Sault. (THE REAL SECOND SPIRA) and Author of 'the New Treatise of *Algebra.* Heads of Agreement assented to 'by the United Ministers, commonly call'd *Presbyterian* and *Con-*'*gregational.* The Life of the Rev. Mr. *John Elliot*, first Preacher 'of the Gospel to the *Indians* in *America.* The Tryals of Nine-'teen of the *New-England* Witches. The Wonders of Free 'Grace, or a Compleat History of all the Remarkable Penitents 'that have bin Executed at Tyburn for the last Thirty Years. 'Mr. *Baxter's* History of his Life and Times, in *Folio.* The 'First and Second Volumes of the *French* Book of Martyrs, pub-

lish'd

(a) *NOTE, All the Books with* Comma's, *are of my own Printing.*

'lish'd in *English*, with her Majesty's Royal Privilege. The 'General History of the *Quakers*, both Men and Women, from 'the first Rise of that Sect down to the present Time, a Work 'never attempted before in *English*, being written Originally in '*Latin*, by the Learned *Crosius*. The Conversion of *Theodore* '*John*, a Famous *Teacher* amongst the *Jews*. The Charitable 'Life, and Triumphant Death of the Rev. Mr. *Thomas Brand*: 'Written by Dr. *Annesley*. The Pilgrim's Guide from his 'Cradle to his Death-Bed. The Compleat Tradesman. *Ley-'bourne's Panarithmalogia*. New *Quevedo*. The Rump, or a Satyr 'on the Ladies Tails, *&c*.) Of some of which scarce Copys there has bin *Ten, Twenty, and Thirty Editions* (as is seen in the Instance of *Neck or Nothing*, *Second Spira*, and *Hazzard of a Death-Bed Repentance*, now in the Press.) Then seeing I have Honestly Purchast a *Thousand Copys* written by other Authors (many of which are so *scarce* as not to be purchast in *London*) and have printed a great part of 2000 *Essays* written with my own Hand, I advise my *Executor* after my Death not *to sell all my Copys* for less than a *Thousand Guineas*, or at least that he take *the Advice and Direction* of some very *Understanding* and *Honest Bookseller* in the Sale of 'em, and (and if they are then living) I desire it may be either Mr. *Churchill*, Mr. *Goodwin*, Mr. *Taylor*, Mr. *Robinson*, Mr. *Wyat*, Mr. *Sprint*, or Mr. *Ballad* the Auctioneer. This is therefore to give Notice to all the *Pyrating Booksellers and Printers of London and Westminster* (and to all those *Dishonest Persons* that shall Encourage their PYRACY, *for the Receiver is as bad as the Thief*) that I will not suffer any of the foremention'd Copys, or any of the Essays of my own Writing (which are *Two Thousand* in Number, as is seen by my *Proposals* for Reprinting of 'em under the Title of ATHENIAN LIBRARY) to be Reprinted by any *Bookseller*, or *Printer* whatsoever, without full Satisfaction be first given to *me in Money*, or (where that is refus'd) without such *Reprisals* as able Lawyers, (or honest Booksellers in *the Stationers Company*) shall advise me to make, I designing not only to *incert* all the Copys that are of my own Writing in my *Athenian Library* (of which *the First Volume* will be publish'd in few Weeks, Inscrib'd to the King) but also to sell to some honest Bookseller those *Thousand Copies I formerly purchast of other Authors* (and many of 'em at a *Great Price*) and therefore I resolve to prosecute (with the utmost Severity the LAW will allow) all such *Pyrat-Booksellers, or Printers*, that either *pick my Pocket* by Reprinting the Copys of my own Writing, or such as I have formerly purchast from other Authors. But to do the *Stationers Company* Justice, there are a great many *Honest Booksellers and Printers* to be found in it, or (at least) may be made *honest with good looking after*; and this I speak from my own Experience, for I have yet discover'd no *Bookseller*

Printing

Printing any Copy of mine, (except the Pyrat-Congor, of which more anon) but he has bin very willing to diſengage his ill gotten Morſel, except that *Narrow Soul'd Creature* that Pyrated *De Laun's Plea for the Nonconformiſts* (who I have often dun'd for *Common Juſtice* to no purpoſe) and that *Proud and Conceited JACK*, who Pyrated my Copy of *Lord Delamere's Speeches*, for which *Theft* he has yet made me no Reſtitution, and I ſuppoſe intends to defer it 'till he comes to lie on his *Death-Bed*, and therefore I am now writing an *Eſſay*, I Intitle, THE SHOP THEIF; or, A Satyr on ſuch Knaviſh Bookſellers and Printers that have Pyrated ſome of Mr. *Dunton*'s Copys and Projects (under a New or Diſguis'd Title) proving ſuch *Book-Theft* a baſer Villany than if they had Rob'd him on the Highway, and that without Reſtitution be made of ſtoln Copys (by the Selling or Printing Thief) *there is no Salvation*, written by the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, who, tho he has traded Forty Years in the Stationers Company, and has Printed above One Thouſand Books, never once Printed any Man's Copy or Project (if he knew the Owner) without firſt giving him full Satisfaction, as he is ready to Atteſt upon Oath, and will be fully prov'd in the *Dedication* to this SATYR, which will be Inſcrib'd to that *Honeſt* and *Chaſt* Bookſeller Mr. *Henry Rhodes*, now Living at the *Star* in *Fleetſtreet*.

You'll find (my *Honeſt Brethren of the Stationers Company*) when this SATYR on the Pyrat Bookſellers and Printers is publiſh'd, *what Neceſſity they all lie under to make preſent and full Reſtitution to all ſuch Authors and Bookſellers, whoſe Copys or Projects they have Pyrated*; for to print a Man's Copy Firſt, and (by taking Advantage of his Pinching Neceſſities) then force him to refer the Injury he has Receiv'd to an *Arbitrator*, is a ſort of Robbing him on the Highway: And was my CASE, when (having no Money to go to Law for the Recovery of my *whole Right*) I was forc'd to take *Six Guineas* for a Pyrated Edition of, *The Secret Hiſtory of* Whitehall; that probably wou'd have put *One Hundred Guineas* into my own Pocket, had I Reprinted this *Secret Hiſtory* my ſelf (which owes its *Projection* and *Title to my Pen*, and was compos'd of *Memoirs* that I purchaſt my ſelf from the *Secretary*, *Interpreter* to the Marquiſs of *Louvois*.) Mr. *Andrew Bell* gave to my honeſt Partner Mr. *JOHN HARRIS* and me Thirty Pounds for the Third, and all other Editions of the *Court* and *State of England* (written by *Roger Coke*, Eſq;) and has lately ſold the Fourth Impreſſion of this Book to Mr. *John Brotherton*, for (Perhaps) as much MONEY as he gave Mr. HARRIS and Me for the whole Copy; then let the World judge what great Wrong I have receiv'd by being forc'd to take (of the *Pyrat-Conger*) Six Guineas for the Second Edition of the *Secret Hiſtory of White-Hall*, which was *Two Volumes*, and full as large as Mr. *Coke's Detection*; and if we may

Judge

Judge by the quick Sale of the Firſt and Second Impreſſion of this *Secret Hiſtory*, no doubt will be as often Reprinted, and therefore as perfect Neceſſity made me agree to an Arbitration, I can't ſee how any One of the Ten Partners in this Piracy can dye with a good Conſcience 'till they pay me to a Half Farthing what I ſhou'd have got by my Copy of *the Secret Hiſtory of Whitehall*, had I Reprinted it my ſelf; for tho' I gave 'em a Receipt in Full for the Wrong done me by this Pyracy (*for Neceſſity has no Law*) yet this Receipt had no more my hearty Conſent than a Thief has when I freely give him my Purſe to ſave my Life, and therefore my SATYR call'd *The Shop Thief*, fairly proves that the Pyrating another Man's Copy is a worſer and baſer Villany (when 'tis Stealing from the POOR, as at preſent is my Caſe) then downright Robing on the Highway, and is ſtill a more aggravated Injuſtice when acted againſt my ſelf, as I never Printed any Man's Project or Copy in my whole Life, without firſt giving him full Satisfaction; for I was always of this Opinion, (as this *Satyr on the Pyrat-Bookſellers and Printers* proves at large) That I might with as much Honeſty *Pick a Brother Stationer's Pocket*, as either *ſteal his Project, or Reprint his Copy without his Leave*; for the Highway Thief that crys on the Road, *ſtand, deliver your Purſe Sir*, (as he fairly gives me warning of my Danger, and ſays, I may ſtill keep my MONEY if I have COURAGE enough to defend it) is a brave honeſt Man, if compar'd with the Houſe-breaker that ſteals my Goods when I'm faſt aſleep; with the Foot-pad that knocks me down in the Dark; with the Pickpocket that Smiles in my Face that his Theft may be leſs ſuſpected—— or, with the Pyrat-Bookſeller that firſt privately (*i. e.* ſneakingly) prints one of my Beſt Copies, and then (that he might not be call'd *a Rogue*) gives me what Satisfaction himſelf pleaſes, tho' to do this Baſeſt of *Thieves* Juſtice (if he gives me but Six Guineas for a Copy that is worth One hundred Guineas) he Honeſtly owns himſelf a Villain; for wou'd he have given me Six Guineas (or Six Pence either) if his Conſcience had not told him he had greatly wrong'd me; but tho Knaves have crept into all Profeſſions (even Chriſt's Twelve Diſciples were not without a JUDAS) yet I muſt ſay this to the Honour of the Stationers Company, when the ſeveral Members of it keep Strictly to *the Golden Rule, Of doing as they wou'd be done by*, 'Tis then the moſt Delightful, Gainful, and beſt Trade in the City of *London*, and had I an Hundred Sons, I'd make 'em all Stationers, Bookſellers, and Printers, and that not only as they deal ſo much with Men of Letters (or the moſt Refin'd Part of Mankind) but as 'twas my Reverend Father's Dying Advice, '*That I wou'd never deſert that Trade or Calling which I had by God's ſpecial Providence* been call'd unto; and yet I ſhall ever aſſert, that for *a Pyrating Bookſeller or Printer*

to

to Slander the Spotless Justice of an *Innocent Person* to excuse his *Pyracy*, as was my Case in an *Aspersion* of JACK D——— that I can prove a notorious Falshood by Mr. *Richard Taylor*, which is a Villany that wants a Name; for 'tis to excuse one Sin by committing a Greater, or in plainer *English*, 'tis first to Pyrate my best Copy, and then to defend the Theft, by attempting to Murder my Reputation; which is such Impudent Villany, as shall be fully aton'd for, if either this *Proud Mechanick*, or any of his *Pyrating Brethren* (by being *Toucht in the sore Place*) shall happen to Wince upon Reading this *Advertisement*, for any more undeserv'd Reflections from this *Arch-Pyrate* (when he is not mention'd by Name) wou'd prove he Winces because he is Gall'd, and whoever asserts the contrary (whatever *high Pretences* he may make to Religion or Conscience) his Morals are wretchedly out of Order, as I have prov'd in Twenty Particulars in my *Satyr* intitled, *The Shop Thief*, which (except *D——M——R——*, and some others that have *Pyrated my best Copys*, make full Satisfaction for the great Wrong they have done me by that Theft) the World may expect in a few Days I wou'd here have given a very Distinct and Satyrical Character of Dr. *S*———'s Bookseller, and of all *the other Members* that compose this *Pyrat-Conger*; but that Five Honest Booksellers belong to it (I mean Mr. *Daniel B*——— Mr. *Andrew B*——, Mr. *John P*——, Mr. *A. B*———*worth*, and Mr. *Charles R*——,) who would not have Reprinted my *Secret History of Whitehall*, had not that *Welsh Knaw Post D*——*J*——— meerly trickt 'em into this *Pyracy*, by affirming the Copy was his, tho' he own'd afterwards (in the Presence of that Humble and Conscientious Printer Mr. *John Darby*) that he receiv'd *the Secret Memoirs* that compos'd it from my Hands; and the Truly Honest Mr. *George Ridpath* declar'd upon his Reading that Receipt which *J*———*s* gave me in full for his *Methodizing* this *Secret History of Whitehall*, that he never saw a *fairer or clearer Title* than I had to that Copy.

But I shall stop here; for I hope I have said enough to convince *all the Pyrat Booksellers and Printers of* London *and* Westminster, that as I'll do no Wrong, so I'll receive none if I can help it. And for that Reason I hope all Honest Booksellers will Believe me to be their

Most Sincere Friend, and Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

(†) But whether *the Members of the Church of* England prove thus Charitable or not, tis very certain our Proteſtant Diſſenters dare not for *Rich Biſhoprickt, Deanrys, or a Fat Parſonage*, ſerve God in *a Way* which they think not ſo PURE as that in which they *daily ſerve Him*, with *Sincerity*, and *Zeal* (I wiſh I cou'd ſay the ſame of our *High Churchmen* that CANT ſo much *of the Churches Danger*) and if they are *miſtaken in their Way to Heaven* (as I dare not ſay they are; for *a True Churchman*, is no more Infallible than a *Diſſenter*) yet we ought to *judge Charitably of their Eternal State*; ſeeing a Learned Author has told the World,

If others through the ſame Glaſs better ſee,
'Tis for themſelves they look, but not for me;
For my Salvation muſt its Doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.

And as I was ever of this Opinion, ſhou'd I be Bleſs'd with a *Pentiful Fortune* (as I don't fear it, if the *Preſent Miniſtry* inform his Majeſty, That *Poor* Mordecai *now ſitteth at the King's Gate* (a) in hopes to Partake of his *Royal Bounty*) *My Charity ſhall be as General as the Objects that want it.* But whether my *Loyal Hazards* in detecting his Majeſty's Enemies *be Rewarded or not*, this is certain, ſhould the *Pretender* ſucceed in his Preſent *Rebellion*, the Jacobites declare *JOHN DUNTON* is the firſt Man he intends *to Hang* for venturing his *NECK* to Prove him *a Popiſh Impoſtr.*

(a) *Theſe Words are an Alluſion to that Verſe in* Eſther 6. 10 And do even ſo to *Mordecai* the *Jew* that ſitteth at the King's Gate.

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FINIS.